JESUS
And the
APOSTOLIC AGE.



THE HISTORICAL LIFE

— OF —

JESUS OF NAZARETH,

— AND —

Extracts from the Apostolic Age.

GIVEN BY THEMSELVES THROUGH THE INSPIRATION

— OF —

OLIVE G. PETTIS.

Deep from the past we drew the light,
That all could see, and know the right.

VOLUME 1.

PROVIDENCE:
A. CRAWFORD GREENE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, RAILROAD HALLS,
1870.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
OLIVE G. PETTIS,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

INTRODUCTORY.

DEDICATED TO THE HUMBLE MAN THAT DIED FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

PROVIDENCE, June 2, 1870.

I am the humble instrument through which the holy Hebrew family has seen fit to give facts relative to themselves, and the faithful friends that followed the destiny of the family of Joseph and Mary. Humanity's demands were upon them, and they sought earth again in order to bestow upon them a legacy full of interest to every one that chooses facts instead of fiction. Candid minds shall decide for me whether or not I am worthy to become scribe for the humble Nazarene ; but there is one thing, I did not choose my labor, it was brought before me and laid down in life lines ere I could inscribe one word. Sentence by sentence it has been printed before me in bright electric letters ere I consigned them to paper, and every expression was as new to me as to the reader, from the first to the last ; now I am called upon to submit this manuscript to the press, and may all that read this work read it with an unprejudieed mind against one that has submitted days of toil to this work in order that the human mind may be untrammeled by heathen devices that have been handed down through the Catholic Church, and all of her offspring have partaken of their mother's errors. Friends of earth, I shall soon go from you, but when I am gone do not say I did not lay down my life for God's children to receive light. Life, what is it but a burden to me now ? yet there is a balm that causes me to be submissive to the higher powers, and say humanity's demand is upon me, and I will obey her will while I breathe this earthly air. Farewell, friends, that have known me in earth life ; farewell, friends, that love light and all that love truth bereft of fiction, for such are friends to humanity. God alone shall decide between me and thee as to the holy gift of inspiration or no. Humble in birth, limited in education, I have desired to submit myself to the criticism of the refined and educated. Deal gently with the errors of this work, and receive the holy ideas from the holy band that come back to finish up what had been begun ages on ages ago—to bless humanity when freedom would protect the humble, controlled from the battle axe, the flames and the Cross.

I am your most obedient, OLIVE G. PETTIS.

PREFACE.

Let humanity learn that those that have laid down their earth bodies are not dead. Let the earth claim but her own. The life of that body continues to live as before. Here I find myself employed in my former business, even with all my enthusiasm I ever felt, writing my own books. Freed from care; freed from the cold neglect of man. That was my experience when I fell beneath the scourge of disease. The hour has come when I can denounce hypocrisy and deceit, fearing not the wicked tongue of slander, or the criticism of false friends. May light fill the earth, fearless of those that fear the light. My friends are friends that have been made my friends through the sympathy of my writings, therefore it is the sympathy of the soul without any selfish motives; therefore that makes us friends forever. She that inscribes for me has begun a work for humanity. I can assist in the writing, yet all the ideas are as new to me as they are to the reader. This work is to be free from fiction, and it is the first that has ever been given relative to the first born of Joseph and Mary—Jesus of Nazareth. The influences are all from that age in which he lived, and will give humble truths as they were. He is beside me, hoping to bless humanity if they will be blest by facts. A book has made its appearance, entitled "The Life of Jesus of Nazareth." Every careful reader will feel that it is an emblematical history instead of life facts that actually occurred.

This work before me is full of interest to every human creature. Reader, I acknowledge myself a heretic toward the mystified God, incarcerated in the flesh. May my friends in the flesh believe I dictated this preface in order that they may know I am still beside them; still living in their midst. I will inscribe my own name. GEORGE LIPPARD.

TESTIMONY OF LEIAH.

I am the controller of the boy Jesus. The father and mother dwelt together in love and harmony. Their first-born was filled with love, faith and hope in the mercy of one God, and that God existed in all things that had been created. The mother gazed deep in the cause of created things, and asked her husband many questions concerning the law that begat them. Joseph was educated far superior to Mary in the ordinance of God, because he had been taught the commandments as it had been held in God's holy brotherhood from the remotest period of time. He could instruct Mary

in all the ideas she had caught from inspiration. She held her husband's opinion in the greatest adoration, because she felt God had blest her with one capable of guiding her in all things. Joseph looked upon Mary as a holy thing which God had laid in his bosom to cheer and comfort him, and in this holy feeling of adoration, one for the other, their first-born, Jesus, was begotten. My control commenced over that child as soon as he breathed earth air. I knew he was doomed to die for humanity, and I must acknowledge him the child of God, for God is good, and all there was of that boy was good. His ideas were bright, drawn from the inner life of all things around him, while he forgot the external; beautiful he was in form and feature—none could surpass him. When he began to walk his adoring father exclaimed, he is like an angel, all so bright, calling Mary to look at him. Mary's keen perception saw at once that he was electrified, but she called it God, as the holiest expression she could give utterance to. I acknowledge myself but a man, and I was his controller. The family become enwrapt with each other, even as their father and mother had been before them. Their four boys were all beautiful boys, but all different in their natures. I must acknowledge my inability to describe this family and do them justice, as there are none that walk the earth could comprehend the purity and affection that blended their lives together from the oldest to the youngest. No one could fully believe me if I should declare to them how humble they were in every desire; even Mary prayed that God would give her children that she could rear them in God's glory. Joseph always knelt and thanked his God whenever Mary gave promise of another offspring. I having the full knowledge of this family, and what they must pass through, made me anxious to bestow upon them all the comforts I could procure for them earthly. The mother's face was fully imprinted in the boy Jesus, sweet and gentle in every expression; the father found a full impression in James, brave, noble and good. Jessie blended the two together. Beautiful, frail boy, but he blest father and mother with his holy love and affection. Simeon, beautiful angel boy, caught the impression of his aunt Martha more fully than any of the rest; fair in feature, bright and active, filled with holy affection and adoration to God for bestowing upon him such good friends, hope was ever bright before him; the beautiful child was more like a delicate female than male, and one that never breathed earth air partook in feature more of father than mother; his existence has found no record for earth knew him not. The boy's name is inscribed in the book of genealogy as Levi by the Grand Arch Bishop in the Holy of Holies beyond God's ether blue. Here I have drawn from the inner life of 1867 years, the true description of that Hebrew family, which is designed by Almighty God hereafter to give light to all the world and draw from eternal distance, holy inspiration, that God may be glorified through His works among the children of men. I am the one that Joseph and Mary

called God ; I being a spirit, they could not designate, and gave the holiest name they could conceive of. My worthy Joseph felt humbled before that child Jesus when he was under control, and would ask many questions which I explained in Hebrew tongue ; then he taught it to his children.

If earth's children are willing to receive facts from one that did lay down his life for God's glory on earth, they will be blest by these facts ; but those that are bigoted and not willing to receive truth from this humble origin, can never be blest. Farewell, reader, this is the last testimony I shall ever leave on earth concerning the Hebrew family and their first-born, Jesus.

I am Leiah, once King of Ancient Arabia, when it was known among the nations of the earth as the finest and noblest of any people that walked the earth. I was Grand Arch Bishop of the order of God's Brotherhood Then Arabia was a land of fountains and flowers, ere the ocean of sand was thrown upon its bosom from the upheaving of the ocean bed. Holy Arabia, God's chosen children, were swept away, ere they were polluted by the accursed heathen priests and confessors. I held control in my own kingdom, and on a visit to India being heard to exclaim there is one God and one God only, I was beheaded by the order of the priesthood in my 55th year, being denounced as a heretic. I have controlled in all countries of the earth, declaring one God, and one God only. Here I am again, declaring how I controlled the boy Jesus through a humble female that lives but for God and humanity, hoping ere long to breathe in a more congenial clime where humanity cannot crush her, and where angel brothers and sisters will know her as she is and not hold her in ridicule for believing God's children breathe upon her. God's blessings rest upon all that hear and believe, because it will bring peace and rest to their souls. She must be inscribed as the earth daughter of Leiah, King of Arabia, in spirit. Adieu.

Caught through inspiration by OLIVE G. PETTIS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Humanity, thou hast called and we have come to give answer. Heathen, idolatrous worship, fills your land and all is commotion. God's command is upon us, and we have left our abode of light in order that you may receive truth just as it was, entirely bereft of fiction. Holy God assist us in laying down each incident exactly as it was, even as it was when I walked the earth. How holy the task is to me to be able to bless humanity. These records are drawn from my humble condition in life, when darkness filled the land and the chains of heathen bigots were heavy, and brute force was law. How little man knows, to-day, how I lived, having a price set upon my head from the controller for declaring God's presence and nothing more; having a price set upon my head when I was but eleven. From that time I was in constant fear of being destroyed by those fiends of darkness that acknowledged no God but their idols and their hellish desires. I was compelled to hide away, because the knowledge given through me by my controller caused them to exclaim: "Heresy is here, let it be destroyed ere we all become contaminated;" but ere they could hold their council, my guardian angel would draw near, lay her hand in mine, and say, "come brother, let us hurry away to the mountains, Mary awaits her boy, filled with fear at his long absence." Then she would bear me from the midst of confusion and dart up the mountain, I hardly know how. Mary would always be waiting my coming, and exclaim, "God bless you, dear children, how glad I am you have come." My holy guide would never leave me until I was safe in my humble home. Mary could discern spirits and converse with them even as I could. Joseph's revelations come by dreams. James interpreted dreams. Jessie was a natural clairvoyant from his birth; could converse with spirits even as easy as he could with me. Simeon was one that could interpret all characters from the Ancient Arabic to the Hebrew. I was oftentimes controlled to draw characters on the ground, but I could not decipher them, but he could translate as fast as any could read their own language. My controller taught my mother and father many things that the world never knew; truths that they dare not reveal for fear their lives would be destroyed. These records are drawn by myself, humble as I am, in order that humanity may be blest, and all that receive these simple truths will be blest by receiving me as a brother, and hold me no longer as an idol. Holy God forbids that humanity should be deceived any longer by declaring me a God

or my mother a virgin when I was begotten. Joseph declares he knew Mary one year and eight days before I was born. Catholicism is but the device of heathen anointed priests in order to hold control and nothing more. The poor, ignorant creatures have bowed to their idols until their chains are heavy and they are beginning to ask for eternal light. The priests declare in all of the churches what they do not believe, with a few exceptions only. Why? Because it is in their articles of faith, and they would not be held in such high esteem by their deluded votaries. Holy, eternal God, assist me in taking up the cross again in order that I may bless humanity ere I depart again from earth forever, bearing away with me all that earth holds dear. My beloved father and mother, my darling brothers, my controller and his daughters, my holy brethren that suffered with me earthly, and laid down their lives even as I did in order that God could be acknowledged by his children, and that they could declare his ever presence without fear of the battle-axe, javelin, spear or the cross, cannot be held before them for shouting Glory to God, Thou art here even in our midst, and the holy revelations from thy children of light can be received and scattered like God's electric breath all over earth's bosom; that they can all be bathed in the holy fountain of truth; that they can be cleansed from the damning influence of anointed priests and heathen bigots that has held earth's inhabitants chained and bound for countless ages. Change after change will come over earth, bearing humanity higher and still higher in the scale of happiness, until they shall all exclaim, God is here! Then God's holy angels bright can dwell beside God's holy children even as they dwell together on the bright orb of light—the morning star—that has been my home for many ages, and will be again as soon as these records can be finished and given into the hands of the heretics. I long to go back again to that home of rest and enjoy God's wonders there. Hills and valleys and pearly streams are around that home where I have been.

May I ascribe myself as the author of this work, and inscribe my own name, Jesus of Nazareth, the first born of Joseph and Mary.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE OF JESUS.

My father's blood must be called the blood of Abraham through Holland's Kings even to Judea's worthy King David, The genealogy must be given from David in order that God's children can feel that Joseph is a worthy man. David's fourth son, Stephen, gave all he had for declaring God. He left behind him four children. Zachariah was his first-born ; he died from suffocation, because he declared God's love. He had one boy ; that boy's name was Timothy. He was a captain in the army of Judea ; he was sent out against the Hivites and was slain ; he left three children, all boys. The youngest was named Hurz ; his death was from drunkenness. Eighteen children God gave to him ; his fourth boy was Joseph's great grandfather ; he had five children, all boys, the youngest was Jessie's father ; he had eleven children, Jessie was the tenth. Jessie lived by carpentering all of his days ; he died when Joseph was one year and a half old. When he was fourteen years old, he learned the carpenter's trade. His mother was feeble and Joseph dwelt with her, except when he was away at his day's labor. When Joseph was eighteen years old, he became a Free Mason ; he looked upon that order with a holy reverence until his mother's death. He had returned from his labor, and ere he entered his mother's home he was accosted by a brother Mason, thus : "Brother, I have brought you this lamb from Italy ; you know its meaning ; hold it in your bosom as the last gift of a dying brother." Joseph caught the idea and answered, "I will hold it in my bosom forever, eternal and forever, as a gift from thee." He took the lamb in his arms and bore it into the house ; his mother breathed deep as he entered, and Joseph knew she was dying. She reached out her hand to her boy and said "I shall soon be with your father ; have you any message for him ?" Joseph replied, "God's love endureth forever, eternal and forever." His mother fell back upon her pillow and breathed no more. Joseph fell upon his knees and said, "Holy, eternal God, forgive me for describing this emblem to my mother, but she will bear this message to my father, and they will be united forever in God's bosom." He buried his mother beside his father, and then went to Judea for work. Seven years he labored in that country ; then he had a call to go to Jerusalem, to erect a building for Caiphas, the high priest. As he was returning from labor, he saw Mary for the first time, bearing a gourd of milk to her mother's home. He called to the door, and said "can you give me a drink of water ?"

Mary caught the cup and hastened away to the spring, and brought it fresh and full for him to drink. As he handed back the cup he exclaimed "how beautiful!" Mary answered, "yes, it is fresh from the boiling spring." He remained but a few moments; but day by day he was sure to call for his cup of water. Mary was sure to bring it to him each day fresh from the spring. After a time he asked the mother for her daughter in marriage. She bowed her head and said, "God's will be done, a fearful destiny awaits her and you, Joseph, if you marry her;" then she related to him the prophecy that had been given years before by Zadock, the seer.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEER DESCRIBING MARY'S DESTINY.

Mary was in her fourteenth year when she espied a beggar sitting by the wayside. She approached him and said, "good father may I bring you some food?" He answered, "I am filled with God's food, even now. Come, angel, let me read your destiny." He reached out his hand, and she lay her palm in his. He then began: "Bright and joyous are thy childhood days, filled with peace and plenty, but you will marry in your eighteenth year. Your husband is even now in Judea; he is a carpenter by trade, rather tall, comely, hair dark brown, eyes hazel. There comes before me a beautiful boy, your first-born; his hair is light and wavy, his eyes are like the ether blue, fair in every feature; child, he looks like you. Then another boy, exactly like the father, strong and hardy, good and honest. The children number five. One little bud drops from your bosom and breathes not his mother's name; the third boy is a feeble child, but like an angel bright. Holy God," he said, "he loses a leg in his third year." Then he looked again; "beautiful thy fourth one, and his hair hangs in golden curls falling upon his shoulder, but in his fourteenth year he dies by the battle axe;" then he held his breath. Then he spoke again and said "all of your family are doomed to die by the cruel oppression of heathen bigots." He ceased to breathe for a time. Mary thought he was dying; she ran for water, but ere she returned he opened his eyes and looked about like one filled with fear. "Can you go on?" Mary said, "I am strong now, I would know all." He said, "bitter is your cup, but you will drink it to the dregs." Your third-born will be devoured by wild beasts; I see them even now tearing his flesh from his bones. Your second-born will be bound and be beaten to death with clubs and stones." Here he stopped again, unable to gaze into the future and live. Mary handed him the cup;

he drank freely ; then she bathed his hands and his temples, and he went on again : "Your husband will die by starvation in a cave. But Holy God assist me, I see your first-born hanging upon a cross in his thirty-fourth, year ; I see him. even now, before me, writhing in agony, and your daughter, a poor, bruised lamb, dragged about by her hair, even from the foot of the cross. Even while I gaze, I behold a sight that causes me to exclaim God be praised, it is finished ; an angel bright holds the spirit, folds him to her bosom, and passes out of sight, and you, Mary, wandering about not knowing whither to go ; friends will feed you, but before the end of the coming season I see two angels bright come and bear you away beyond God's ether blue to the bosom of your husband, surrounded by your children. Many, many ages will pass away and you will all dwell together in that house of God's children, but earth will demand your presence again in God's own time to finish up what has been begun by the death of your family." Here the old Prophet fell back dead ; then Mary hastened home to her mother and told her all ; she burst into tears and said, "I believe all he told me."

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH'S LOVE FOR MARY.

Joseph listened until his heart was so filled with anguish that he arose to his feet and walked the floor; then he said, "I feel God's hand is upon us, but let me assist Mary in her destiny, is all I ask." The mother answered, "God doeth all things well for those that put their trust in him." Mary said, "if it please God, Joseph shall be my husband." Joseph, Mary, and the mother, Lazarus and Martha, all went to an annointed priest together, and they were married even that day. Joseph built an addition to the house of Mary's mother, where they all dwelt together. Joseph's heart was filled with adoration for his beautiful wife, and Mary's love for her husband knew no bounds. A holier and a happier couple were never united on earth. Lazarus was feeble, and Mary's mother was getting old. Joseph and Mary cared for the home, while Martha went out to day's labor and returned each night. Joseph labored constantly ; he was a good workman, and many sought to employ him. The family loved Joseph even as their own ; they knelt and prayed night and morning, and when Mary become pregnant they all blessed God, feeling his hand might be stayed from destroying Mary's children until they should all live out their natural lives. The condition of Mary in due time was made known, and all of the families brought in their little gifts as was the custom of that day. Eight months and a half

passed away, and Joseph fell into a deep sleep. He saw an angel beside him. She said, "arise Joseph, take Mary, flee into a land of safety, else Herod will destroy your boy before he is three months old." Joseph awoke from his slumber, and said, "arise Mary, the angel of God has warned me to flee even in this hour lest our child be cut off." Mary answered, "Joseph, I see her now standing beside you, let us depart ere it is too late." Dark and stormy was the night they started on foot to flee the persecution of the wicked King. They journeyed toward Egypt, hoping to reach there before Mary gave birth to her child. Twelve weary days and cheerless nights passed away. Sometimes they could get lodgings among the poor herdsmen, but that night they found no place to give them shelter. It was late in the night when Joseph espied a light afar off. "Let us hasten forward," said Joseph, "there I can make you comfortable with shelter and food." But they were fearfully disappointed when they called and got answer from the inn keeper that the house was filled with strangers. But when he saw Mary his heart softened and he said, "my oxen are away, you can be comfortable in the barn." Joseph asked for a lamp filled with oil. He then led Mary into the barn and prepared a bed for her in the manger where the oxen fed. As Mary entered the barn a light fell over her ; she exclaimed, "an angel is here; Joseph just look at her!" Mary lay down, but not to sleep ; she knew her hour had come. She called Joseph to her and said, "who is this angel?" Cannot you discern her?" Joseph said "he could not see her," but Mary said "she is light all over." The angel knelt beside Mary and folded her to her bosom and said, "I am God's child ; I have been sent to care for you and your babe ; he will live to fill the earth with God's knowledge. I shall care for him even to his death." Mary's heart beat for she knew that that child would be hung upon the cross not long after he was born, but ere Joseph could look upon him he fell asleep. Joseph lay the babe on Mary's bosom, then covered them both over with his blanket. They both slept together ; the night wore away, but ere morning dawned a loud rap was heard at the door. Joseph asked, "who is there ?" He got answer, "four shepherds from the country ; we have come to the feast that is to be held here this day in memory of the Jacobites being led out of Egypt." Joseph answered, "my wife has a new-born babe : if you will be quiet you can come in and rest." They all went in, and when they saw Mary sleeping with her babe in her bosom, they all exclaimed in one voice, "they look like angels, they are covered with light all over." Mary awoke and was filled with fear, feeling they had come to destroy her child. She gathered him still closer to her bosom and exclaimed, "child of the living God care for my babe." They all exclaimed, "fear not angel of light, we are but humble shepherds that have come te the feast." They all knelt down and prayed that God would spare the mother and child ; then they all lay down and rested until morning dawn. Before they departed they

all knelt again and thanked their Father, God, for giving them a shelter from the cold winds that swept by. Then they added, "Holy God we praise thee for sheltering these bruised lambs from the storm." They all gazed upon the child; one among them saw a bright light resting over his head. Even then Mary gazed into the future; she saw her boy nailed to the cross, and the same spirit that had knelt beside her, folded her arms about him. Mary gained fast. The next day following Joseph bore her to the inn, where they were made comfortable until her babe was ten days old. Then Joseph took the babe in his arms, and Mary walked beside him, and they set out on their journey to the mountains of Helem. Joseph had friends there; he knew they would give Mary a shelter until he could build for himself a home. They reached the home of Joseph's friend after eight days, and they all found comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

JOSEPH ESTABLISHES HIS FAMILY IN HIS MOUNTAIN HOME.

Joseph worked dilligently felling trees and hewing out boards, and at the end of two weeks he had a good comfortable home. Mary took her babe in her arms and entered that home with a beating heart in declaring that God had blest her in giving her that good husband and beautiful boy. Her health was good and she made her little home joyous because she knew her child's life was in danger among her people, but here he was freed from Herod's spies, which were annointed priests and confessors. Joseph gazed upon Mary with delight because she was fair as the lily, and the sweet little babe that nestled in her bosom caused him to exclaim, "Holy God has blest me more than the rest of his children." Herod died after two years, but ere that time Mary had born another lovely boy to bless his father and mother.

James must be described:—He was like the father, but fair in feature, a strong boy, and Joseph received him as a blessing from his Father, God. He lay the babe in Mary's bosom, then knelt and prayed out his soul's adoration to his Creator for his many blessings. After Joseph had finished his house he used to go to the lowlands for work, but come home every eight days, bringing his barley meal and sometimes a piece of beef or venison—always bringing something home for Mary and myself, if nothing but sweet grapes that grew in the lowlands; he would also exchange a portion of his barley meal for camels hair, which Mary would braid into garments, being all they had to wear but buckskins, which was also made into garments.

His day's wages was one peck of barley meal. James grew finely. Joseph was delighted with his family, but I was a poor frail thing that could not stand upon my feet. Mary cared for us both, even as we were both of one age. Ere one year and a half more had passed away, our home was blessed again with another darling boy, feeble from birth, light and fair; his hair clustered in golden curls all over his head; in feature he resembled both father and mother. His name was Jessie; he was named for Joseph's father; his name was Jessie. In Jessie's third year he grew more feeble, and when he was three years and a half old, his leg was cut off. Joseph had been gone into the lowlands two weeks. Mary feared for his safety, and in prayer asked God to reveal to her if Joseph was living or dead. I was looking earnestly at Mary; I saw a light form enter our house; she approached Mary and folded her to her bosom. I heard a voice, sweet and clear, say, "Joseph will be back to-morrow eve, and he will bring Martha. They are on their way even now." She then approached me; she reached out her hand and I laid my palm in hers and fell asleep. When I awoke I saw her there still. I began to cry because I saw a fiend. I thought it was some wicked creature come to bear her away; he was a black, fierce looking creature; I thought he was clothed in mortal flesh, as I had never seen a spirit before the bright angel entered our house. The child of God approached him and said, "begone, thou hell's damned, or I will dash you to atoms with the help of Almighty God." Her hand was raised, and with one breath he crumbled to atoms, even while I was gazing upon him. As she used this expression let God control forever, she turned away from where he had stood and came near me again, knelt down beside me, raised one hand over my head, and in a sweet, gentle breath I heard her say, "Holy Creator, God, care for this frail flower, that he may begin a work for humanity." She then left us, as I was then three years and a half old; but sure enough Joseph and Martha did come as the day following was closing in. Glad hearts were in that humble home; they knelt in prayer before their God. This was the first time Mary had seen Martha after that fearful night that they parted in their home when Joseph and Mary were fleeing to save their unborn babe, as Herod had issued a decree that all male children should be cut off under two years old. A prophecy had been revealed to one of the herdsmen even while he was tending his flocks, that one should be born that would rule over Israel. The King's confessor heard it and hastened away to the King. When he heard it, he was filled with hate and fear. He called the priesthood together; they decided that Herod's safety alone depended on having all the male children cut off. Herod had been drunk all that day and his rage knew no bounds, and he shouted, "begin your work even now." The priests and confessors did begin their work, and in eight days they had destroyed two thousand eight hundred and seven. It was after this slaughter that Joseph had

the dream that he must depart even that hour. That night after Mary left her home, the poor mother exclaimed, "God's hand is already laid upon my poor child;" then she lay back upon her bed and breathed no more. But when these sisters met again they embraced each other over and over again, recounting to each other the changes they had passed through since that night. Our humble home was filled with angels bright; I could discern them clearly for the first time. I saw Joseph's father and mother, and Martha's mother walked in beside her as she entered the door. Here Martha exclaimed over and over again, "dear Mary, how God h s blest you in giving you these beautiful children." Many days Martha remained with Mary in order that she could assist in caring for Jessie, as he grew more and more feeble every ; also to prepare clothes for the children. Joseph had gone to the lowlands again. I would sit by Martha and straighten the camels' hair for her to braid. One day as I was sitting I saw the same bright form enter our home. I cried out, "Mary, she has come, she has come." Martha said, "who has come ?" I said, "God's child ; she has in her hand a green herb ; here I reached out my hand for it, she breathed upon me and I fell asleep ; then she explained to Mary that she must go upon the hillside and gather that herb, describing it to her just as it was, give it to him for drink, and bathe the knee, because inflammation is already there. The limb must be taken off, and unless the body is strengthened up he cannot possibly endure it. She added, "God cannot let him die yet, because his work is not done." Mary gathered the herb, Jessie became stronger in body, but the knee became more and more afflicted. Eight months passed away, and Martha felt if she must go back to her brother Lazarus—he had been left alone while she was away. Now the time had come that Jessie's leg must be taken off, and Martha felt if she could bear him away with her to Jerusalem ; it could be done far better than in the mountains. There was a confessor that amputated limbs, and they would be compelled to call his aid. Now Martha prepared for her journey ; she folded Jessie in a blanket, took him in her arms and made her way down the mountains, and at night folded him in her bosom in a herdsman's home. Eight weary days she journeyed onward, ere she reached the great road leading to Jerusalem. No one had sought to molest her until she was nearing her home. As she sat down by the wayside to rest, a confessor accosted her thus : "Cannot I carry the baby for you ?" and at the same time reached out his hand. An influence caught Martha in an instant ; she exclaimed, "dare not touch this child, he belongs to Almighty God, and if you dare touch him your hand will wither. He answered, "begone, thou heretic, I will see to this, if you are going round the country carrying children to electrify people." After he was gone, Martha saw a bright form beside her. She said, "Who art thou, angel of light ?" She got answer, "I am God's child, come to save you in your hour of need. Farewell, Martha, I

will now hasten back to my friends in the mountains that long to hear from you and their dear boy." At this hour Joseph was in the house as the spirit entered. I said, "Mother, look, she has come again; how is Martha and Jessie?" She said, "they are safe in their home; I left them as they were entering there." I told the family what she said, and they said, "God be praised, they are safe."

CHAPTER V.

JESSIE'S LEG BEING AMPUTATED BY A CONFESSOR.

Let us now go back into the walls of Jerusalem—here is Lazarus, Martha and Jessie. Lazarus received the boy in his arms and shouted, "Glory to God, here is my dear sister Martha, and she has brought an angel with her." When it was known that Martha had returned, all of the Hebrew families about gathered in to see her and make inquiry concerning Joseph, Mary, and their family. They all knelt and prayed, and the glory of God filled that house ere they lay down to rest. After they had rested for a few days, Martha said to Lazarus, "Jessie's leg must be taken off because it is turning dark." Lazarus answered, "I know one, and I will seek him, even now." He went out and soon returned, bringing with him the one that was to cut off the leg. Martha said, "how many pieces of silver shall I give you to free the boy from that afflicted limb." He looked at him and said, "he will die and I shall get nothing, but I must have fifty pieces of silver." Martha said, "his parents are poor, can't you do it for half that sum?" He said, "I will do it for one half of that sum; I am sure he will die, he is such a feeble thing. If he is a heretic, as I think he is, then let him die, but it must be cut off, even this hour, else it will be too late." Then he began his work. They laid him on his little bed, Lazarus held him, and Martha tried to soothe him. Martha saw the angel that met her by the roadside enter her house; she held in her hand a goblet of pure sparkling liquid. She bathed Jessie's temples and hands; she sprinkled the limb, also, from time to time until the work was done. He that was removing the limb shuddered all over, and exclaimed, "Heresy is here, I feel its chill." The limb was removed and Martha carefully bandaged it. Then the confessor exclaimed, "give me the silver; damn the heretic, let him die, I am half frozen to death sitting here." Martha saw the angel of light sprinkle that clear, sparkling liquid all over him. He fled then, and never returned to see if the boy was dead or alive. Martha's good care, and Lazarus's good advice, was all that was needed to bring back the flush to

his cheek, and life to the eye. Joseph was sitting by his fire at night, and I saw our guardian angel enter there. She breathed upon me and controlled me, then delivered a message from Martha to my father and mother, like this: "Holy God has saved your child from death; now, Joseph, make a journey to Jerusalem, work awaits you there; not many months will pass away ere you will come and bear all of your family back to Mary's childhood home." She then breathed out of me, and she came not back to us again for two years. Joseph did go back to Jerusalem and there found work. Mary was left alone with her little children; months passed away, and Joseph did not return. At last a beggar made his way high into the mountains, and he told Mary he had seen Joseph about one month before, and he was coming back for his family. Not many days after, Joseph reached his home with a glad heart. He told Mary about Jessie's health being so much better, and he made an expression like this:

He is like a lily fair,
Diamonds glisten beneath his hair,
He is like a dew drop sweet,
In Martha's arms when he falls asleep.

I asked Joseph if the angel came to see Jessie. When he was sick an angel bright held him from death, and when he is weary she hushes him to sleep. I answered, "how I wish she would come here again, I am so lonesome" Joseph said, "she is going away, her father came for her and said they should be gone and a year and a half, which would be two years from the time she left the mountain home in company with Martha." Mary answered, "how good God is to give us such a bright angel to care for the little children, and I think she has been a great comfort to Lazarus and Martha, as well as our dear Jessie." Joseph said, "we are going back to Jerusalem, and we must start at early dawn." Mary baked the barley loaf, and we begun our journey. Joseph took me in his arms, as I had no use of my legs and feet. I was now six years and two months old. Mary led James and carried the barley bread.

Thus we begun our journey, and all day we were climbing down the mountains, but as night closed in, Mary espied a light. Joseph said, "Glory to God, we can soon lie down to rest, because that is the home of the aged seer, Timothy, and, he will shelter us from these cold winds." I was crying bitterly; my feet and hands were aching with the cold. Joseph said, "have courage, we shall soon find warmth and rest." Timothy had seen us coming from early morn, and he came out to meet us. As soon as he reached us he said, "God grant you rest and comfort in my house; although my fare is humble, yet God's children are welcome to all I have." All of that night the winds blew fearfully, and the weary travelers slept, all but myself. I crept from my bed close to where my perents lay, and I saw

they were all covered over with electricity, and I said, God is here. At that moment I heard a sweet voice say, "my father is dying." I awoke Joseph and Mary; they arose from their bed, and indeed, the aged seer was in the last agonies of death. Joseph called for a cup of water, saying, "he is not dead, but is in an electrified condition. He may have some message for us." I said, "he is dead already; see, there he stands in the corner." Mary saw him, but she could not see his angel daughter standing by the father. She was the one I saw and told me to awake Joseph even in time to close his eyes in death. The remainder of the night was passed in preparing the body for burial. As there was no one but Joseph to cover the earth over him, morning dawned, and Joseph and Mary bore him to his earthly bed. A sweet chant was heard by us all when he was laid in his narrow bed, and after they covered him over they prepared for their journey, even as the sun was rising. That day they made their way to the lowlands among the poor herdsmen. In the evening we made our way to a humble cot, where an old man dwelt alone, attending a few cattle. His beard was grey, his head was bald, his garments were buckskin, his floor was clay, and his bed was dried grass. When we entered, he arose to his feet and said, "I knew you were coming, because God's child told me so." Joseph enquired concerning her features, and he described her thus: "Her hair is dark and flowing, her eyes are black and holy, her face is like a diamond bright, and she is light all over." I said, "Can I see her?" He answered, "No, she has gone a great way off, but she told me to say to you that she would be back as soon as the flowers had bloomod once more and had faded, then she would come back with her father and remain with this family as long as you walked the earth." Mary bowed her head, and I saw tears trickle down her cheeks as she replied, "I knew she would come back and help me bear my burden, which surely awaits me."

After prayers were ended, a band of angels chanted a hymn. I caught each sound and it was like this:

"Aged father, God has blest you,
By bringing his children here to-night,
Love them Holy God, forever,
Even in their heavenward flight.
Holy God how are thy children,
Wandering forth in hope to find
A home of plenty, peace and comfort,
Within the walls of Jerusalem;
Crosses many are before them,
May they bear them, if it be thy will,
May they bow in meek submission.
And ever answer, "peace be still."

The singing ceased, and we all retired to rest. At early dawn the old man arose, kindled his fire and said, "I am aware you will fall into the hands of heathen confessors ere you reach your homes, bnt may God hold you from those accursed fiends; they robbed me of all I hold so dear. I

married an angel bright ; by her I had one daughter and no more, a gentle and holy thing. When she had reached her fourteenth year, a band of eight confessors came ; they bespoiled my home, dragged away my wife and daughter, and I never saw them more, but I found their decaying bodies left exposed in the open air, and I shuddered at the sight I saw. When I first awoke this morning, I saw a band of confessors approach you in your journey, but I did not see them lay their hands upon you, yet I have such a fear of them ; their touch is pollution, their pollution is death." After he ceased to speak, we all knelt in prayer, partook of our barley bread, and began our journey again. That day we reached Canaan's borders ; happy was Mary to find a friend where she asked a night's rest, and whom she had not seen for many years. She had four beautiful daughters, while Mary's were all boys. I heard my mother say, "how I wish I had a daughter to bless me." I said, "can't God give you a daughter, Mary, just as well as he can your friend?" She answered, "God gave me boys, I will praise him forever."

Our evening meal was prepared—oat meal gruel, dried beef, and a cup of cold water. The time came for us to depart, and Mary bade her friend adieu, and she never saw her after. Ten days we were in making our way to Jerusalem, but before we reached there we were accosted by a band of confessors ; they halted in the road before us, and said, "heretics, where are you going?" Joseph answered, "my boy has a weak back, and we are going to Jerusalem to see what can be done for him." One said, "give him to me, I will cure him before your eyes." Mary screamed ; Joseph was electrified all over and shouted, "begone you damned, or I will crush you before your comrades." He turned to the band and said, "shall we finish these heretics?" "Leave the damned beggars, we are in a hurry, lets be gone." Then they all turned their horses and rode off in another direction. Mary sat down, covered her face with her hands, and said, "may I call God's child to comfort us." Joseph answered, "she cannot come until the flowers come once more and wither." They hastened forward fearing they should be followed by those fiends. The hour did come when we entered Martha's home, and a more joyous meeting could not be. Jessie was delighted to see us all, and his little heart beat when Joseph sat me down close to him, and when I looked and found his leg was gone, I burst into tears. He was sitting in Lazarus' lap ; I reached out my hand and he kissed it and said, "dear brother Jesus, how glad I am you have come." Joseph said, "God has spared our dear Jessie, and we will praise him forever." Mary said, "Amen, God have the glory." Martha prepared the barley bread, and we all sat down in the home where Joseph and Mary had been made so happy, and that home which they were compelled to leave in order that I could be spared until God's own time, that man might know there was but one God and one God only. That night Lazarus made the prayer, and the

house was filled with angels bright. I saw them everywhere. Mary's mother drew near me; she breathed upon me and said, "I have been in trouble ever since you started, lest harm should befall you; now, welcome home, dear children, rest all you can, for the time will come when you will be driven again into the mountains." They all lay down to rest, but still the home was filled with bright forms. I called and called again for God's child, but got no answer. I fell asleep, hoping she would be there in the morning. The next day many hearts were made glad by Mary's presence; all of the neighbors gathered in to see Mary once more in the home of her childhood. Joseph began his labor as soon as he was rested, and the family were blest together. Days passed away, and I was a poor helpless thing. Flowers bloomed and faded. I crept to the door and saw the leaves withering with a glad heart. I called Mary and said, "see here, this flower is fading, don't you think God's child will come now? I did know she would come back, and each drooping leaf gave me joy." Mary answered, "God grant her coming, I long to see her in my home again." Then I said, "has Joseph asked God if he would let her come." "In God's own due time all will be well," said Mary. Days passed away, and as I crept into the house as the sun was setting, I saw our guardian angel kneeling beside Jessie and bathing his limb with her cool electric hand. She drew near me and I laid my hand in hers as she exclaimed, "darling boy, I will never again leave you while you walk the earth, if it be my Heavenly Father's will. I have come to care for you and the children, and comfort dear Mary, for the cup is bitter that is prepared for you all, and you will have to drink it to the dregs." Mary came in and saw her, and said, "angel of light, welcome to our homes and our hearts," then she breathed a prayer; it was like this: "Holy God, leave thy child in my home as long as I live in mortal form, and we shall all be blest by her holy presence, becanse she is one of God's family." The angel answered, "amen, my mission is with you to the end, and my father will be here after many days." The chills of winter passed away, spring came, the family were all kneeling in prayer when Leiah entered our home and exclaimed, "God has again held you from death. I saw a band of anointed priests, and I feared they would enter here. I dashed an electric flash upon their leader; as he felt the shock he fell back and exclaimed, "the damned heretics are here, let us go, I feel their chill, and if they are not cut off they will destroy us all."

CHAPTER VI.

THE INFLUENCE CHANGED.

Leiah remained with us for a whole year without leaving us at all. He controlled me daily, gave me much knowledge of the past ages—for two hundred and fifty-five thousand years. He had marked the changes of all the nations of the earth—not one kingdom but had felt his power, because he had controlled even among the heathen, and declared one God and one God only.

Now he knew there must be a human sacrifice in order to establish the truths he had sought to establish among men. His holy boy, as he called him, was a fit subject, because he was all good. Humanity demanded and they must be appeased. He was a holy thing, and he must die in order to establish truths here on earth and prepare the way for light to reach the human mind, that had been held by the dark devices of heathen idolatrous worshippers, in the form of priests and confessors, that destroyed the fairest earth flowers, and damned the inhabitants of every clime.

Day after day he would control, giving light to the heretics that asked for knowledge. He declared to them that he was determined to bear me along until the fulfilling of the prophecy, breathed by Zadock, the seer. I had grown in body, but I had not strength enough in my limbs to support my weight. One day Martha held me up by my arms. I saw God's child holding her hands on my back, and she said, "stand firm, my darling boy, I will help you." I tried as hard as I could, but my limbs would bend beneath my weight. Leiah controlled me even then, and caused me to run across the floor and back again. Joseph came in at that time and exclaimed, "look, Mary, he is like an angel, his feet hardly touch the floor, he has been better ever since he was controlled ; who knows but he may walk in God's own time ?" Mary caught the idea that I was electrified, and calmly answered, "Joseph, God is here, and our boy will surely walk." Martha took me and lay me on my bed, being entirely exhausted. I fell asleep ; I dreamed I was walking all about the door, gathering flowers, and when I awoke I made the attempt, but my limbs bent beneath me ; the influence came over me agrin and I could walk as easy as if I had always been strong. In this manner I continued three months ; my limbs grew strong enough to enable me to walk a little all alone, but the hour did come when it was around the country that there was a child that healed the sick ; many came, and my controller breathed upon them, and they would be healed ; he would prescribe herbs for them to drink, in order that their blood should be cleansed, that they could live and be happy. The priests heard that a heretic was healing the sick and they issued a decree that all that had

been healed should die, and the Hebrew boy should be beheaded the next day in the great square, that all could deride him that chose. Leiah controlled Martha, and said, "bear away that boy, even in this hour; let nothing hinder you from making your way again into the mountains; his life is of more value than all the rest of you together." Joseph took me by the hand, as I could walk quite well. I was then eight years and eleven months old. All that night I kept pace with him, but as morning dawned I fell back, losing all of my strength. In an instant Joseph caught me in his arms, and we reached the border country of Cana ere the night closed in. As he bore me in a humble tent there, he looked around and said, "O death, what hast thou done?" The inmates were all gone, but blood was everywhere. Joseph left that house, but as he turned his gaze once more toward that house of desolation, he exclaimed, "priests and confessors have been there and destroyed my friends." They were friends that had given him and Mary shelter when they were fleeing Herod's kingdom for the safety of their unborn child. The family had consisted of father, mother, four beautiful daughters, and one son. They had all been cut off in one night; father and son had been beheaded, and the females had all been crushed by hell's damned in priestly robes. Joseph bowed his head and said, "Holy God, shield my family from those fiends of darkness, and I will praise thee forever." The journey was long; I was feeble, but daily I was controlled and borne along on foot. Joseph could hardly keep pace with me. He would say, "boy, your feet hardly touch the ground." When we reached our home, I was entirely exhausted. I fell in a deep sleep which lasted four days and four nights. By that time the family had all reached their home. Mary bent over me and exclaimed, "our boy is dead, our boy is dead." Joseph drew near and said, "Mary he sleeps; he will awake soon, because before he fell asleep, he said, "I shall sleep four days, and then God's child will come and awake me." He did awake in about an hour, and happy they were again in their humble home.

The same night that Joseph fled with me, the family all started, but their journey was slow, because Lazarus was feeble and Martha had to carry Jessie in her arms. Mary would take him now and then in order that Martha could rest, but Martha was strong and hardy, and she bore her burden with holy love, but not without fear. They prepared their barley bread again, and as they gathered around the board I awoke and said, "let God control in this house hereafter and forever." Joseph answered, "amen, glory to God, our boy lives and speaks again in our midst." "Eat," said a gentle voice close beside me, "bring a cup of water and a piece of bread." The water refreshed me, and the bread blest me. After a little I arose to my feet, went to the door looking out upon the high crags around me. I thought it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. As I gazed upon a high cliff I saw a female gathering flowers there. I thought how wonderful one

should climb so high on that mountain brow, as I had never seen any one there before. Her garments were light and flowing, her hair was loose, hanging over her shoulders. As I gazed, another form approached her, he held out his hand ; she laid her palm in his and they began to descend the mountain. I held my breath, fearing they would be dashed to pieces, but on and on they came, gliding down the rocky steep. I lost sight of them but for a moment, then they both stood before me—Leiah and his daughter. She held in her hand fresh flowers gathered from the mountain peak ; as she held them toward me, she said, "dear brother, I gathered them for you." Holy they were to me; as I held them in my hand I felt God had breathed upon them full of holy aroma. They filled me full of God's love. I carried them in to Mary, saying, "see what God's child gave me ; I saw her gather them with her own hand." These two angels lingered near until Joseph came home, and then my controller breathed upon Jessie ; he fell asleep, and this was the communication through him :—"The lowlands are in great commotion ; hundreds have been slain by the priesthood in order to cut off all heresy. Lazarus' house has been burned down, and nothing but the ashes are left. Their rage knew no bounds when tney found the boy Jesus had escaped them, also the Hebrew family. They are now scouring the country in order to bring them back, that they may be put to death on the great square, to show that all heretics should be made to acknowledge the priesthood, and all should bow to them before any other law, and their decree should be first in council ; their spies are everywhere, and in order that my boy shall be safe he must go every day into the forest at early dawn and remain there until the night closes in, but let him remain until I bring you word ; have him prepared with a blanket to keep him comfortable."

Three days had passed away, and we had heard nothing from the lowlands. Mary began to feel that I could remain in our home safely, when a lightning flash had rent the cliff, and its fragments were dashing down on all sides of our home. Mary was fearfully frightened ; Lazarus and Martha held themselves calm. I gazed upon the scene, and my soul was filled with holy adoration to God for sparing us all. "Holy eternal God," I said, "Thou hast been good to spare us all while the lightning flashed above our head." As Joseph neared our home he saw fragments of rocks everywhere ; he feared we had been destroyed, but as he entered our home he shouted, "Holy God, thou art here ; I will praise thee forever ; my family are in thy hands, and we will hold ourselves in a condition that thou canst be glorified through thy children." Then Leiah entered our home ; he breathed upon Martha and said, "our boy will go into the forest tomorrow at early dawn, and not return until night closes in, because there is a confessor lurking around the mountains, hoping to search out the Hebrew family ; and Jesus has a price set upon his head—fifty pieces of silver.

This guardian angel will go with him until he is made to feel there is no danger; then she must go with me for a time." I said, "don't take her away I shall be so lonesome." I called Mary, and said, "Mary, Leiah is going to take my angel away ; ask him to leave her with me." Mary said, "Leiah, God's child has been with us for a long time, and we should be very lonesome without her." Leiah bowed his head and said, "she is all I have ; she is the holiest thing God ever gave me, but now I give her to you in order that God may be glorified through you, my dear boy. She will watch over thee when I am away, and when I am here she will assist Mary in giving her strength and encouragement, because her burden will be heavy and the holy influence of my daughter will bless her.

CHAPTER VII.

Eight days passed away ere Leiah returned. I was kneeling in prayer when he entered our house. He breathed upon me and controlled me ; in an instant bore me away down the mountain side ; my feet did not touch the ground in many places, and I felt like a feather blown by the wind. I could see all I passed, but I had no power to stop. All day we sped along, night came, and we halted not. There was a great feast at Antioch, and we arrived there the third day and the third hour, even as they had begun to assemble. Leiah relinquished his grasp, and I sat down by the wayside, faint and exhausted. I fell back and a beggar come to me and said, "boy, are you dying ?" I answered, "give me bread, give me water." He brought me water, but bread he had none. I drank freely ; then I lay there for hours. There came a poor, despised female: man had cursed her, God never. I breathed deep, and my controller exclaimed, "give this boy bread, or he dies." She took from her bundle a piece of bread; she handed it toward me, but I had no power to reach for it, and then she knelt beside me and said, "poor boy, he is dying." Here I breathed deep again and said, "crumble it into the water, he cannot eat it dry." Then she started back and looked at me again, and said, "Holy God, this is the holy child, Jesus, that healed me when I was sick, gave me light when I was in darkness ; let me die for him even here." I answered, "Your dying would do me no good, but live to take care of this poor body until I can begin a work for humanity, that God may be glorified through his own children." The bread and water gave me strength, and I ate all I desired ; then I arose to my feet, it being high noon, and I was controlled on that instant. Leiah bore me into the synagogue, beggarly clad, as I was, through the multitude,

upon the very altar. He held me there one hour and a litt here; ll the Jews cried out against the beggar, declaring the devi cause he was all over light. Then the shout arose, "dra him out." One of the layman approached me and lay his then he fell back entranced. After a few moments he spr [illegible] feet, shouting, "Holy, Almighty God is here, because the synagogue is filled with angels. Light is everywhere; catch its rays, O ye children of darkness; shout O ye children of Antioch, God is here." Then the congregation shouted louder than before, "the devil is here filling us with light." The people began to flee; he stood there still, like a ray of light, while I had fallen to the floor. He shouted to them to stop, saying, "if you bring in your battle axe, God will curse you forever." They heeded them not, but brought in their magistrate and his followers. They sought to aim a blow at him that was declaring God, but they could not reach him. They became so electrified that they dropped the battle axe and fled, filled with fear. As soon as they had gone I arose to my feet, and in an instant I was folded to the bosom of my guardian angel, and how she bore me away from there I never knew, but he that was controlled fell down dead, even there, when my controller breathed out of him, as I was afterwards told. I found myself sitting beside a brook, bathing my head, face and hands. I looked around and I saw her that had given me bread and water kneeling in prayer. I said to her, "daughter of Antioch, can you give me a piece of bread?" Her answer was, "you fed me with God's bread, and I will feed you with barley bread. Here, dear Jesus, take this, it is all I have got, but I have a friend that will give me more, and if you will wait here I will bring some for you to bear along with you on your journey." She returned in a short time bearing back with her a full loaf, and said, "take all you want, and I will bear the rest away to those beggars, yonder." I said, "can't I go with you, I have a message for them?" She said, "come if you have strength to walk there." I attempted to rise to my feet, but I fell back again, my strength having left me. Then I said, "God is to be glorified through his children, and if they will eat of his bread they shall become children of eternal life." She hastened away, but before she could give her message, I was again electrified and borne along in the direction of the highlands. All that day and night I was borne on until the sun stood high in the ether; then I was accosted by a herdsman. He said, "are you the boy Jesus that is making such a great commotion all about the lowlands," I answered, "God begets commotion in order that his holy electric air can purify." He said, "have you any electricity that I can feel the shock?" "God holds his own electricity," I answered, "and uses it at his own will and pleasure." "Boy," he said, "I am freezing now, are you binding me with electricity?" I saw Leiah fold him in his arms, and I knew he would

Th·
ontrol him. He breathed deep, his face became livid, and his eyes glazed, then he spoke to me and said, "the hour has come my boy for us to begin our work in earnest. There is to be a wedding in Cana, I must bear you there in order that God can turn their water into wine, that they can behold His works. Help me, my angel boy, and I will bear you back to your mother in eight days." I said, "let me go home to my mother, then I will die for you if it be needed." "Then it will be too late for God to be glorified," he said. "There," he said, "I will bear you to friends that will give you food and rest ere you go back towards the mountain." Leiah then breathed out of that body, and left him in a natural sleep, in order that I could get away, because he was determined to get the price for my head, which was one hundred pieces of silver if I was dead or alive. I was caught up again and borne onward, not knowing whither. Four days and four nights passed away, and I was in Cana. I stopped at a humble home and said, "can I have a cup of cold water and a place to lie down; I am exhausted and must sleep." "Come in little boy, I have seen you before; have you a brother that had his leg cut off?" I answered, "I have and his name is Jessie." "Is your name Jesus?" she said, covering her face with her hands. "It is," I said; "my father's name is Joseph, and my mother's name is Mary." "My father and mother belong to the Hebrews, and I thought you looked like them." The mother came forward with a cup of water; I drank it, and then she said, "I know your mother, we were children together, and she was my own dear cousin. I am Hester. The ways of God were wonderful. how your family escaped death; it is the hand of God that held them, else they would have been cut off ere this." Then she said, "come in boy, lie down and rest, you look so pale; but tell me how came you here alone?" "God bid me come, and he will bear me back again if it be His will," I said. Then I fell asleep. When I awoke, I found myself in the midst of a large assembly, holding in my hand a glass of pure, cold water, shouting, "Holy, Almighty God, change this water into wine, that they can behold thy glory." At that moment I saw a hand held over that glass, and a crimson stream run therein. "Here," I said, "is your wine, drink and be merry; bring me more pure water that you can have a plenty and to spare." They brought four gourds and one bucket full; the same hand was held over them, and they become wine. "Here" I said, "drink, but do not become drunken, but let God be glorified through the works done here." I was controlled, declaring that the same body before them must be hung upon the cross in order that God's children might know who to worship in truth.

There was one among them that declared an angel had folded me to her bosom all the time I was speaking. He declared also that I was nothing but a ray of light in the hands of the living God, and that God would surely take me to himself before my work was finished. "Holy God," I said,

"let me breathe out where I am weary." God's child answered, even there, in her sweet, calm voice, "the time will come, dear brother, when you will find rest in the bosom of your God." There again I became electrified, and I never knew more until I had reached the border land of Cana, where the mountains rose high and the waters came dashing down in torrents. Here I sat beneath a shelving rock, calm and refreshed; there came a voice to me saying, "come let us go home, I have been telling Mary you would be there in two days." At the mention of my mother, I burst into tears and said, "Holy God, let me go home to my Mary and die in her bosom." I got answer, "no, my dear brother, you cannot die yet, for there is a work for you to do; now let us hasten forward in order that we may reach a humble cot by the wayside; there you will find food and rest. There is an aged clothes vender who lives there, his family have all been cut off, consisting of his companion, four daughters and two sons; he was away from home when his house was entered by eleven anointed priests. They cut off the heads of the two boys and crushed the females to death. The father came home and found his family destroyed, his house in ashes, his hopes blasted. He called for his angel companion; she came to him, and then he fell back into a deep sleep; there he saw and conversed with his family; they bade him have courage, and he would surely come to them by and by, but there he dwells alone, waiting for his hour to come. This the spirit told me as we journeyed on together; and as we drew near, the old man came out to meet me, and said, "I have been looking for you for some time, my daughter said she saw you, and that you was faint and weary, so you see I have procured for you a cup of milk and a piece of bread, and a clean, nice bed of dried grass for you to rest upon." I answered, "God is here, she is here, and all your family are here." "How many do you see," he said?" "Two boys in tender childhood, four beautiful damsels, fresh and blooming, and their mother, folding her arms around you." He burst into tears and said, "Holy God, leave them with me here in this house until I can become one of them. I said "let us kneel and pray, even here, that they can behold God's glory in their own home." "Amen," he said, and we knelt in the midst of his children, and they blended their lives with the angel band that filled the home of the aged centurion, called Cornelius. He followed me a long way on my journey, and when he turned back he he covered his face with his hands and wept. I said, "fear not, your family are all with you, and will go back with you, and you will be lonesome no more." Then he said, "God bless you, may the angel that is beside you hold you in her bosom forever." I continued my journey eight days after I had left Cornelius ere I reached my mountain home. As I drew near I feared something had happened to them, for the door was closed even while the sun was shining. I knocked at the door and none gave me answer. With a trembling hand I pushed open the door; nothing

was left there, but I fell down exhausted and fell asleep. Many days slept on, until a gentle hand was laid in mine, and a gentle voice said, "come, dear boy, Mary and the family are all coming, they will all be here in a few moments; come, get up, bathe, that you may feel fresh, then they will acknowledge God has cared for you, and it will hold them from all fear hereafter." Mary came in as I was asking how long I had been asleep, and my angel friend answered, "eight days and eight nights you have slept, and God's angel children have breathed upon you and you live because your time is not yet." Mary cried out, "Holy, Almighty God, my boy is alive and is here." I said, "mother, I want some bread, I am dying for bread." She gave me a piece, but I could eat only a crumb. I lay down again; Lazarus came and sat down by me; he took my hands in his and breathed upon me; I then sat up and said, "let us return thanks to God for bringing us all together again." I said, "Lazarus, pray, this body is not strong enough." He prayed, and such a prayer; it filled our home with God's glory and his angel children. Martha answered, "Glory to God, he was dead but he lives again; let us praise him forever." Joseph came home four days after; I then had become strong. He brought intelligence from the lowlands that there was a great commotion both among the Jews and the heathen priests and confessors, and a larger price was set upon my head than before. Two hundred pieces of silver had been offered for my head, and fifty for each of the family. Joseph said, "I can go to the border country and labor until the law will free my family from the price that is set upon them, which will be a year and a half, and you, Lazarus and Martha, must remain here because you are considered of the family." Mary said, "we heard by a boy from the lowlands that a band of confessors were coming up the mountains, and we fled to the cave; there we remained until God's child came and told us they had turned back, and when we came here we found our dear boy, fresh and beautiful as ever." She said, "he was gone from us two weeks and eight days when I found him on our return, but how long he had been here I know not." I answered, "eight days and nights I was here, but I slept." Joseph answered, "God grant you may sleep in safety until I return; it will be eight weeks." He left us filled with fear and anxiety lest harm should befall us. Mary watched him until he turned a high cr g and then fell back like one dead. Martha gave her drink, while I bathed her temples and hands. She breathed and a deep groan escaped her. I saw a vision was upon her, and I said, "tell, oh tell me what you see." She said, "a confessor is climbing the mountains directly in Joseph's path; God help my husband, else he will perish by the battle axe of that fiend." Then she awoke and said, "is Joseph gone?" I said, "Joseph is on his way to the border country." "Hark," I said, "there is an awful crash, God's angels are saving Joseph from death; there is an avalanche and it has crushed the confessor beneath its weight." "Glory to

God," said Mary, "Joseph is safe and he will come back to us again." Lazarus was feeble and the mountain air caused his cough to be oppressive. Martha said, "when Joseph comes home again I must seek a home in the lowlands." Her heart ached for Mary, but she felt it a duty to care for her brother.

I had been wandering about my home all day, but as night closed in I was controlled by Leiah. He told Mary that he must bear me away on a long journey, and it would be months before he could bring me back again. She asked, "where are you going?" He answered, "I am going to a king that is about to be dethroned by the Amlekites. If timely warning is given he will be saved and his people; trust him to me, I will bring him back by the middle of the fourth month." The influence left me; I went away by myself and asked God to assist me. God's child came and sat down beside me; she laid her hand in mine; she said, "dear boy, your journey is a is a fearful one, God will direct you; my father will care for you, while I must remain with Mary and the children, but I will come to you and comfort you whenever I can." Mary prepared my garments, and at early dawn I set out barefooted, and alone as for human aid, not knowing whither I was going, but trusting to him that walked beside me, an angel bright. I had learned to love him as my father, and his daughter as my sister. Down we went from crag to crag, a way that I never went before; deep cuts in the mountain made me stop; then I would glide down as easy as if it was a smooth surface. Night came on and we were still upon the mountains. I sat down by a green bush, and there I fell asleep. I arose at early dawn, still descending the mountains; noon came and I began to find the habitation of man. I entered a herdsman's home and asked for a piece of bread. I got for an answer, "bread, we have not, but you can have a piece of meat and a cup of milk." I said, "give me the milk, but meat I cannot eat." "Drink all the milk you want, for by and by I shall have more." She was the daughter of an aged herdsman, and they dwelt there alone. As I handed the cup back I said, "you have many in family." Her answer was, "my father and myself." I said, "I see a female here old enough for your mother, four beautiful damsels, and a young man; he says you are his sister." Then the father came in; she told him all. He looked kindly at me and said, "angel boy, your doom is sealed. I saw a band of confessors not more than an hour ago, and they were enquiring after such a boy as you, and they said you had fled them." The damsel said "let us hide him until they have left the country, lest they cut him off." I remained there the rest of that day and that night, but started again at early dawn. Night came again and I was still among the herdsmen. I asked for a cup of milk, a piece of bread, and a place to lie down to sleep. I drank the milk, but the bread I lay in my bosom for my breakfast. I arose before any of them were astir. Day after day I journeyed onward until I

reached Armenia, there I enquired for the king, and was told he was not able to be seen. The gatekeeper said, "boy come in, it may be business of importance, at any rate this little boy can't do any harm." I was directed into the servants apartment. They asked if I was hungry. I answered, "I have come a long way to see the king; do let me see him ere it is too late." One said, "is it business that concerns the kingdom?" I answered, "the Amlekites are preparing to cut him off and destroy the people and take the kingdom. Do let me see him now, else it be too late." "Come little boy," said one of the kind hearted females, "eat now while we send word to the King, that he may prepare for your coming to his chamber, for he has been ill for days." I answered, "drink I cannot, eat I dare not, until I have delivered my message to the King." The King called for an audience, and I hastened to meet him. He looked at me as I entered there, and said, "you are a frail little thing, but you are covered all over with light." Then I saw Leiah. He reached out his hand to me. I laid my palm in his. He breathed upon me, and I had a fearful vision; I saw a mighty army all around with battle axes, javelins and spears. I saw they had chariots, the wheels would turn in any direction, burnished steel like blades cut in pieces whatever they came in contact with. Then I shouted "O, King, they are already crossing your border country, and if you do not prepare to defend yourself you will surely be cut to pieces." Then the King shouted, "bring in my council, even now." He was obeyed and the chamber was filled with brave looking men. There I stood before them and was controlled. What was said I know not, but this I do know, when the influence left me I fell down like one dead. I could hear and see all, but move I could not. In their excitement they had forgot me, stepping around and over me. At last I breathed deep and asked for a cup of water. I drank freely and in a short time I arose to my feet. I turned to the King and said, "good King can I have a piece of bread and a place where I can lie down and sleep, because I have not ate or slept for three days and three nights, but hastened to you lest it would be too late." He called his servant and bade him care for me in all things. He bore me to the kitchen. I ate a piece of bread about as big as an acorn, then lay down and fell into a deep sleep. Two hours I slept, then the King sent for me again. I arose and followed the servant, but when I entered that chamber again I was filled with fear. It was filled with men. I stood there a poor frail thing, not daring to look up. The King said, "come here boy." I stepped up to him and laid my hand in his. I burst into tears and said, "good King can I go home to my mother." I looked at him and I saw a tear in his eye, and he said, "how did you come?" I answered, "on foot, and God helped me." Then he said, "can you tell me any more about the Amlekites?" I said the country was in great commotion, but I know no more. Armed men were everywhere, and I had to creep under the hedge and through the

forests in order that they should not destroy me before I could give you warning. The King said, "do you want me to send some one with you?" I said, "no, God will go with me." "Then," he answered, "may God care for you and carry you safe back to your mother is my earnest prayer; now go and rest, but when you are ready to go let me bid you farewell." I went to the kitchen, there I ate bread and drank water, then I lay down again and slept the remainder of the day and all night. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke. I arose, bathed, combed my hair and said I must begin my journey, even now. "The King wishes to speak to you" said the servant, "come this way." I followed him into the King's bed chamber; the King was lying on his bed, he reached out his hand and said, "here boy take this, eat and drink all you want before you go, this will buy you more; what you do not need bear it home to your father, say to him it is sent to you for letting your frail little boy come to me in my hour of need." "God sent me," I said, "else I could not have found the way." "Farewell, frail little boy, how I wish you was mine." "Good bye," I said, then left King Lear, but not forever.

Two months brought me in sight of my home again. As I drew near my heart beat, and as I started forward I beheld my mother, bathing a new born babe, one that God had given her in my absence. I folded my mother to my bosom and said, "God has brought me home, else I could not have been here." Mary burst into tears and said, "Holy Creator, God, I will praise Thee forever and ever." Then Mary said, "look Jesus, see how God has blest our home, here is a little angel brother, and we call him Simeon." I then asked, for Joseph. Mary answered, "he will be at home in two days, he has not seen the baby yet as he has been gone most four weeks." The boys came in, and I said, "you have grown since I went away." James answered, "but you, dear brother, are pale and feeble; look Mary, see how pale his cheeks are; don't you want to lie down," said James. "Come, dear brother, let me help you." I thought it best, I said, to bathe and eat a piece of bread first, because I hungered. There came to our home, a beggar, he said he had seen Lazarus and Martha in a little home on the banks of a stream in Cana, and Lazarus was much better. He said he should go back that way, and would tell them I had come home again. I said tell Martha to come, she is needed in the home of her sister, and bring Lazarus with her, as the weather is fine now and he will be stronger by breathing the mountain air.

CHAPTER VIII.

In two days Joseph came home, and as he saw me he fell upon his knees and asked God to forgive him for his lack of faith in him for mistrusting his promise in bringing back his boy again. Then he said, "God grant you may never again be taken away from us while we walk the earth." Mary answered, "amen, if it please God." The family remained together two weeks, then we were again thrown into confusion, because the Amlekites had heard that a Hebrew boy had revealed to King Lear of their intentions of cutting him off, root and branch, but he had slain their warriors by thousands and tens of thousands. They had filled Assyria's border country, but they had no established kingdom of their own, and they had a great desire to possess Armenia, but when they were defeated their hate against the Hebrews knew no bounds; hundreds had been cut to pieces, while others were carried away into captivity. Mary feared they would find their way into the mountains, and fear fell heavily upon her. I said, "Mary, fear not, God can keep them away as easy as he could bring me back to you again."

Now months passed away, and a calm again settled over the country; after a time Martha and Lazarus came to us again; they remained there a year and a half. Joseph had been at work as a carpenter in the lowlands, and he had met with the controller of the buildings for Pontius Pilate. He bargained with Joseph that he would employ him all of the time for a year. Joseph said "the law has freed us from the price set upon our heads, and if you have no fear to go we can live quietly by ourselves, and it will be easier for me as it is a long way to bring the barley meal up the mountains, yet if it is for the safety of my family, I will not complain; and I was thinking that to be with my family would give us all so much happiness, and the controller of the building told me there was a home left vacant near by Pontius Pilate's barn, and with a little alteration it could be made comfortable. I was controlled even then, and Leiah declared he had a work to do in the home of the King, and the sooner they could get ready for the journey the better. "Leave your home comfortable," he said, "because the time will come when all earth beside will refuse a shelter to cover your heads." Joseph fastened up the windows, and after the family had gone out he fastened the door by dropping a billet of wood from the inside against the latch. Mary bowed her head and said, "God's will, not mine, be done." If I am to be cast out a wanderer on the earth, I will still exclaim, "God doeth all things well." That day we made a league and a half, stopping at a humble home like our own. The family consisted of father, mother, four beautiful daughters, and four sons. We remained there all night, and rested until the sun was up in the morning; there we all knelt and prayed

in that home, feeling God's breath was upon us ; then we ate our breakfast and prepared again for our journey. That day we made four leagues, and reached the lowlands, here we were met by an anointed priest, and he accosted us thus: "Have you heard anything of a Hebrew boy that has been going around the country destroying the Amlekites ?" Joseph said, "he had heard of such a story, but he did not believe it." When he heard of it, he said, "there is one, and he is setting the whole world in commotion, and if he is not cut off the priesthood will loose their control, and if you hear anything of him, I command you to send a message to Antioch. The priests are waiting there for intelligence." Before he had gone half a league another priest accosted them thus: "There has been a great disturbance in King Lear's court and among the Amlekites by a Hebrew boy giving warning from one to another, and they have slain more than twenty thousand men, and if he is not beheaded we shall all be cut off." Mary breathed deep and said, "he must be far from any of you, I think it must be the beggar we saw going eastward." "Had he any clothes on," said Joseph. "A few beggar's rags on, I believe," said the priest. Then he rode away. After he was gone, Leiah controlled me and and told Joseph not to ask any questions, lest they should mistrust him. Then continuing our way we made four leagues and a little more ; the family could not go fast, as Lazarus was feeble. Mary carried the baby, while Joseph carried Jessie, and Martha assisted us all she could. That night we found shelter beneath a shed, while the cattle were away. Morning came and we started without being escorted by any one. That night we reached a wayside inn, where they had been feasting and dancing all night. I said, "Mary can you rest here all night with the children, the home seems desolate." At that moment Martha espied a body lying in the brook, entirely naked and fearfully mangled. Joseph said, "come away Mary, leave him where he is ; if we linger here the priests may return and lay our bodies beside the one here." We all hastened away and went at least half a league, there we found a band of gypsies ; they had a fire and were preparing for supper ; they accosted us kindly, and said "come sup with us, we are going to have a dance." Joseph answered, "my family are hungry and tired, if you will give them something to eat and let them lie down and rest, I will bless you if I ever can." After we had ate, they prepared beds for us all beneath a green spreading tree, where the fire shone on the leaves and the smoke went curling up until it was lost to sight. I said, "James they must be good, for angels are here joining in their dance." I lay there watching the spirits that came to their festival until the night was far gone, then I fell asleep dreaming of the angel world. Mary called me and said, "come Jesus, we are all ready to go, I thought you was tired and we would let you sleep as long as we could." I started to my feet and went on with them feeling happy ; at

first I could not see why I felt so happy, then I said: "dancing is joyous."

That day we made five leagues; then we came to a herdsman's home. Joseph said, "who can live here, it seems so lonely." I answered, "Cornelius lives here." "How do you know?" said Joseph. I said, "I stayed with him all night when I was carried to Antioch and Cana." The aged man came to the door, and welcomed us in as he said, "I knew you were coming, my daughter told me you would be here at nightfall, and I have prepared for you a good warm supper, meat and bread for the elder ones, but bread and milk for the children." As we entered his home he said "come here angel boy, you have been a comfort to me ever since you came here. I have seen all my family even as if they had their earthly bodies." He took me upon his lap, laid his hand upon my head, and said, "God bless you," then he turned to Joseph and said, "do you know that this boy will be cut off in his usefulness, ere he is thirty-five years old." "Holy God, protect him," said Joseph, "he is a holy thing to us all." Cornelius still held me and I fell asleep on his bosom. I was controlled and Leiah declared I should be borne along until my thirty-fourth year, and then I should be nailed to the cross in order that humanity should know there was one God and one God only. Mary burst into tears, and when I awoke she was kneeling beside me, and exclaimed, "Holy, Eternal God, hold him from death until Thy hour comes, then I will try and say Thy will be done." Here the family all called on God to assist them, for their burden was greater than they could bear. I did not understand why they were in such agony, and I said how good God is to give us such a nice place to rest. Then the family all gathered around the board and ate their barley bread, but the children had milk that Cornelius had brought a good way, because he knew of their coming.

After prayers we all lay down and slept until the sun rose. Mary called me and said, "come dear boy, we are nearly ready, come, wake up, the day is fine and we must try and make five leagues to-day." That day we journeyed along rapidly, as the roads were good and the warm earth made us comfortable. When night came we had made five leagues and a half; the children were so tired that we sat down at every turn, hungry and sleepy. I asked Joseph if he did not think God would rest us by and by if we were good. He answered, "God's rest is for the weary, and we will seek to obey his will." There was a little habitation near by, and Joseph said we may lie down here and rest if we are not disturbed by the passers by. Mary said, "I dare not enter there, there may be disease and death beneath that roof." I said there is no death where God is, and I saw his angel children coming in. Joseph said, "I will enter there, you await my coming." He soon came back, saying the house was entirely empty, and it was clean and comfortable. We all went in there; we ate a piece of barley bread

that Martha had brought in a bag. There we knelt and prayed, and the house was filled with holy powers. Then we lie down and slept until morning dawn. That day was damp and cloudy and we made four leagues. Then we came to a house where a poor female was sitting by the door bowed down with grief. Her hair was grey and she was clad in filthy rags. Joseph said, "can we rest here to-night, we have come a long way and the children are very tired." "Come in," she said, "you are welcome to my humble fare, but God has cursed me, my family are all dragged away, and I am in despair. Four days ago a band of anointed priests entered here, and dragged away three daughters, all I had, and my boy they compelled to go with them, declaring they would make him a confessor, and I am left alone. God hears not my prayer."

In the evening the door opened gently, and a poor, frail, blasted thing stood there for a moment and then fell to the floor. The mother darted to her and exclaimed, "my daughter! my daughter! have you come home to die." After a short time she opened her eyes and said, "God is here, His children are here, but fiends and devils have destroyed my sisters and I am dying." I was controlled in an instant, and Leiah said prepare hemlock water, bathe her over and over, give her hysop to drink, they have diseased her body, and unless she be cleansed she will die. Her mother said, "Holy God forgive me, because I murmured against Thy will." Leiah answered, "it is God's will that anointed priests should be damned forever." The blasted damsel answered, "let God blast them before they destroy the earth." Here they were interrupted by the entrance of the son, and he exclaimed, "I have been anointed a confessor, and unless these Hebrews depart I must cut them off in this hour." Leiah answered, "then thou art anointed unto damnation." He said again, "begone, else by my oath I must cut you all off." "Cast from you that oath which declares you must shed innocent blood," replied Leiah, "else God will destroy you among the rest of the fiends that are destroying the earth. Where are thy sisters fair and comely, that filled this home but four days ago, damned by that oath which you now hold before you." Then he gave a deep groan and covered his face with his hands, and said, "they gave me strong drink, then administered the oath even while my sisters were dying by a part of the same band; they led me to where my sisters lay blindfolded, two were dead and the other was dying as they thought. They removed the bandage from my eyes and all shouted, "this is our reward, strong drink, meat and females." I then said, "let me go home." They said "no, you cannot go home until you have made yourself one of us." Then I could not follow them because I fell down by the wayside drunk and slept all night. They came to me in the morning and said, "we have had a fine night's revel; we have conquered a band of gypsies, killed all of their men, and held their females, and a jolly time we have had of it." I arose and said I must go home, my

poor mother is all alone. I, with the rest of you, damned my sisters ; do let me go home to my mother." They answered, "what is your mother to you now, you are one of us ; hereafter you shall have all you want, but follow us." I answered, "God has damned me and you can do no more. I fled to the mountains. They called me, but I fled from them ; hunger has driven me here, give me something to eat and let me go, lest I destroy you all."

After Leiah's last remark, he breathed out of me, and while I listened to his sad story my heart beat and I exclaimed, "Holy God, how long is earth to be accursed by anointed priests and confessors." I got answer, "until God's human sacrifices give light to the earth again." I said, "Holy God, will human sacrifices ever appease the demand of humanity." I got answer in due time, "light will be scattered all over the earth, then God's children will be freed from priests and confessors." The boy fell into a deep sleep and did not awake until we had gone. I heard from him in after time, he had been beheaded by the priesthood for exposing the wicked acts of the confessors.

That day we made five leagues and a little more, but before night closed in we heard by a traveller that the Jews were holding a council in the synagogue, and they were determined to make the Hebrews acknowledge the Jewish ritual. Leiah breathed upon me and said, "I must take this boy there in their midst, to-night, but fe r not, I will bring him back before you go to sleep.' We all encamped that night in the open air, with nothing but God's ether blue to cover us. I had hardly sat down by the fire that had been kindled when Leiah folded me to his bosom, and I knew no more until I found myself beside James, and he was fast asleep. I called to my mothar and said I am hungry. Mary answered, "you are here again." I answered, "Mary, I think you have been dreaming. I have not been away, but I am hungry ; I fell aleep and forgot to eat my bread and I can't find it." She gave me a piece, I ate it, and fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly before they attempted to journey onward. Their feet were sore and bleeding; my buckskin shoes were worn out and gone before we had been on our journey two days; Mary's were also gone; Martha's were goat skin, and they still held on her feet ; Joseph's sandals were entirely gone ; James was crying with his feet, and I was cooling mine in a stream near by, when Mary cried out, "come let us begin our journey that we may reach Jerusalem by to-morrow night. There is to be a great festival the day after and the city will be in a great commotion." "How are we to reach there," said Joseph, "it is now twelve leagues and the children are getting so weary." I answered, "there will be a cart that will take us a part of the way." As I looked around I saw a gypsey woman close beside me. I said, "did you tell me that ?" She answered, "I have breathed out of my body since you saw me, and I have come to comfort you ; nine days

after you slept by our camp fire we were all crushed beneath the battle axe and the confessors; they left us all dead and carried away all we had." She then said, "good bye, boy, I shall come to you again in your hour of need." I saw her no more until I was in the mountains dying for bread. The family began their journey, but before noon a cart came by and their mules were fresh and strong, having been to Tyre with a load of merchandise, and were now returning to Jerusalem. The driver was a kind hearted man; he accosted the family and said, "can I assist you by carrying your children and your burdens, and I think there is room for the females." Mary said, "God bless you, brother, my feet are so sore and my baby is heavy." Martha said, "take the bag, and let Lazarus ride, he is so feeble; let him take Jessie, for Joseph is nearly broken down beneath his weight." They all begun their journey filled with courage and hope. Joseph and Martha on foot forgot their own weariness, and they kept pace with the cart all of that day. After they had rode for a time, the driver accosted Lazarus thus: "Antioch is is in a great commotion because a beggar entered their synagogue in their holiest hour of the ritual; they said when he entered he was covered with rags, but when he went out he was covered with light, so much so that they could not discern his features, but he stood there before them all, and denounced their forms and ceremonies, and said, 'you are bowing to heathen traditions that have no date or signature, and you are too much bigoted in your ideas caught from the gypsey fortune tellers, but the day will come when you will be laid low by the battle axe and your creeds will not be known among men.'" He continued, "it caused great excitement and the Magistrate commanded him to be seized and dragged out. The worthy Magistrate came forward, when a man dared lay hands upon him and said, 'if you be devil or angel, you cannot stand there denouncing the Jewish ritual.' He attempted to step upon the platform in order to drag down the boy, but he fell back as if he had been stricken with lightning, and before he could regain his feet the beggar was gone, none knew whither; at the same time when the Magistrate fell, the boy disappeared; they all said he was covered all over with lightning, and where he went no one could tell, and where this matter will end none can answer."

Then he whipped up his mule, and that day they made eight leagues. When they halted for the night Joseph and Martha were far behind, but ere midnight they reached the encampment, weary and exhausted. They ate some barley bread, as they had had none from early dawn. Then they lay down and slept until the mule driver called to them, and said, "rest an hour longer, because we can make the four leagues by the mid afternoon." They bathed, ate, climbed into the cart, and sat down prepared for the journey. Martha asked if she could take hold of the cart behind, for her limbs were swollen and she could hardly bear her weight upon her feet. The good natured driver said, "I will mount one of the mules, and you can have my

seat, and the man can ride the other mule if he will." This is recorded facts, and is held in the Jewish records until this day, and the Jews believe it was the devil because of the light.

Joseph gladly accepted the offer, and they finished the rest of their journey comfortable; then they all dismounted, and Joseph put into the hand of the driver four scruples in gold. He looked at it and said, "I have need of that gold; God bless you, for with it now my family can keep the shelter that is over their heads, and I can buy them bread."

Joseph knew where Pontius Pilate's home was; he took Jessie in his arms, Mary took Simeon, I took hold of James's hand, Martha took the bag, and Lazarus walked beside her; thus we went from square to square, until we reached the great square in front of the King's house. Joseph called for the controller of the buildings, and was told he was in the barn; he could go and see him there. Joseph called him, and he answered, "come in, carpenter, I have been wondering why you was so long coming, as I saw you only three days journey from here." Joseph answered, "my family were in another country, and I had to go and bring them, and they are now sitting on the great square." "Here is this little house," he said "and it can be made quite comfortable with one day's work." They all gathered up their bundles and entered that home; they kindled the fires; Mary baked the fresh barley loaf, as they had brought their bake-pan with them all the way from the highlands. Mary looked around, and in one corner she saw a heap of dry straw. They ate their bread, knelt and prayed, but not aloud, for fear of being heard of man. Then they spread the straw on the ground floor and lay down to rest. They all slept until the sun's bright rays fell upon Martha, then she awoke and said, "let us pray, even before we arise from our beds, and praise the Creator, God, for bringing us safe back again." Then Joseph kindled the fire, Mary spread the board, Martha bathed the children and combed their hair. We all ate with thankful hearts, feeling we had got to our journey's end. Joseph began his work that day; the first building erected was an addition on the main building of the King. It was for the children's apartment. Joseph toiled on from day to day. I used to gather the chips for Mary. One day I was carrying drink for Joseph, when the King saw me. He asked Joseph whose boy that was? Joseph answered, "that is my boy, and we call him Jesus." "Can't he come and live with me," said the King, "I like the looks of him; how old is he, carpenter?" "Eleven years and ten months." "That is about the age I want, but if he was little older, he could bear hardship better." "See there," I said, "I am big enough to do a great deal of work," as I raised myself upon my toes. "He must be a good boy," said the King, "his brow bespeaks his goodness. Can he come to my house in the morning?" "Yes," said my father, "if his mother is willing." Morning came, my father took me by the hand and led me to the King's kitchen. There the children were

all eating and drinking ; I stood back until they had finished their meal ; the eldest daughter said, "come boy, and eat, if you have come to live with us." Their breakfast was chocolate, beef, bread and cake. I ate but a little, then the servant said, "clean off the board, cleanse the dishes, set them by for dinner." The sweet face of the children made my heart leap with joy when they came running into the kitchen and said, "boy, come and play with us, the chamberlain says you can play with us as much as we want you to." I hastened away with the children, and found all sorts of amusements that could be interesting to children. Then the chamberlain entered there and said, "this must not be, he must have the caretakers garments on as long as he remains in this home." He conducted me into a nice little chamber where everything was neat ; then he handed me a fine linen undergarment, blue and orange damask, also a coat, the collar turned back the sleeves flowing, the corners rounded, and it fell back to the bend of the knee ; then it was trimmed all around, collar, sleeves and coat, with gilt band half an inch wide. My old clothes were laid away. How I wished I could carry them home to James, but I said nothing. "Now go and divert those children as best you can until they are called to their evening dance." The children were delighted with me, and said "he looks like our brother now ; make us a house with these blocks and we will kick them down again." They kicked down my house again and again, and I was diligent in building until the chamberlain called them to their dinner ; then in the afternoon they were to have a dance. They asked me if I wanted to go and look on. I said if you want me to. Then they all flew away to change their garments and bedeck themselves in flowers. They entered the room again ; I looked at them earnestly to see if they were children or angels. One of the girls came to me and said, "come boy, let us dance here." I said I don't know how to dance.

Day after day passed away similar to the one described. After a time I became cup bearer. Now the heathen priests had a feast once a year, and they had been eating and drinking until the day wore away. I had been pouring wine for the company until they were all intoxicated. Caiphas called to me and said, "boy, drink to my pretty damsel, the King's eldest daughter." I said, "please sir, I never drank anything in my life." "Drink boy, drink, or I will cause you to be beheaded." "Then," I said, "may God take care of me if I am drunk." I raised the cup to my lips, drank one half, and sat it down. He aimed a blow at me ; it felled me to the floor. The King said, "Caiphas you are drunk ; don't kill my children's care-taker." He answered, "he is a damned heretic, and I fed him, now he ought to be killed." Here I was controlled by my guardian angel, and she breathed a prayer in the midst of hell. As she breathed out of me I looked around, and I saw they were all electrified. I crept to the side of the King ; he layed his hand upon my head and said, "fear not, angel boy, Caiphas

is asleep." I asked him if I could go home to-morrow. "We will talk about it." The doctors and lawyers still called for strong drink, but I dropped down beside the King exhausted. I heard him call for another of his servants to come and serve his guests. I saw Leiah ; he folded me to his bosom, and I knew no more until I found myself in my own bed, and the sun was high. I arose and thought how Caiphas had struck me. I said aloud, "I am going home." It was the first time I was ever struck in my life. The King sent for me and said, "boy, you are not happy here." I answered, "the children are good and kind to me, and you are a good King, but Caiphas struck me, and I must go home to my father and mother." The King answered, "I will see your father and mother, and we will discuss the subject." "All is well," I said, then I went back to the children.

Days, weeks and months passed by, and I heard no more of the feast, but one day as I was cleaning the King's mantle, I heard Caiphas say, "if heresy is not put a stop to, we shall all be compelled to flee the country." I said, "flee hell, and you are safe." Leiah breathed upon me; I heard the words, but I could not suppress them. Caiphas started as if he had been hit with lightning. He exclaimed, "this Hebrew boy will damn us all if he is petted so much by you all here." I answered again, "Holy, eternal distance is his home, and God will bear him away from you all before flowers bloom again." "See," said Caiphas, "he is filled with heresy, and he shall be burned alive if I hear any more of it." I was filled with fear, and after Caiphas had gone I said "Good King, can I go home ?" He answered, "your father is a hard working man, and you will make one more, but if you will remain in my home with my children I will do all I can for you, and in due time you shall be educated according to the Jewish ritual in order to become a controller in the rites of Judeaism." I answered, "Caiphas will hold control until he destroys all of your beautiful daughters, because he has already damned the oldest one, and she is in her thirteenth year." The King gave a deep groan as he said, "the priesthood will destroy me and mine." My heart ached, for I knew he would drag out a miserable existence in constant fear of being destroyed." He then said, "call the chamberlain, he will change your clothes for some that are befitting your condition in life, but they shall be new and clean. Here, dear boy, is an hundred pieces of silver, carry it to your father that he can educate you." "Farewell, good King," I said, "God bless you." I then fled that home of infamy, drunkenness, priests and hell.

When I said farewell to the children, they began to cry and said, "stop, Jesus, we have a cloak for you, and we have wrought your name with threads of gold." I took it, threw it over my shoulders, and hurried away. I, too, was filled with grief for the children.

CHAPTER IX.

Mary met me and folded me to her bosom as she said, "Holy God, I praise thee that thou hast brought back my boy, a holy thing, from that den of pollution." I answered, "Mary, I am what I was when I entered there, but I am older and have seen a great deal of iniquity." The children all gathered around me and I said, "you are happy in your humble life, may God keep you there." Martha and Lazarus both exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear Jesus, how glad we are you have come." When Joseph came home he blest me over and over again, and said, "Holy, Eternal God has held you, else you could never have come back to me a holy thing from that den of debauchery and drunkenness."

The hour came for prayer, and a holy calm fell over us ; that home was lighted up by angels, and I heard a hymn chanted by that holy band. After prayers were ended, Martha said, "I feel heaven is here with her holy children." I arose to my feet and was controlled, and said, "there is to be a great excitement in court ; the boy will be borne there, but fear not, I will surely care for him and bring him back again ; his life is held by God for his eternal glory." Then I heard a voice which said, "Holy, Eternal God, hold him from being dashed to pieces, even there."

Now two months passed away in a holy calm, and we began to feel that the destiny described for Mary might not prove true, when a great commotion commenced in court ; It was from the hellish conduct of Caiphas among the Kings concubines. He had diseased them all ; the King was also diseased, and the court decided that Caiphas should be made accountable for the misery he had caused. Our holy calm was broken by Leiah controlling me and bearing me in their midst. The council were discussing the affair, and in their earnestness they forgot the night was wearing away. Even while I was sleeping my controller bore me in their midst at the eleventh hour. He held me there until the day dawned in the east, and still they forgot the hour concerning the earthly and heavenly conditions of God's wondrous works, and the King asked how it would be if the anointed priests were left to control the court altogether ? Leiah answered, "they would drag you and your family down to death and hell as they have already begun to do, and your kingdom would become one vast field of drunkenness, debauchery and crime, and hell would control forever ; but let God control and priests and confessors will flee the land." After he had ceased to speak he bore me back again, and when I awoke at early dawn I was lying beside my brother James. He slept on while I conversed with my controller. He told me he had a work to do among the doctors and lawyers, then he would bear us all back again to our mountain home. "It will cause a great excitement," he said, "and a price will again be set upon your head."

Mary was up, preparing her barley bread. I called her and told her all he had told me. Her face was flushed, and she burst into tears as she said, "Holy God, don't destroy my child." Leiah answered, "flee from here even as night closes in then you will be safe. Four days from to-day the council meet at the synagogue at the cross roads. I will care for your boy and bring him safe to you in four days after you reach your home. I will bear him to a Hebrew family hard by, they will care for him until I take him away from here." Martha entered and Leiah addressed her thus: "Daughter of the living God, help Mary to prepare the children for a journey, even to-night; leave the city as soon as the lights are extinguished. Lazarus had better start at noon because he is feeble. He will make his way slow." Joseph came home and they gave him his message. He answered, "God's will, not mine." Leiah spoke to him and said, "If you remain here you will surely be cut off; hell will belch forth her furies, and God's children must make conditions to flee them." The fires were burned out, the lights were extinguished, the inhabitants sought rest, but Joseph and his persecuted family were driven by humanity again to flee their home of comforts, and again seek their humble mountain home. I remained in that home two days before any one came in to enquire about the family; she that came was a Hebrew. Leiah accosted her thus, "sister, take this boy home with you and God will bless you; in two days I will call for him, and then we will trouble you no more." The day arrived for the setting of the council; the sun was setting and I was kneeling in prayer, asking God to care for my family, when Leiah folded his arms around me and filled my body with his own life.

The council was in high dispute about their code of laws and their creeds when I was borne into their midst, and Leiah shouted, "Holy, Eternal Creator, God, hold them from damning all earth with their discord; hold them by thy electric law and I will draw light from eternal distance that will bless them." Here the crowd held themselves calm, and he begun by asking them questions deep and profound; then he would answer them himself. He asked them how long their creeds would hold man chained and bound? One law giver arose and said, "have you come here to denounce our creeds." "God answers," said Leiah, "light from eternal distance will break their chains, but man creed never. What are they but chains to bind God's created souls in darkness forever, until light from thee, my God, shall set them free throughout every nation and in every clime; let thy bright rays forever shine until thine own eternal light shall shine and find a resting place in every human mind." Then he shouted, "Holy God is here now, ask your questions and have them answered." They did ask questions until the day dawned in the east, and they were all confounded at the power that had held them so long. Then they began to ask questions among themselves—"how is it, are we being filled with this influence that is setting

everybody crazy? Let us hold the boy until we can find out what it is." But while they were discussing the subject, I was taken from their midst, and none knew where I had gone. Day after day they discussed the subject. At last they concluded to set a price upon my head, like this: "Whoever will bring back the boy Jesus to the synagogue, shall receive four hundred shekels in gold. The commotion became more exciting, and they issued another decree like this, "the boy Jesus shall be anointed a dispenser of the Jewish ritual, and his family shall be made comfortable during their natural lives." That proclamation was sent all over the land, but no tidings could be heard from the boy Jesus, the humble Nazarene. I was borne directly northward until the country became barren and desolate, then I bore a little eastward in order that I might beg bread enough to keep me from starvation.

The poor herdsmen were all in ignorance of the commotion in the lowlands, and I could sleep in their homes free from care. In that way I made my way to the mountains of Helem. In the evening of the fourth day I reached my home as they were eating their bread preparatory for rest. They all exclaimed in one breath, "Eternal God, we will praise thee forever, our dear boy has come back to us alive." I asked, "how is it Martha and Lazarus are not here?" My mother answered, "Lazarus' strength gave out, and Martha hired a vacant hut of a herdsman, and they are remaining there until they can come to us. It is one day's journey from the first mountain cliff." Joseph held me to his bosom and bathed me with his tears. His heart was nearly broken as he exclaimed, "precious boy, are you to die for humanity; could I die for you, gladly would I do it." Then I folded my mother to my bosom and wept as I never wept before or since. I saw the future as I held her to my bosom; I saw the family all dying and myself hanging upon the cross, and the worst of all, my dear mother dragged away by her hair. I exclaimed, "Holy, Almighty God, let the future be hid from my view, the present is all I can bear." Again and again I pressed my darling mother to my bosom, until it seemed my life would go out even there. I fainted and fell to the floor. Joseph exclaimed, "Holy God, take my boy even now, ere he drinks the bitter cup to the dregs." "Holy, Eternal God," I exclaimed, "bring back my angel comforter, else I cannot endure to the end." I had no more than asked God to comfort me through his child than a flash of light entered our home and she stood by my side. I reached out my hand to her and she lay her hand in mine; her form was like the reflection of diamonds as she exclaimed, "God is here, holding his children from destruction; the Jews are sending everywhere for you, my brother, and their messengers are in the border country; now have courage, they will not climb the rocky steeps because they will become lost among the rocks and ravines. I heard one say he cannot be in this barren mountain." "Holy, Eternal God," exclaimed my controller

as he entered there, "I have held the Jews in *rapport* with God's eternal truths, eight hours, and they are not satisfied, and they are asking for higher and holier light beyond. I have made a beginning, and who will finish up what has been begun. If I take my boy among them, the heathen priests and confessors will surely destroy him and the Jews altogether." "The time will come," I said, "when I must die for humanity, and will it make any difference if it be now or hereafter ?" "Spare, oh spare my boy," said my father, "until the last hour may come, then I will die for him if I can." Leiah answered, "he will hang upon the cross in order to appease the human mind that the Creator, God, will be acknowledged, and one God only." Bitter was the grief of my mother as she bowed her head and said, "God's will, not mine, be done." Then Joseph asked, "is my family safe here ?" "They will not be destroyed, but my boy must go into the mountain every day at early dawn, and he can return as night closes in ; if you should all be cut off together, then my work would be at an end for the children of earth, and they would be left in the hands of heathen priests and hell forever ; the work will be begun that will be finished up when ages pass away, and God's children will acknowledge him Father and Creator of all."

Months passed away and Leiah came not back to us, but at early dawn I left my home and went forth into the forest. As night closed in I would return and lie down and sleep beside my brothers. Joseph ventured forth again among the herdsmen, but he dare not go into the lowlands. We were comparatively happy when we heard that Martha was accused of holding communion with familiar spirits. Lazarus had got better, and in the night they fled to the highlands. They reached my home as I entered there for the night. "Heaven be praised," said Martha, "our boy is still alive and among us." They all knelt and prayed as mortals never prayed before. Heaven echoed with the voices of God's children in mortal form, and the angels chanted a hymn to their Creator. Martha exclaimed again and again, "how holy this spot is, high in the mountain, away from hypocrisy, deceit and commotion."

That night they laid down and slept bereft of fear, but at early dawn I was aroused from my slumber by a gentle hand being laid in mine, and an angel voice said, "Come, dear brother, it is time to go ; our father awaits our coming." I hastened away, and in my hurry I forgot my piece of bread that Mary had always prepared for me, but when I reached the highest cliff, Leiah was there awaiting my coming. I approached him, he laid his hand in mine and said, "My boy, there has been a great feast among the Jews but the heathen priests and confessors caused the Jews to flee their synagogues, and I am determined to make the heathens flee Judea, and leave that country in the hands of her own sons ; but unless something is done immediately the heathen idolitrous worshippers will destroy the Hebrews and cut off the Jews." I answered, "What can a feeble thing like me

accomplish among such furies?" "Hold them from destroying the earth forever," he answered. "I am in God's hands," I said, "let Him do with me what is to be a good for humanity." Here I was electrified, and I saw a great number of helpless females and children huddled together, filled with fear. I answered, "Come, it is time for us to go ere these helpless creatures are cut off; go to my mother, angel sister, say to her 'I shall not be back until I have done a work for God's children that are in despair.'" I then made my way down the mountain as fast as I could. Leiah was beside me, and I hardly knew how I sped along without being exhausted. The remainder of that day and night, and the day following, we made our way toward the border country. As night came on I felt a desire to rest and sleep. I entered a hut that was built on the hill-side; there I saw an aged man and a little boy crouched down in the corner asleep. I awoke the man and he looked up and exclaimed, "I saw you, fair-haired angel, held from being dashed to pieces by a spirit of light. I dreamed I saw a great multitude, and you was dropped down in their midst, and you shouted, 'Holy Creator, God, save this people!' and then a ray of light fell over you and I saw you no more; how is it you are here in this abode of death, when the Hebrews are being cut off by the accursed heathen bigots? Here is in this room five of my family, were laid low by the heathen confessors, becaused they prayed to Abraham's God. I had been away to the highlands among the herdsmen, and I learned that the heathen idolatrous worshippers were destroying the Hebrew families everywhere. I hastened down in time to find this boy alive but nearly starved to death, and my holy companion and my angel children all lying here in death; but I believe you have been brought here in order that blood shall cease to flow, and the remnant of the Hebrews should be saved." My controller said, "feed this body, let him lay down and rest, there is a work for him to do. There is to be a great massacre among the Jews; I must hasten there in order to give them warning of their danger. Antioch is asleep while the fiends are preparing to destroy her children. I must be there by the end of four days, else it will be too late. Then they meet in council, and I must bear this boy in their midst, and advise them how to hold themselves in defense." I then drunk some barley gruel and eat a piece of dried meat; then I laid down and slept until morning dawned. Leiah awoke me, and said, come, boy, we have a long journey before us, and we must be away, take a piece of meat with you, because you will get no more until night closes in on the morrow. The day and night passed away, and as the day dawned again, I espied a mule driver with a cart; the driver accosted me thus—"Come, boy, are you not tired? I am going in the same direction, and you are welcome to sit beside me, and it will rest you, how feeble you look." I answered, "I am weary, but I am free from disease;" then I climbed up and set beside him, and rode all that day. "How far is it to Antioch?" I said;

he answered, "It is one day and one night's journey from the old landmark we have passed there," he said, pointing to a heap of clay that had been there for ages, and he began, in a lazy manner, to tell about the priests beheading four hundred heretics in one dark night; then he said, laughing. "They had quite a time at the cross-roads; one priest got his head cut off by his own battle-axe, and they all said it must be evil spirits, but I don't believe spirits can use a battle-axe; if they could, all the heretics that have been killed would destroy all the priests and confessors in the land." He continued, "my family are from Judea, but I pass for a heathen, and they don't question me to where I am going or for what." I lay down in the cart. I must have slept, at least, half a day; I was awoke by the driver, and he exclaimed, "come, boy, I can't go any further, and you must go on alone, but I hope you won't meet evil spirits with battle-axes." I bade him farewell. I now had eight leagues to make, and but seven hours were allotted me; but I was rested, and I sped on and on, and before night closed in I saw the highest building in Antioch—it was the hall of council. "Have courage," said Leiah, "I will bear you in and out again when they are in commotion, and they cannot discern you because of this excitement." I then felt the electric chills go over me, and I was entranced, and I knew no more until I awoke in the home of Hebrew family. I asked how long I had been there? I got answer, "In the mid night we heard a loud rap at the door—the door opened and you fell in—at first we thought you were dead, but your heart beat, and we laid you on the bed and you have lain there all day and night again." "Then she said, "there has been a great excitement among the Jews, caused by a fair-haired lad that came into their midst, and gave notice concerning Antioch's being destroyed by the anointed priests, and they are preparing to defend themselves against those fearful heathens. There has been a great inquiry concerning him, and I am made to feel you are the one. If I keep you here I should be destroyed, but if I turn you out you will surely be cut off." Here Leiah breathed upon me and said, "care for this frail body, and as night closes in I will come and bear him away." Then the door opened, and a man entered; he bore in his hand a hatchet; he stepped close to me and said, "Are you a heretic?" I answered, "I am what I am; God is Father of us all." He answered, "If you are a heretic I will lay you low, and bear your head to the synagogue—there the reward awaits me." I arose to my feet, and said, "The Holy Eternal God controls even here." He fell back like one dying; his companions bathed his face and hands in cold water; he arose to his knees, and could rise no farther. I passed by him out of that home, even in the face of day, and sought the home of a friend of Lazarus that dwelt in Antioch. There the good friends comforted me. They bathed my head, which was aching fearfully, from so much excitement. After I became calm, and slept, at least, an hour, I awoke. As night was closing in my friend said, "May

God assist you, dear boy, to reach a home of safety, because it has been decreed that you shall be hung at the cross-roads, if taken alive, and an hundred shekels for your head at the gates of Antioch." Here one came in exclaiming, "It is hard to go through the streets because of the crowd; they are all looking for the Hebrew lad, in order to gain the price set upon his head; if he is not found," he said, "he will hold earth from priests and confessors, and will also make conditions for the Hebrews to worship according to their light." There I sat in the corner, crouched down in order that I could rest and sleep. All the time he was speaking, his back towards me, I felt calm, and even fell asleep before he went away. The night passed away, I slept on until the sun was high, when a loud crash was head at the door, a battle-axe had been hurled at the friend of Lazarus as he was about entering his own home; it went past his head, split the door and fell on the floor. I still sat in the corner covered over with cast-off garments, in order that I might not be discovered by the fiends that were determined to destroy all the Hebrews. That day, two thousand or more, were destroyed in Antioch.

CHAPTER X.

I remained in Antioch until night again set in, then bare headed, bare footed I entered the streets of Antioch alone; with none but God's angel children in spirit to comfort me. As I strode along, I saw by the dim lights here and there, dead bodies every where; some still lay in the streets, but mostly thrown into heaps. As I gazed upon the destruction there, I forgot my danger, I stopped, and knelt in prayer by the side of a dying Hebrew. While I knelt there his eyes closed, and he breathed in spirit. I said, "come brother, God bids us flee the city." I flew past battle axes every where, that had been dropped by the priests and confessors, in order they cou'd enter the homes of the slaughtered Hebrews; to damn their wives and daughters. "O Antioch!" I exclaimed, as I left her gates, "when will God's children find rest within thy gates; when will heathen idolatrous worshipers be held from damning earth; when will earth's fairest flowers bloom as a gift to man, as gifts fresh from the father, God; and their children bless the father and mother with their angel presence; and O, my God, when will they be held from the damning influence of priestcraft and hell?" Here I looked around, and I saw a confessor coming toward me, as fast as he could, and he called for me to stop, at that moment, I was electrified; and was made to feel like one moving rapidly along, hardly touching the ground, but as day

dawned, I found myself in a deep forest. Leiah said, "come boy, lie down and rest; we must travel nights until we pass the border country." I had a piece of barley bread in my bosom, I ate a part of it, then I lay down and slept until the night closed in; and then I was awoke by my angel sister, as I opened my eyes, I saw her kneeling beside me. Her face was covered ore with light; her hands were raised in humble adoration to God, while her soul burst out in prayer. "Holy, Infinite Creator, as thou art, we are but of Thee a part; hold us in thine own embrace, my God, and if it be Thy will, for us to bow and kiss the rod; we will obey, for Thee and humanity. Hearts are beating every where, that with Thy angel children they may share. Bless them my God that they may with Thee share, that holy life beyond."

After she had chanted her hymn, she arose to her feet, and said, "Mary is asking for you dear brother, now I can go and give her comfort; but when you was surrounded by danger, I held myself away; in order she could not ask me, and I be compelled to say you were in the hands of hell. I will go now, Leiah is coming, he will care for you until I can go and tell Mary you are coming."

Then I arose to my feet, and begun my journey again fearless, I made my way to the road, all was quiet for a time; then I saw the flash of a torch-light, then I saw a band of annointed priests, come from a humble home, apparently in great glee; I darted from the main road, and hid behind a hedge, as I saw they were coming toward me. I could hear all they were conversing about, one said, "the females were beautiful, but they would bless no more priests or confessors, Hebrew damsels are fair and comely, but herecy holds them from us, but by force." Another said, "they are led to despise us, else they would fall into embrace without our destroying them." Here then they had passed me, and as soon as I felt they were out of hearing, I entered the road, and soon found myself at the door of the home they had left. My heart beat, as I saw an aged man, and two young men weltering in blood stiffening in death. I entered that home, but O, what sights chilled me to my soul! the fire was burning brightly, and its light filled that home of death. There lay seven females, as those fiends had left them, the aged grandmother, the mother and five beautiful daughters. "Holy, Almighty God," I said, "hold control, less humanity be damned forever. Hell's influence still lingered there." I said, "hell cannot hold the accursed spirits of such fiends as thou art, but God will dash you to atoms, begone!" I said, "and leave these bruised spirits in the hands of God." I then commanded them, "in the name of the living God to depart;" they fled me. Then I gave courage to those poor frightened spirits, and said; "God is here, then I knelt and prayed in their midst, they seemed more calm; then God's child came in. I left her there until they could begin to feel God's angels, that come to comfort them. I made my way as fast as I could, bearing northward, as day begun to dawn, I found myself in a thick hedge, that was not

passable by man; yet here I was calm and collected. I lay down and slept until midday, then I was awoke by the angel Leiah, and he said to me:—"high in the mountains, is a Hebrew family that has fled from death by the damned priests; and I have born them there, but they are starving for bread." I must go to Mary and lead her to them, with barley meal, that they shall not die until we can reach them. It will be five days, ere we can reach there with this body, but I will go and care for them. My heart ached for them, but I knew Leiah would not forsake them, if it were possible to make conditions with mortals. I lay down again and fell asleep, and the stars were shining brightly, when I saw my controller coming. "Mary is fresh and fair," said Leiah, "and her heart has been glad by the relief she has given to the suffering, and that family be continued, will be a great comfort to you and yours. Now my boy," he said, "let us be making our way from this land, where priestcraft and hell controls; they have ever walked hand in hand," he said, "and ever will, until God cleanses earth of their pollution. But the time will come, when God will control. He will fill every human mind with light, then darkness must pass awar; then God's children will know who to worship in spirit, without form or ceremony, fresh gushing from the pure fountain within. Then God will be acknowledged as creator of all, but human sacrifices must be made until humanity is ready to acknowledge one God, and one God only." The day wore away, and I espied herdsman's huts, Leiah said, "don't enter there, the heathen idolatrous worshipers gather together there; and revel in drunkeness, debauchery and hell. There, they carry away the Hebrew females, and you will find their graves there, fresh covered o'er by their accomplices, that they reward with gold. Last night I saw them bring in a damsel, and there she lies, beneath that first dirt." When Leiah made that expression, I looked and saw the dirt that had been heeped up in the night. And I saw many more graves, that could not have been there many days. I sped past that place and sought the forest. Then I made my way as best I could; but as day dawned, I again crouched beneath some thick bushes, Night did come at last, but lonely was that day to me. I was left alone nearly all day, with no sound but the birds chanting their notes to their Creator, God. I said to myself, "how is it, if man is nearer kin to his God; they do not praise him, even as the birds do; and not seek to destroy each other? Then I heard a voice, so sweet and clear, 'brother, God is here." Then I lay down and slept until night closed in, when I made my way to a brook; bathed my face and hands and said: "God direct me," the same voice answered, "God is here."

The country grew more and more desolate, and I was compelled to gather berries, and the tender sprouts of the blackberry to eat, in order I could continue my journey. Bearing a little the eastward, to a country called

Nisibis, there I made my way, as the lights were being lighted. Scarcely had I entered the town, when a fearful conflagration took place. Flames burst from the Jewish synagouge, and it spread its fires in every direction. I sought to leave the city, but in the crowd I seemed to lose my way. Females and children were fleeing the city; while the men were trying to extinguish the flames. All that made an attempt to leave the city, were beheaded as fast as they passed without the gate. None saw the danger, it being dark, and none that passed the gate could warn their friends. I neared the gate; my controler breathed upon me and shouted, "hell is cutting off your inhabitants without! Fiends are at work, go back, or you will all be beheaded!" They begun to turn back, and the gates were closed, none ever knew in mortal form how they were shut; but they dashed, shut, and remained closed until the flames were extinguished. That being on the coming morn; when the sun was shining brightly. The inhabitants attempted to open the gate, and it swung back on its hinges even as before; then when they saw the heaps of their dead, they counted two hundred and eighty-two. The traveller even to this day, look upon the ashes of the synagouge and the site of the old gates are still held from destruction. The Jews had decreed, that all heretics should be cut off that entered that city. But after this disaster, caused by idolatrous worshipers; they gave them bread and a place to rest, then bid them begone. This had been a Jewish town for ages. I past out unharmed, but, when I looked back on that scene of death and ruin; I exclaimed, "Holy God, care for the poor families of Nisibis, and hold them from priests and confessors forever." That day I reached a place called Thillmo, its inhabitants were Judea's children, and as I entered that town, I was accosted as a heretic. My heart beat, fearing they would lay hands upon me and drag me away. But I answered, "God's children are every where." The man said, "you had better begone from here, else you will be taken before the magistrate." I gave no answer, but turned back and walked out of the city. I learned after I had gone, that there was a great commotion, some suspected I must be the heretic that had caused so much excitment, throughout all the Jewish country. I entered a cluster of hedge, there I remained until night covered earth with her dark mantle. Then I made my way to the highroads, leading to the highlands. That day's journey must be held in rememberance after I have left earth forever. The road was hard and gravelly, my feet were sore and bleeding. As the sun rose high, faint for the want of bread; and being held from entering the homes of any, Leiah feared they would be tempted to carry me back to Antioch, for the price set upon my head; I had not tasted bread for two days, berries, there were none for me, and, as the hot rays of the sun fell upon me, I fainted and fell by the road side. The cool earth refreshed me. I arose to my knees, and could rise no farther; then I lowered my head, and said, "light come to me, else I go out in darkness." I exclaimed, "Holy, Eternal God,

breath me out of this body, and let me find rest in thy bosom. Ere I could rise to my feet, my angel sister came to me and said, "come brother, I will bear your burdens until you reach your mountain home." She lay her hand in mine, and I became strong. There was a feast in the town called Amida. We climbed the high hill that overlooked the town; there we saw a great many priests coming from all directions, and I knew they had come to destroy the people. I hastened away to a herdsmans' hut, ere I asked for bread I shouted: "Haste away to the town ere it is to late; and bid the people to prepare to defend themselves; as the annointed priests and confessors are filling the land, preparatory for their destruction." "As soon as night closes in" the herdsman said, "how am I to know you are not one of them?" I answered, "let God decide between me and them." He said, "can I expect to find you here at my return?" I answered again, "let God decide between me and thee." He then said, "I will go, but I shall be back in two hours; then I want to see you again." I said to his companion, "I have need of bread and a cup of water." I ate and drank them. I said, "God bless you woman, forever, the confessors will enter this home before the day dawns upon you again; flee this home until these fiends leave this part of the country." I then went on my way, but as I was climbing the mountain, I looked back, and I saw her and her husband fleeing together. That day past away, and as night closed in, I lay down beneath a hemlock, and a fearful vision came over me. I saw the last town I had passed filled with priests and confessors; they were killing the men and damning the women. I saw the man and woman making their way up the mountain where I was lying. I awoke and sure enough, they were climbing as I had seen them in my sleep. I arose to my feet, the stars were shining brightly, and I hastened away, higher and still higher up the mountains; there I fell down exhausted, and could not rise on my feet, they were so swollen and bruised, there I covered them over with dirt, and held them there for hours. I knew my home was not more than half a league distant, but how to get there I did not know. I would creep on my hands and knees until I could get through; then rest. In that way I made my way to the highest crag. There I lay down, feeling I could go no farther. Mary had been to one of the neighbors. I called to her and said, "Mother, come and assist me, I can go no farther." Mary breathed deep, and I saw God's child fold her to her bosom. Then she sprung forward, even to where I was laying. She raised me in her arms, and bore me to our home. But as she lay me down she exclaimed, "Did I not tell you I would bring you back again? Go and get the bark of the hemlock;" she said, "hasten back, that it can be steeped and cooled; to bathe his feet and limbs." I then fell back in a swoon, and lay there for hours. But when I came to awake from that stupor my feet felt comfortable, and I said, "God's child-

ren led me away and bore me onward. Brought me back again; and I will praise God forever. He is my strength, my life, my all."

CHAPTER XI.

JOSEPH'S CONTEST WITH A CONFESSOR, WHEN GOING TO THE LOWLANDS.

At the time whe I reached my home, Joseph had but left home for the herdsman's country, two days he had been away when I climbed the mountains, and reached my home. After Joseph started and had been gone about an hour, James began to feel disturbed, and said, he would go and see if anything had happened to Joseph. He ran until he reached the hemlock that hung thick and heavy on the brow of the mountain. There he could see a long way down the winding path, that Joseph had to go. He saw a confessor climbing up, while his father was going down. But they could not see each other, as the path was so winding. James watched them as they came together. The confessor aimed a blow at Joseph with his battle axe; Joseph darted forward and closed in with him; the battle axe fell to the ground; Joseph caught it up and hurled it down the precipice. Then he caught the confessor and hurled him also down that fearful height. James saw that body dashed to pieces, and his father walk on fearless. Then James shouted, "Holy eternal God, care for my father, bring him safe back to us again." He then hastened home, and said to his mother, "God saved my father from death, and the confessor was dashed to atoms." "Mary answered, "God must have assisted him, else the battle axe would have destroyed him." "Let us praise that God forever." When I got home Mary asked if I had seen Joseph? "No," I said, "not since I left here." Mary answered, "he is in the care of Jesse, his father, I saw him go away with him." Four days passed away, and as the sun was setting the children came running to the door, shouting "Joseph is coming." He entered the home and said, "I am blest above all men, my boy is here alive, and my family are held from death, fearful is the commotion in the lowlands. The Hebrews are being cut off all over the land, and the heathen idolatrous worshipers are to hold a feast in honor of the great slaughter at Nanticch." I said, "has God created these fiends in order to curse humanity." I got answer as if from eternal distance. "God creates through conditions, and the condition through which these heathen fiends were created was naught but darkness." I said again, "let God care for these fiends before they destroy the whole earth." Then I heard a voice full and clear, which

seemed to fill my whole being. "God will cleanse earth in his own due time, his changes are even now brought to bear upon humanity, mightier changes are to be wrought through God's children than earth ever knew. Inspiration from the life beyond will give light to every human mind, and they will declare the ever presence of the holy creator God." "Amen," I said. "But what are the signs of the coming of that light for the human mind." "Humanity will live in accordance with the law of life, and then they will discern the good from the evil, then they will flee the evil and chose the good." "Holy God hasten the day" I said. An answer came back, "God changes not, but all things that have been created must change." "Hasten then Thy changes, O my God" I shouted, even if it be the cross let me hasten there, human sacrifices will be demanded by the human mind, in order to appease the bigoted ideas that have been heaped upon them, by the dark devisers that have sought to control human souls, but the day will come when their chains will be broken, and they shall become free in faith, in one God, and in one God only, then the lamb and the lion shall lay down together, and the little child shall feed them free from fear or harm; then hell shall no more destroy God's children, and fiends shall be chained and bound by God's electric law, and by God's almighty power they shall be dashed to pieces, and earth shall know them no more. They will be given back to God's creative powers, and a new order of creations will come forth." "Holy Creator, God!" I exclaimed, "hasten the hour, and may humanity render up her human sacrifices in order that light may fill every heart and every home with God's children, and blest by communion with God's angels bright."

I had been at home one year and a half, and had become stronger than I had ever been before in my life. I was now in my twenty-fourth year, and my communion with the Angel World was daily and hourly. I had still continued to go forth daily from my home, although the chilly winds pierced me, yet God's children were ever beside me and gave me comfort. The time did come when I was borne again into the midst of confusion, and there declared God would cleanse earth of annointed priests and confessors, here I must breath a few words fresh from the light that is around me, even while I am tracing lines for coming ages, the inspiration that was breathed upon me high in the mountains of Helem, are daily being made manifest through God's changes, during the past eighteen hundred and fifty years. I am made to feel when eighteen hundred and fifty years have rolled away, that all of your creeds and isms will not be known but but by name, and that name will be "chains that bound us." "Holy Eternal God!" assist me in finishing up my earth mission, when earth's children are ready to say "Thou art my father God, and the humble Nazarene is my brother, and God is father of us all, one as the other, and we are all a part of the mighty whole. Then I am free from earth's chains, light will dispel darkness,

then humanity will learn that I am but the humble man, and they are all my brothers and sisters. Here I must exclaim, "who are my brothers and my sisters?" They that are willing to free me from my earthly chains and let me go free. Here I am, a poor crushed spirit, because man holds me as an idol, and God is robbed of his glory. "Hasten the day, holy creator God, that I can lay down the cross that humanity has nailed me upon, and hold me as a hostage for their evil deeds, but I cannot forgive sins, no more than God could be nailed to the cross and breathe out his life there." "Humanity, O, Humanity, God must hold you accountable hereafter for all the human sacrifices that are to be lain on the altar of wicked ambition, and priestly devices of those that dare hold human souls chained and bound longer!" I will declare myself what I am but a man, and if you receive my declaration as truth, you will be blest by it; but if you seek to hold me longer chained to earth, as an idol, God will cut you off in the midst of your hypocrisy and deceit, and you will be accountable for the misery you caused. "O ye men in priestly robes, the hand of God is upon you, live but to undo what you have done in damning God's children; in teaching what you did not believe, and extracting from them their last penny they needed for bread." I have come with a scourge in order to drive you from the temple of the living God; which is the hearts of his children. Free, O, free me from the chains that you are seeking to draw around me, tighter and tighter. You are seeking to bind me to the cross, and if you do not free me from those chains, facts will be revealed that will curse you forever. Hypocrisy and deceit has possession of your souls, and a hell of guilty conscience awaits you. Go back, go back among the priestly robed, damned. When I walked the earth, I was compelled to flee into the mountains like a felon that despoiled his neighbor of his inheritance. There I was compelled to endure the severest hardships among the clefts of the rocks in order that I should not chill to death. It was not weeks or months, but years that I dragged out such a life; except when God's children in spirit breathed upon me, and bore me down into the lowlands, and the border country, denouncing their idolatrous worship; and the Jewish ritual, declaring God ever present among his children. "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Blessed are they that seek God daily, he will surely be found of them." "Blessed are the pure in heart, they shall behold their Creator as he is." "Blessed are they that love the light, their garments shall be covered all over with God's dew drops of light." "Blessed are they that remember the poor in their needs, God will surely feed them with the bread of eternal life." "All that seek God, will seek to bless humanity, and they will have their reward in this life, and a crown of light in the bright home beyond." "Happy are they that love God's wonders, and scan them o'er and o'er, filled with holy adoration for Him that created all things." I must now go back in my history, and detail simple

facts of my earth life, in order my chains may be broken, and let all idols be buried; they are earthly devices, and all that bow to idols are damned already, and the light of the living God is not within them.

CHAPTER XII.

Here, after the lapse of a year and eight months, our home was again filled with fear, because of a beggar that had made his way into the mountains, being compelled to flee in order to save his life, he being a Hebrew by birth. As I entered my home at night, I saw a poor feeble thing sitting by the fire warming his chilled limbs, as I entered he bowed his head and said "God bless you young man, am I made to feel I am welcome in in your home." I answered, "Holy Eternal God has a home for his children, where they do not have to flee the battle axe; where his angels breathe upon them, and give them comfort," here he burst into tears, and said, "is he a seer?" I answered. "God sees all the acts of his own creation." Then I said, "Brother, I see a female beside you, seeking to comfort you, she is your companion, here are children, eight in all; four boys and four girls; and you are the last of your race, and you will go down calm like the setting sun, and forget the cruel oppression of priestcraft." "Holy God," he said, "I am blest already, to know my angel companion is here beside me, and our holy children, he continued, "four days ago my home was despoiled of all I loved; a band of confessors entered there, they cut off the heads of my boys, and damned my wife and daughters, and left them as they died."

I came home even while the blood was warm from the hearts of my family, then I exclaimed: "Holy creator God, take me away that I may find my family, where there is no priests or confessors." I said, "have comfort brother God is here, where God is, his children are." He then asked if he could lie down and rest. Martha said, "you look feeble, come and lie down on Lazarus' bed, he can have mine." He said "I feel I am held from death by my angel children, in order I may avenge their death." "I said," your children are breathing upon you, not to fall with vengeance, but with the resignation of God, for the hour draws near when you will be with them all. He then said, "I am filled with fever, and my head is beating." Then I was controlled, and breathed him o'er with God's electric light.

He then fell asleep, after he had slept for hours, I was controled again

and awoke him. He looked around and said, "I thought I was among the angels and they were singing me to sleep." I answered. "Angels are even now singing you to sleep, and you will awake in brighter worlds beyond." He then lay back upon the bed, and breathed out of that poor frail body. James covered the body over with a blanket, and said. "Jesus we will bury the dead at early dawn, e're you depart for the forest." I said, "let the dead bury the dead, but let God's children seek to comfort the living." There beside you are a family that has had no bread for a day and a half. James, go even now, carry them barley meal, that they can fine comfort." Even now he prepared the bag and hastened away. Lazarus said his limbs must be straightened, and a napkin must be bound beneath his chin. James came back before the day dawned. James assisted and we dug a grave, then we lay a board at the bottom, bore him out and lay him in his last earthly bed ; then I knelt and prayed that God would hold control by his own wisdom, then earth would be free from the wicked devices of man. As the day was dawning, the family all went out and looked upon him ere he was covered o'er. Lazarus said, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, but we will leave the soul in the hands of our Creator, God." "Amen," they all answered ; then I hastened away. No sooner had I entered the forest than Leiah came to me and said, "hell is belching forth again in the border country, and we must be there in their midst." I answered, "let God direct us, then all is well." In the evening when I entered my home, I said, "Mary, I am going to make a journey to the lowlands, and shall be back in three weeks if it please God, but if I am cut off I shall be back sooner." "Holy God, protect my boy," said Mary, "if humanity demands him I must let him go." I said, "God's commands must be obeyed, but humanity has damned us and we are outcasts on the earth." The day dawned upon us bright, and the sun's glad rays filled all earth. Care and fear was only felt in the oppressed among the children of men. As I prepared for my journey, I exclaimed, "Holy God, I am about to launch among the dashing waves of the turbid waters of life, and who will bring me back if God calls his children away from earth." I got answer, "God cares for his children in all conditions if they will have faith in him." Then I said, "here I am, my God, take me, do with me as thou wilt, I am thine, but a speck in immensity." Here we knelt and prayed, and all exclaimed, "God is here." I bade them adieu, and then sped off among the poor and destitute, healing the sick by laying on hands among the poor herdsmen, thence among the bands of beggars, declaring God was there, bowing in humble adoration before the Creator, holding the poor deluded from crime, denouncing debauchery and drunkenness, declaring to them it was conditions that led the weak minded where nothing but darkness would fall around them if they breathed out in that condition. I labored among the humble in spirit until they exclaimed God was in their

midst. I then went back once more to my mountain home for the last time on earth. As I entered there my mother folded me to her bosom again and again, and said, "God assist me else, I cannot answer, thy will be done, O my God." Even while I was breathing upon my father's bosom and was calling on God to assist them all, a voice called, "come brother, let us hasten away, the wicked Shumites are having a fearful conflict with the holy children of Caldea and they are calling on God to give them some one to direct them; bid farewell to your people and your mountain home; this is the last time you will ever seek this home where you have been held from death. But you will meet your friends in the land where Mary first drew her breath. There your earth labor will end, until ages on ages shall pass away, and then you will be brought back to earth to finish up what has been begun. I told my family God would care for me. Lazarus exclaimed, "God will lead and direct you my dear boy." Martha said, "my God, assist him for the hour will come for him to lay down all for truth's sake." Joseph wept until his very heart seemed bursting, then he held his breath and said, "Holy, Eternal God, my boy is thine, he is the holiest thing I have to lay upon the altar of my God. He is the lamb for the burnt offering that must be sacrificed for the human family in order that they may hold God before them, and give him the glory. This holy lamb I give to thee, O my God and humanity." Then Joseph fled into the deep forest that he could call on God to give him strength; then I said, "Good bye. James, may the angels assist you in finishing up your earth mission; take good care of Mary and the children, and God will reward you in his own due time." "Holy Creator God," I shouted, "God is here, all is well." I then darted from my home, fearing to look back lest God's children should lose the influence they had upon me." I knew in my own strenth I must fall; on and on I sped my way until I reached the first town below the foot of the mountains. This was a town called Samosata. Here the heathens were holding a festival, eating, drinking and dancing. I entered their great building; there their idols were carved in copper and wood and cast in iron. Among the rest I saw a great dragon; his head was burnished over with brass, his horns were inlaid with gold, and his eyes were glass. This idol had been brought from Asia: it had been taken from the Amlekites in battle. It had been carried about the country on a drag, drawn by oxen; and after a battle it had been brought to Samosata and put into this building that the poor ignorant heathen could fall down and worship before it, and whatever they heard while kneeling there they would carry out unless they were cut off. There was a box behind the idol where the anointed Priests had access and none other. Whenever there was anything they wanted to have carried out they would give it through this brazen image. There they held their feast in honor to their idol; all of the inhabitants had been idolatrous worshippers for thousands and thousands of

years. There I was in their midst declaring God's demand upon them to burn their idols and bow to their Creator, God. "Holy God," I exclaimed, "if there is a worse hell than I find here, hold me from it." Then one of their number came forward and said, "here is a heretic, let us burn him." Hell itself burst out among these heathens. I was hurled into the midst of the crowd by one that lay hands upon me and shouted, "I will dash him in pieces." I gathered myself up and made my way from their midst; the confusion was so great I fled them; before the enquiry was made for me, I was fleeing their city. I bore eastward until I came to a place called Edessa. I entered the gates of that city and exclaimed "God is here." Then the chief magistrate said, 'thou art a Hebrew, and it has been decreed that all Hebrews should be cast out or be beheaded;" then I shouted again, "Holy, Eternal God is here, and he will hold control." Then the Magistrate commanded I should be bound and dragged away. Here I raised my hands and said, "Holy, Almighty God, electrify them even here." He that held the cords to bind me let them fall and fell forward on his face, and the Magistrate fell to the earth and breathed no more in that body. I then shouted again, "Holy, Eternal God is here, who will come forward and hold this body let them come, and God will hold them in his own embrace." Then I was controlled and held forth one hour and a half. I then asked for a cup of water; it was brought me; I raised it above my head and said, "Holy, Almighty God, baptize this people not only with water but with thy holy spirit." Then I drank the water and was controlled in an instant; and when the influence left me the whole multitude was chanting "light fills my whole being; God is here in our midst, and has baptized us with the spirit of truth."*

I remained there four days; then I bid them farewell and said "God is here, then give him the glory, for your sick being healed and your souls being held from darkness." That day I came in contact with a band of gypsies. I called on God to assist me ere I approached them. I then drew near and said, "have you any diseased bodies in your midst, if you have, bring them here." "Holy, Eternal God," I said, "fill me with thy own electric life, that I may impart it to these diseased bodies that they may behold thy wonders." They brought one to me that had been stricken down by palsy; they bore him on a bed; I lay my hands upon his head and brought them down to his feet eight times. Then I lay his palm in mine and drew my hands from the head to the fingers four times each; then I raised him up and said, "get from this bed and God will assist you to walk." He made the attempt and fell back. Then I shouted, "I command you in the name of the living God to arise and walk." Then he sprang to his feet

*These facts are recorded in the history of the Edisseans in the Jewish records of that date. Caldeans also give testimony of these facts.

and shouted, "Holy God, I am healed." Then I said, go ye into the bye lanes and hedges, and command them to reach Caldea's borders in eight days. God's angel children will be there and they shall be healed, and God must have the glory." I remained with this people two days ; then I left them and sought the Shumites. Here I found a poor, brutish race of human beings. They were descendants from Moses through the Egyptian woman, Moses being half Ethiopian, half Egyptian, and this concubine of Moses was purely Egyptian. From that blood sprang the Amlekites, and the Amlekites bore away from Caldea their females, and the Shumites were a race of people that blended the two. The Amlekites were always in dispute with the kingdoms around them, and their delight was in battle, but the blood of Caldea's children were in direct line from Abraham, and between these two races they begat a people that was fond of fighting, yet feared God lest he should destroy them root and branch, yet in their natures they were very beastly. Among this people I was led to begin a work for coming ages. As I entered their border country I declared God had sent me in order they could be warned of their danger in going against the Caldeans, and if they did, they would surely be cut off and their homes would be left desolate. I said, "who among you are ready to make earth glad by receiving the power to heal the sick and cast out devils by the electric law held by Almighty God. There come forward a frail boy, his name was Thomas, Caldea's son. I said, "you are not a Shumite but Caldea's blood fills your veins." He answered. "I am from Caldea ; I was borne away after a battle" I said "come brother, God will electrify you and you will declare his ever presence wherever you go" He bowed his head and said, "I am a bondsman." Here I called for his master and said, "it is God's will he should go forth and heal the sick." He answered, "I have a boy that is filled with fever, if he will heal him I will let him go free." I said, "God will assist you brother, all is well." He conducted us into his home ; there lay the boy all covered over with blankets, yet burning with a fever. As Thomas drew near the boy, he was entranced. He uncovered the boy fold after fold until he reached the bare body, then he called for cold water. He dipped his hands in it, then sprinkled the boy all over ; then he began to manipulate the boy from the head to the feet. The boy called for drink. He said, "bring fresh cold water from the spring ; give him all he can drink then he will fall asleep, but when he awakes he will be well." He then left the home still in the trance. After we had reached a by place he said, "brother, I will control this boy and Leiah will control you until we reach Caldea." Leiah said, "boy are you ready to be dragged through hell if I bring you out all safe." I answered, "I fear not hell if God is there." He answered, "God is here ; he is in hell at the same time ; wherever creations are, God with them doth share." "I am ready," I said, "begin your work." He folded me to his bosom and breathed his life into my body.

The next I knew I was in Caldea's borders. I was beside the door of a humble female; her head was bowed and grief was depicted on her face. I accosted her and said, "can you tell me where I am?" Her eyes fell upon my brother that stood beside me. Her breath fled her and she fell back in a swoon. Thomas was still controlled and the angel that breathed through him said, "this is my brother's mother, and I thought it would be better to hold him until the mother became calm; now I will bathe her face and hands and she will come back composed in a short time." She looked around and said, "have I been dreaming?" I answered, "God blesses his children sometimes with realities as well as dreams." I saw Thomas was breathing his own natural breath; there his mother folded him to her bosom and said, "God has heard my prayer and let me look once more upon my boy: now I am ready to live or die for humanity."

It was a humble home, and the poor mother had been left alone by four sons being killed by the Shumites, and her feeble boy carried away into bondage. I asked her if she would give us some bread and cold water; her answer was, "bread I have none, but I will go to the herdsman, they will give me some meat and milk," I said, "let me go, I feel there is something for me to do there." As I drew near I saw a feeble man on crutches. I accosted him and said, "would you be healed?" He answered, "I would give the best bullock in my flock and two calves to be healed." I said, "bring forward the bullock and calves, you shall be healed even here." I hurled his crutches from him, then lay my hands upon his hips, and in the name of God I commanded his disease to depart. He gave one groan and dropped down. I said, "man, arise, and declare God has healed you." He sprang to his feet and said, "Holy God, the boy Jesus has healed me," then he fell back again and said, "give me back my crutches." "Oh man," I said, "have you forgot God electrified your back and you stood firm?" He exclaimed, "Holy Creator, God, assist me." He had no sooner asked God to assist him than he arose to his feet and walked off fearlessly. I said, "drive the bullock and the two calves, God has need of them there for his children." They were driven to the home of my brother. He shouted, "God assist us, we shall be cut off for defrauding our neighbor of his goods." Even then the poor famished creatures began to gather around us. I said, "kill and eat." One among them killed a calf, and they ate it all but the fragments. I said, "gather up the fragments there is a band of beggars coming, let us prepare for them a breth, I know they have had nothing to eat in two days; go bring the biggest kettle you can find among the neighbors." They brought one; the bones were all cracked and a measure of barley was poured in, and when they saw the beggars coming one said, "he must have a familiar spirit" I answered, "they are my father, my mother, my sisters and my brothers." After they had all rested and eaten I said, "God is here and these poor feeble bodies must be cured."

Then I saw my angel sister breathe upon Thomas and heard her shout, "Holy God assist me in healing these children of darkness that they may have faith in Thee and that light may fill their whole beings; that they may no more be dragged along by the anointed priests down to death and hell." Leiah breathed upon me and I shouted, "glory to God they are all being electrified." Here I laid my hands on one that had an issue of blood, as it was called, but it was a bleeding tumor. She immediately arose to her feet and said, "Holy God, I am healed, I will praise thee forever." Here another was brought that had been lame from his birth. I bathed his hip in cold water and commanded him to bathe also, and he should be healed. He shouted, "I am healed even now." They were all healed in that day, and there was two hundred and forty. They all lay down and slept; they forgot they were hungry because they were filled with the power of the living God.

The next morning I told them to slay the bullock that these poor creatures could have food for their bodies as well as for their souls. I said now go your way others are coming. There we knelt in prayer and God clothed them all in garments from his own kingdom, and they departed singing a hymn to God and his angels. Here I was compelled to flee the country because the heathen priests had heard there were two Hebrews that was healing the sick and laying devils. That night after the poor beggars had left us, I was bathing my head at the brook. My angel sister came to me and said, "brother, the priests are gathering in a band and they will destroy you if they find you here; go now, take Thomas and his mother and whatever they will need for a long journey; the fiends will be here in about four hours, and you must begin your journey soon as possible. Bear along with you a piece of the calf; four days must pass away ere you will find a friend that will give you bread; through the country we have to pass are bands of gypsies, but they are of the heathen order, and they would give warning to the priests if you fall in with them." I went and told him all, and we hastened away even then. Many days we journeyed, and at night we lay down in the open air, and God's canopy covered us o'er. Our meat was gone; famished and foot sore we made our way as best we could to Chalybon; here we found friends that bade us welcome. Mary had a cousin here, one that loved her, and there we made our home as long as we remained in that place.

CHAPTER XIII.

Antioch was a country near by Chalybon. Here I began a work for God and humanity; here the sick were healed, devils banished, the lame walked and the humble became mighty because of the power that fell upon them; here the anointed priests and confessors made an attempt to cut off the heretics; heathen bigots were determined to cut off the influence wherever they were made manifest. God had begun a work; who could stay its light? God's electricity was filling the inhabitants of Antioch, and they begun to exclaim, "God's lights are everywhere." The half could not be told of the influence of that people; hourly they were brought from all parts of the country and lain by the gates of the city, and in the by lanes and in the road side in order that I could breathe upon them, and in the name of the living God command their disease to depart. Thomas' mother remained with Mary's cousin at Chalybon, and we went there every three days in order that we could flee the multitude and get rest. There we could find that rest we could not find in Antioch.

There came to Mary's cousin, a poor deluded female, one that had been cast out because she was diseased. I arose to my feet and accosted her thus, "how is it you are bowed down and youth still upon you." Her answer was, "I am doomed to die by the hands of that band of confessors; they have all been diseased by me." I said, "how is it that you were diseased?" Her answer was, "an anointed priest came in to me in a den of shame, and he diseased me. I sought to hold myself from all, but that band of confessors dragged me away into a by place and there they became diseased. Now they are coming to demand of you my death at their hands." The confessors drew near, and one of them said, "we have come to you to demand a right from you, she being a Hebrew, to put her to death, because she has diseased us." "How many are diseased," I said. He answered, "there are eighteen of us here, but there are many more." I asked, "have you any other accusation to bring against her than diseasing confessors?" He said "she ought to die and you give your consent," and we are freed by the law here; we are prepared with clubs and stones to do our work." I then shouted aloud, "Holy, Almighty God, decide between these brutes in mortal form and the poor fallen creature in Jacob's blood." I said, "daughter of holy blood stand ye apart from all. Man has damned you but God will hold you from death." Then I shouted, "let God decide between the two." I then said, "come on and you that is without sin let him cast the first stone; but he that dare raise his arm that has damned any, God will hold him guilty of this murder." He that had been speaking dropped his head and said, "I am electrified all over." I then shouted, "Holy God, hold hell in thy embrace until light from Thee can find a resting

place in the mind of humanity." Here I looked around and they were departing, but he that was held in God's embrace. I shouted, "God's children are holding you in their bosom, damned as thou art." He burst into tears and said, "here is my mother and my three sisters." He then shouted, "God is here in the midst of hell. My mother came to me and I bade her begone." He then fell back and lay there for hours, and when I looked for the scarlet woman she lay there like one dead. I called Thomas and his mother, bade them care for the poor despised thing who would breathe out of that poor frail body into the bosom of her God ere another year. I then hastened back to Antioch, knowing that many awaited my coming. Thomas arose and said, "come brother, God's child is here, and she says the Jews are preparing to drive all of us out of the land or burn us alive. That heresy shall be held in check before all of the inhabitants of Antioch are affected." The confessor declared he was stricken down by a power that he could not see, and he also declared that while that power was upon him, he saw his mother and his sisters. Here Thomas was controlled and the angel continued, "hundreds are gathering in the great square, asking for you to come in their midst; now let us hasten away in order they may be blest before the confessors commence their work of destruction." I said, "God assist, else I die beneath my burden." She answered, "God's children will bear you along until the hour does come, dear brother; then you will lay down your burdens and God will receive you into his own bosom; there the lamb will rest despite of hell's children in priestly robes and the heathen bigots devices." She still held control, even until we reached the great square, and there she shouted, "come on ye damned in priestly robes and confessors in your own garb that ye have torn from the dead bodies of those ye have crushed beneath your brute bodies, and ye have damned the holy blood of Abraham, and God will demand justice of you in an hour when you least expect it." Then she said, "begin your work, my brother, my father is here." Then I was controlled, yet at that time I could hear all that was said. I was dashed into the midst of them, healing their sick in the name of Almighty God. I continued to denounce their hypocrisy and deceit, declaring the hand of God was upon them, and I shouted, "O ye inhabitants of Judea, God will surely hold you guilty; if harm falls upon his children at your hand, you will be cut off by the heathen damned, and your homes will be filled with hell."

Thomas came near to where I was laying my hands upon a poor female that had been blasted by those fiends in priestly robes. She was the daughter of a Jew, and he was the Magistrate of Antioch. He came forward and said, "how dare you lay hands on my daughter, she is a Jewess." I said, "who has diseased her? whether it be Jew or Gentile, or the heathen damned, she belongs to God, and he will call her away ere eight days pass away." "Heal her body," said the Magistrate, "and I will hold you from being

cut off by the Jews." I answered, "God cannot heal her body, but he will cleanse her soul from the damned that are here in your city." I said, "foster fiends if you will, they entered your home, destroyed your five beautiful daughters, four they left dead, while this poor child of God but lived to drag out a few days of agony and to arouse you, oh ye men of Judea, from the death stupor you have fallen into. You will soon be left alone in the midst of confusion; you will fall by the battle axe of them that destroyed your families." Here he burst into tears and said, "save, oh save my child, and I will assist you all I can." "Holy God cannot save your child from death, but he may free you both in the same hour; for aught I know the people of Antioch will be cut to pieces, and the heathen priests hold your synagogue, but the blood of Judea will regain it for a season, and then brute force will hold it from your blood forever." Here the Magistrate became electrified; he began to exclaim, "holy children of Judea, you are about to be cut off by the priests from the foreign country; even now, they are gathering in our midst." I said, "make your escape, brother, else you will be cut off." He answered, "let them dash upon me with their battle axe, and I will damn them even then." I called for a cup of cold water after the influence left me. As I raised it to my lips I exclaimed, "there is death in that cup." When I looked there was a lizard there; I then dashed it from me and hastened away to the spring; there I cooled my head and bathed my brow; then I called Thomas, it being near the close of day, and said, "let us now depart, we will find shelter beside thy mother." There we bathed, ate and drank, then we were both controlled until a late hour of the night. Many had gathered there to await our coming, and how could we bid them depart without a blessing; among the rest was Judas Iscariot and Stephen, the son of the grape grower, and six more from Caldea. It was Stephen's mother that had been healed of an issue of blood.

After we had fled the country they gathered together and sought to follow us. They were driven about by the bands of gypsies. At last they heard by a band of beggars that we had held our way toward Antioch; now here they all were calling for light.

CHAPTER XIV.

Now among the band that had followed us from Caldea was Jude; he had been born and reared in Pontius Pilate's court; his father was Caiphas, and his mother was one of the King's concubines, and according to

the law of the country being born in the King's home, the priest acknowledged him his son, as the priest had taken the concubine to himself and the boy must be educated for an anointed priest, but he was a holy thing begotten in hell, frail in body, but his ideas were clear. When he was eighteen he was brought before the King, and Caiphas, the high priest, commanded him to prepare himself to be anointed, and he must hold forty females before he could be accepted by the priesthood. He begged the King to hold him from Caiphas, and exclaimed, "I am a feeble thing, I cannot become a priest." Caiphas came back again in the King's apartment, bearing with him a damsel, and said to Jude, "here is a fresh damsel, hold her even here, or I will have you cut off." He breathed deep and replied, "God forbid, I will die first." Then Caiphas struck him down, and the damsel was also felled to the floor by a blow. Here the King exclaimed, "Caiphas you are drunk; go away, lie down and sleep, when you awake we will attend to this matter." As soon as he was gone Jude knelt beside the King and said, "Oh King, spare me, spare me, I am a poor frail thing, and if you do not hold me from my father I shall surely die; let me flee the court and I will go among the mountains, there I shall be free from him and there I can get strength." "No," said the King, "he will scour the country and bring you back and behead you." Then the King covered his face with his hands and said, "Caiphas will destroy my whole family, he has doomed my four daughters and they all bear children by him." Jude said, "O King, let me go but for two days, and then I will be back again." Then the King said, "go boy, but be sure you come back again." He then left the King's apartment and dressed himself as a herdsman, and fled that home of death and hell. Drunkenness and debauchery held control, and the chief of devils presided.

Jude fled to the forest, and made his way higher and higher among the herdsman, begging bread as he was fleeing his father, Caiphas. The thirteenth day he reached the foot of a high mountain; he knew not where he was, but faint and exhausted he sat down and fell asleep. He saw a form approach him all covered with light, her brow was light, her face was light, her hands were light, and her garments were light. She called him and said, "come brother, I will lead you to a place of rest." He awoke and beheld an angel bright standing before him. She lay her hand in his and said, "come brother, it is time for us to leave this place, because Caiphas' spies are not more than a league and a half distant. I will carry you to a poor family, they will give you shelter until you can begin your work for humanity." She then led him high in the mountains, and he reached our home in the evening when the lights were lit. I was kneeling in prayer beside Lazarus, his hand was resting on my head, as the door gently opened, and Jude breathed deep and said, "I have brought him and the country is

in great commotion because he has fled the wicked devices of his father, Caiphas, but I brought him here in order that he can assist you, dear brother, in glorifying the Father, God, and he must become a human sacrifice as well as you, dear brother, in order that humanity may seek the good and flee the evil. His destiny is linked with thine; he must flee into Caldea's countries, there he will remain until he is brought forth to begin his work; then the influence breathed out of him, and he fell down like one dead. This was the first time he was fully controlled, but after that he could discern spirits whenever they approached. He remained one day and one night with us, and then he started for Caldea's borders. This was one month before I was sent forth from my mountain home for the last time. As he left me I said, "farewell, brother, God's child is beside you, and she will not leave you until you find safety, but remember God is beside you as well as his child." I must now return to Chaledon. Mary's cousin's home had been chosen for God's faithful children to gather, until they could be borne away to the border country, healing the sick, declaring God, denouncing priestcraft, hypocrisy and deceit, begging bread for themselves and the poor famishing beggars that lived in the open air until they were relieved by death, perhaps starvation, perhaps by disease that had been scattered in their midst by the confessors of that day. And as we gathered together in prayer that night, our number was ten; they had come feeling God had commanded them. All determined to follow to the end, even if it was the cross. There we all ate and then lay down and slept until day dawned; then we arose, knelt and prayed, and went forth together. All were susceptible to spirit control, and all but two could discern spirits; the two that could not discern spirits were Judas and Seth; they were full of electric life and could heal the sick by laying on of hands.

That day we made our way across the country toward the border country, seeking to avoid the bands of priests and confessors that were sent out to bring us back. Stephen's mother remained with Mary's cousin until they were driven out beggars, and they fled back to Chaldea. We continued our journey along the by places, holding forth among the beggars encouraging them to make their way back to their own country and begin their former life planting and sowing; many begun their journey as soon as they were persuaded it was best. I declared to them their springs were boiling, their streams were flowing, and there were cattle without a herdsman, and sheep without a shepherd. They bowed their heads and said, "let us go home, let us go home." Hundreds left the border country and even reached their homes alive, and when they reached Asia their hearts beat with joy to find the drouth passed away, and everything seemed to bid them welcome, yet thousands perished in the border country because they had not courage to begin so long a journey.

We reached Joppa after many days. After we had become refreshed we

began our work in earnest. Here I must insert a line as it belongs to this part of my history: Mary had a cousin in Joppa, and he was Chief Magistrate. I went to him and said, "you are my mother's kin; let us remain in your home and I will bless you." He answered, "I have no room for beggars and you had better be gone, else the priests will cut you off." Then I turned away and said, "God forgive him, he knows not what he is doing." Here I was in a land of bigots, and my followers were disheartened. I said, "let us go into the country bearing northward, there we shall find a work to do, but Joppa has ever damned God's children from the beginning of time." But ere we departed the inhabitants began to gather in the center of the great square. I said to my brother, "let us do our work and then we will flee the city." We did begin; there were lame, halt and blind, some laying on the ground, some on beds, some on crutches, and children in their mother's arms. Hundreds were healed that day between the rising and the setting sun. Here I heard by a beggar that he had seen Joseph and his family on their way to Tyre. I answered, "my mother is going back to die in her own city; my father and brothers will perish there." "Holy, Eternal God," I exclaimed, "let me go and look on them once more, then I will say, "Thy will be done." The beggar continued, "Martha and Lazarus is somewhere around Joppa, because Lazarus's health was so poor they thought it would best to remain in a milder climate then, as our days work was done and night was closing in. I said to my followers, "let us go away by our selves and God's child will tell us where to find friends and they will make us comfortable this night at least." We withdrew from the multitude, some went one way and some another, but we met at a brook. Here we sat down on the bank of the little stream and asked God to direct us. As Jude sat beside me, I laid my hand in his, then his breath came deep and I saw God's child breathe her life into his body; then he arose to his feet and said, "come, dear brother, Martha is asking for you now. I told her you was coming. I will lead you there; all will come, but don't come all a time lest you may be followed."

I reached Martha's in a few minutes; she had prepared a good warm barley loaf and a gourd of milk awaited our coming. She met me at the door and folded me to her bosom; she could not speak but wept as if her heart would break. I was too full for utterance. Lazarus held my hand and attempted to speak, but his breath left him; he fell back and Seth caught him in his arms. Here Jude came forward and the angels breathed a prayer fresh from the bosom of Almighty God, and we forgot our grief as God's love for his chilrden filled our souls. We called on God to assist us in our hour of need, and we got answer from the angel breath, "God is here in your midst; let us praise him forever and forever." We then ate our bread and drank our milk, and laid down and slept in the bosom of angels.

Martha come to me early in the morning and said, "dear boy, Mary has gone back to Tyre, hoping to find friends there in her father's blood; hoping to get protection from them. They must have reached there by this time, as I have been here two weeks. Lazarus has been feeble ever since we left the mountain air. Leiah came to us and said, 'you may go back to Tyre; I will bring your boy to you there.'" Mary bowed her head and said, "if it be God's will I will begin my journey early." Joseph came in and Mary said, "God's command is upon us; we are to go back to Tyre to meet our boy." There Joseph breathed a prayer to Almighty God for the safety of his family; they lay down and slept, but they all arose at early dawn and begun their long and tedious journey. After two days we reached the lowlands, then we crossed the country towards the hills of Judea, and we reached Joppa after three weeks of wandering about, having to leave the main road as much as possible lest we should fall in with confessors. Here Lazarus's strength gave out and we were compelled to remain while the rest went on their way. I have not heard from them since I left them on the main road. Mary was heavy, Jessie was a heft, and Joseph had to strap him on his back, but he would go on his crutches all he could. Lazarus gave out and here we are, and if it please God we shall start for Tyre as soon as this commotion passes away; then she said, "dear Jesus, lie down until I have prepared brerkfast, then I will call you." She prepared her bread and while it was baking she came back to me again; then she breathed a prayer for God's children, deep and earnest; then she arose and spread the board; we all bathed and filled that home with deep yearning prayer for humanity. We ate and then prepared for the great square again; here we found a great multitude gathering from all parts, hoping to be blest by being healed of their diseases, and he bathed with God's electric power, yet they could not explain, still they all acknowledged a holy feeling that they had never felt before.

I called a band of beggars to me and said, "God has held you from death until this hour, in order that he could feed you with the bread of life, the bread that perisheth not"; then I exclaimed, "the hour is at hand that you will leave this land of death and hell: go ye to Caldea's borders, there you will find bread to feed the body, but do not forget God has a demand upon you—that is labor; the faithful laborer is sure to get his reward in an abundant harvest, unless the dews of heaven are withheld and the rain ceases to fall"; here they gathered around and said, "we had no bread yesterday and we are fasting still"; then I shouted, "O ye men of Joppa that have your storehouses filled, go ye and bring your barley in the loaf, in the meal and in the kernel; let these poor famishing bodies be fed, then they can be filled with God's electric light." There were brought in that hour many baskets of bread, bags of meal, and bags of barley; then I said, "eat and be filled, and take the rest, bear it on your journey, and if you find any

poor beggars divide with them ; begin your journey even this hour ; bear back the mother of Thomas and the mother of Stephen that followed their children here, but they must follow them no longer as they belong to God and humanity, and they must be resigned to their Father's will." Here another band of beggars came and I bade them follow the others, to eat and drink with them and depart with them, else they would be surely cut off before five days. They all went upon a hillside a little way from the city, there they sat down, ate, and gave thanks. There was one among them called Zachariah ; he was filled with God ; he became electrified and shouted, "Holy, Creator God lead these Thy children from the damning influence of priests and confessors ; lead them into the green pastures beside the still waters, and may they plant human souls, and may they flourish, like the green bay tree, until they fill all the desolate places that have been left in ruins by the devices of fiends and bigots. May God hold control until their hymns shall go welling up in one mighty wave and mingle with the angel band beyond. Bathe, O bathe ye in the pure waters, and be clean, that you may become heirs of eternal life" ; then he shouted, "go, go, go, even now, lest the hand of death will fall upon you." He then said "farewell, I leave you in God's hands." He then fell back and ceased to breathe forever ; then they gathered up all they had and fled to Caldea ; there they began to till the earth, they dwelt there a holy people ; they filled the land with their descendants and their blood fills the land even until this day, declaring one God and one God only. Here are the Caldeans of to-day descended from a band of beggars.

CHAPTER XV.

I saw the beggars departing and I said, "God's glory fills their souls and he will lead and guide them even to their journey's end." Here was one brought on a drag ; his cords were contracted and his feet were drawn even to his back, and his hands were entirely useless ; here I called all of my disciples around me and said, "let us make conditions for God to relieve this poor brother from his malady." Here we gathered around him and joined hands, then we shouted in one breath, "Holy, Almighty God, assist Thy children that they may bless humanity." He arose to his knees and shouted, "God is here." Then we all reached our hands toward him, and gave off all the electricity we could command ; then he sprang to his feet and walked away among the crowd saying, "I was bound, but now I am free ; let God have the glory." Then we all went to the brook and bathed

in order that we could gather again, and no sooner had we gone back than the chief ruler of the Jews came before me and said, "O son of man I am in deep grief, I have a daughter lying de d in my house beyond the brook Cedron, she died at early dawn and my household is in mourning." I breathed deep and said, "I behold thy daughter, she is not dead but sleepeth. I see an angel holding her in her bosom in an entranced sleep Go home, filled with faith in God, and the damsel will meet you ere you reach your home." He answered, "I have faith that God will save my child." Now he lay down eight shekels in gold. I said to the bystanders, "gather up the gold, go buy bread, even in this hour, there is great need of barley bread among this multitude; bring and scatter. He that lay down the gold has blessed humanity, and God will give back his daughter to bless the father. Jew as he is, God has no respect between Jew and Gentile." Here they brought a man filled with boils from his head to his feet; his back was one mass of boils, and he had to rest on his elbows and knees. I said to those that bore him along, "bear him away to the brook yonder, let the cold water flow over him at least half an hour, then bring him back to me again." Even then a female knelt beside me and said, "Master, Master, I am dying of a fever." I said, "Creator, God, lend thy aid that she may be healed." I reached my hand to her; she lay her hand in mine, then she arose to her feet and exclaimed, "I am healed." Here the man was brought back from the brook. I said, "O man, God has cleansed your body, now cleanse your soul from drunkenness and debauchery, and you may yet become a glory to the living God." He arose to his feet and walked off, and in after time he became a dispenser of light among the poor inhabitants of Judea.

I had now become nearly exhausted and said, "let us flee this people ere we fall and cannot rise." "Where shall we go where there is rest and peace?" I answered, "even to Martha's, it being now dark." I said, "let God's angel children direct us and all is well." Then I saw my angel friend, she reached out her hand to me and said, "come brother, Martha asked me to come and see if harm had befallen you; her barley bread is baked and waiting. Lazarus is feeling stronger," she continued, "than he has for a long time, and he will begin his journey for Tyre at early dawn."

As we entered there, Martha's savored mea t filled us with strength, and we all felt God had prepared a feast for us. Here we asked God to bless his children ere we supped. After the evening prayers the apostles laid down their weary bodies to rest. I remained apart in order to talk with Lazarus and Martha. After I had conversed for a time with Lazarus, he folded me to his bosom and said, "may my Father, God, bear you along until humanity may be blest and a work can be begun for coming ages." How feeble is man in the hands of an All Wise God that holds control of immensity. Faithful let us be, my boy, to the light that is within us, until

God calls us hence to a happier condition. He then pressed me to his bosom and imprinted kisses on my forehead and bosom. "How hard," he said. "it is for me to say God's will be done when His will is that my boy must die upon the cross." Here he fell back and was entranced; then he rose to his feet and said, "my angel brother belongs to God, and may he be borne along until the hour draws near, and then I will die for him if it be my father's will. Hold him, O my God, from the band of anointed priests that are now gathering in Joppa, intending as soon as he comes forth to begin his work to cut off him and his followers with their battle axes, but they will not molest him to-night; go and lie down, dear brother, I will awake you when it is time to flee, and have this poor frail body I am breathing through, rest also." He continued, "Martha you may bid the holy child farewell as you will not see him again until he has passed through many changes." Then as my controller breathed out of Lazarus he left him in a deep sleep. Martha knelt beside me. I rested my head upon her bosom; there we both wept until our hearts were nearly broken. Martha knew I must die. I knew I must be hung upon the cross like a guilty thing. Here we both asked God to breathe us out of our bodies even there. My controller breathed upon me and said, "waste not your time in lamentations because the morrow has its demands upon you, and you must all depart from here in about four hours." As he breathed out of me again, I folded my arms about Martha's neck, and I held her until I fainted, even as I lay my head upon her bosom. I saw the cross before me and myself hanging upon it. Then my heart ceased to beat and I fainted; they all were asleep, and in the mid of the night a crash was heard; they all sprang to their feet. I had not been asleep; had only been held calm in a half controlled condition. I said Leiah is here in order to hasten our departure. Martha had already gone along with Lazarus before there was any disturbance. I exclaimed, "they are already coming to carry us on the great square preparatory for a public execution. Hasten toward the city of Jerusalem, there we have a work to do in order we shall be held in remembrance until God can bring about changes that we can come back and finish up what has been done, that is, you will be nailed to the cross and your followers all lain low by the battle axe." Here I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, "if God has saved me from death in order that I should be nailed to the cross, is it justice for me to suffer for the injustice of priests, fiends and confessors?" Here the horror of being crucified came before me and I was unable to breathe. Then my breath came deep and God's child folded me to her bosom and said, "the battle axes are all ready; come hasten away, even now." I arose to my feet; I was feverish and exhausted; then my angel friend lay her hand in mine and we hastened away. My brothers had gone quite a distance, but I soon came up to them. I said, "flee to the forest until that band of priests have passed, and by the time

they reach the great square and go to drag us forth for slaughter, we can be entirely out of their reach. Here I made an expression like this, "Holy Creator, if thou hast created in thy wisdom, fiends, priests and confessors, care for them ere they destroy the whole earth." Then I heard a voice, it came so calm and clear, "brother, God is here; hold yourself in a condition, and I will explain to you how God's changes are preparing the way where the wicked devices of man must be held by the lights from the living God; the heathen bigot is to be laid low in God's own time, and a higher order of things will come forth." Here I said again, "how is it necessary for me, a poor feeble thing, to suffer and die, unless God's changes are to be wrought through those changes?" Then I got for answer, "by your death upon the cross, God can begin a work for humanity that cannot be finished until ages on ages shall pass away, then God will demand of you to finish up that which will be begun by your death." Then I answered, "God's will not mine be done?" Here we reached the brook Cedron. Here I said to my followers, "here resides the chief ruler of the country round about Joppa. His daughter, even now is entranced, and has laid there four hours. I will hasten forward and awake her ere you reach there." Here Jude breathed deep and said, "she has already awoke as I have even now left her. I told her father to prepare meat for you as you were all hungry, and then," I said, "they will depart in peace. Now go there, but do not linger; hasten away ere the commotion reaches there." I hurried as fast as I could, and we all ate and fled, lest harm should fall upon them. That day we made two leagues and many had gathered together because they had heard by a mule driver that the Hebrew fanatic had fled Joppa and was making his way toward Jerusalem. One of the lawyers of Jerusalem had heard that the Hebrew was creating a great disturbance all through the country, and he was determined to confront him and drive him from the border country, he being a Jew, and he had heard that he denounced the Jewish ritual, and he thought it was high time he was driven out of the country. As the country was hilly, and I saw the main road was filled with people, and fearing they had come to bear us away, I crossed the road and made my way to the hillside; then I was faint and weary. I sat down by a spring; after drinking freely and bathing my head, Leiah said, "we will feed this people with bread that perisheth not." I saw the multitude coming toward me. I arose to my feet; I then breathed deep and exclaimed, "who among you that thirst, let him come and drink; who is hungry, let him come and eat; who is heavy laden, come and I will give him rest." Here I saw one among them making his way toward me, and I knew by his garments he was of high blood. There I stood a poor, ragged, beggarly thing, and he in court garments. I breathed deep and exclaimed, "who among you would crush a withered flower that God has held from death in order his children should receive light? Who among you have sought to

slay God's child that is ready and willing to lay down all he has, even his life, for humanity, that they may behold the glory of the living God? Who among you that dare lay a hand on this body, I will call on God to assist in chaining him with electricity." I had no sooner spoke these words than he pressed forward and shouted, "begone, thou heretic or I will bind you with cords and have you dragged away." I then raised my hands and said, "Holy, Almighty God, hold control here, hereafter and forever." At that moment I saw a light fall all over him, and he fell back and made this expression, "I am freezing to death." I said again, "Holy God, hold my brother from death that through him Thou canst be glorified." Then I knelt beside him and bathed his temples and lay his palm in mine, and asked God to breathe upon him that he might live. While I was bending o'er him, he opened his eyes and closed them again. Then he said, "God forgive me, I would have destroyed the holiest thing Thou hast ever created." I said "come brother, let us praise God together" From that hour he was my friend and my brother. He followed me even to the cross. This brother's name was Bartholomew. He drew near to me and said, "brother, I would die for you if need be." He had belonged to an order called Free Masons, but I was not of that order. My controller was the founder of that order in the beginning. He answered, "I am beside you, brother, and will lead and guide you through the dark passage until you can discern the light beyond." Here I was controlled and must have held forth at least two hours, but as the influence left me in part, I saw them departing in every direction as they were and hungered. I called for them to stop. "God's command is that you shall remain as you are, and he will feed you with bread that perisheth not." Then they all sat down on the hill side. I espied a beggar; I said to him "have you bread?" He said, "I have a crust, here it is, it belongs to God's angel children if they need it." I took the crust, crumbled it into my hand, then shouted, "here is bread, eat ye and be filled." I was then folded in the bosom of an angel, and was held in that electric condition four hours longer. They ate the bread of life that day until they were all filled, and while they were feasting on God's bread they had forgot their hunger for barley bread, and when they departed they bore away many a basket full to those that could not come and eat of God's bread for themselves. After they had gone the brother that had been stricken down came to me and reached out his hand, and said, "brother, God is here; his children are here, I see them even now. There is an angel of light beside you even now. Who can she be so filled with light; her name must be Light. I answered, "her name is Light, and she is Leiah's daughter." At the name of Leiah he started back and exclaimed, "Holy, Eternal God, have I gazed upon the light that was light from eternal light?" Then he reached out his hands and said, "come to me through light from eternal distance." I an-

swered, "God's light has found a resting place in thy bosom, and may it shine forth forever, eternal and forever." Here I was controlled and declared Leiah was controller of that body, and his daughter must be called his comforter and helper. In all of his labor from the first foundation of that order they had controlled in every holy institution, and had led the brothers through the dark passage and led them to the inner chamber where they met their brother, and by their brothers hand they were robed for their labor; then they would bear them forward, and in the holy of holies they would kneel with them in prayer, even while they knelt by the square, and ask God to assist them in drawing each line by the compass. Then they would fold their brothers to their bosoms through the Grand Archbishop; then they would part upon the level that they might meet as brothers in all coming time, and when earth had ceased to hold them longer, they might deposit the evergreen on their coffins that they may be held in remembrance forever, and meet in the holy of holies beyond God's ether blue.

After Leiah had declared what he had for his brother, I fell back like one dead. Bartholomew caught me in his arms and said, "breathe brother, breathe, I am filled with God's love for you; live but to bless me, you are the holiest thing God ever created; live and I will follow you even to the cross, as it is decreed you shall be hung upon the cross, and I will die for you if I can."

Here I called the brothers around me and said, "there is an humble fisherman who lives beside the river Jordan. He will give us bread if he has any, and will let us lie down and rest. We all repaired there and found him drunk, but his kind companion said, "come in, ye are going around healing the sick and God has brought you here; my child lays sick with a fever, and I feared he would die, and I asked God to bring him relief through his children; he sleeps now, but when he awakes you will lay hands upon him and he will live." I then said, "God's children must feed the body and God will feed the soul." Her ideas were quickened and she said, "you hunger, I will boil you some fish, but bread I have none." I answered, "God's bread is free for all, and we will ask God for his bread while you prepare the fishes."

Here the boy awoke. I said, "electric life fills me. I will bathe the lad over even now. I uncovered the body and drew my hands down from his head to his feet; then he sprang from the bed and called for water, and said 'I am healed.'" The followers knelt in prayer while I lay hands upon the sick boy. The father arose from his bed where he had been laying for hours and exclaimed, "what are you doing with this band of beggars." I said, "brother, God is here; your son was sick and is now healed, and God's angel children are here, and they will cure you of your drunkenness if you will assist them." As he looked around he saw Bartholomew, and he thought him a Magistrate, and he said, "leave me with my family and I

will never drink any more." Then I said, "his promise is recorded in the book of the living God; dare not touch any more lest God cuts you off." He bowed his head and said, "I will drink no more." We ate and slept until morning dawned upon us, then we departed saying, "God will feed us, you have nothing to spare."

That day we entered Jerusalem; many were gathered in groups wherever we went. The great square was one vast congregation of human bodies. I made my way into the center of the square; there were timbers piled up for a gallows. I knew why they were heaped there, but fearless I stepped on the platform and shouted, "here God has reared an altar for all coming ages." I was accosted by the servant of Caiphas, and he said, "begone, or I will hang you even now." "Lay hands on this body and I will show you that God's commands are to be obeyed. Go back to Caiphas," I said to him, "his boy is here doing God's work in blessing humanity, while his father is damning them, and if he will flee hell and assist his boy, there will be some hopes of his being held from eternal darkness, but if he waits until his boy comes to him, it will be when time is no more."

CHAPTER XVI.

I was borne along through the crowd by the strong arm of Bartholomew, even back to the fisherman's hut on the bank of the stream. That day Peter had caught his net full of fishes, and he had exchanged a part for barley meal, and that night we supped on bread and fish. Here the brothers came in even as we were breaking the bread, and John exclaimed, "God feeds us with barley bread still, that we may go on with our work for coming ages, but none can never know how dearly the knowledge will be bought by those that lay down all they have, even their lives, that the veil of mystification may be torn away and God's wonders be laid bare by the light within the human soul." I said, "come brother, come and eat, then we will ask for light from eternal distance to guide us on our way."

That night we slept, but ere morning dawned I heard deep groans come welling up from the heart of Stephen. I spoke to him and said, "Stephen, are you dreaming?" He said, "I have had a fearful dream; I saw my four beautiful sisters dragged away by confessors. I called on God to assist me, and no answer came until God's child answered, 'brother, you have had a fearful dream, but you must leave them in their creator's hands; you must work for coming ages that the inhabitants of earth can discern

good from evil, then they will learn that man has sought to bind, but God would have them free.'" I said, "sleep, brother, sleep, God has a work for us to do on the morrow; there will be many gather on the bank of the stream, and we will bless them there." Then I fell asleep and did not awake until the sun arose. That day was fair until midday; many had gathered together; I went out and greeted them in early morn, then I ate and gave God the glory. I then went out in their midst and said, "friends, beloved God is in our midst; let us give him the glory forever." Now I was entranced by the holy Jeptha. I saw him approach me; he folded me to his bosom and I forgot all earthly things; he breathed deep from God's wondrous creation, and I floated away into a holy, heavenly condition and found rest. I breathed from the inner life of all things, and that breath filled me with holy resignation to the will of my Creator, God. There I saw the aged patriarchs; there I saw the holy angels filled with holy adoration to their Creator, God; there I saw the holy angelic band singing praises to the great first cause, and as I approached them they made me feel I was one of them. Here I saw the holy Sabilla; he reached out his hand to me, bade me welcome, then he said, "brother, your earth work is nearly finished, and you will be one of us." I shouted, "holy Creator, God, leave me as I am among thy children, freed from earth." Here I got answer from one still beyond us, "I will bring thee back when thy earth mission is finished in this holy condition, until humanity's demand for another human sacrifice cannot be appeased, then you must go back again to finish up by being nailed to the cross. I will breathe upon you in your hour of agony, and I will fold you in my bosom, and you shall be blest." Then I held my breath; I knew I must go back to earth and suffer death in that earthly body. While I was made to feel the death agonies come over me, I heard an angel voice say, "come brother, the day is far spent and you must come back to your earthly body, and Sabilla must leave it even now, amen." I answered, "God's will, not mine, be done." Then I found myself trying to breathe into that body again as it lay there on the cold ground. John raised the body up and held it close in his warm bosom, warm with earth magnetism and warm with holy love for the poor bruised body. He called his brother; then Bartholomew came forward, and held the palm of his hands on the hollow of my feet. God's child lay her hands upon my brow and asked God to assist them, and then I began to breathe into that body again.

The day had nearly passed away; dark clouds hung heavy o'er us, and the multitude had dispersed when I heard a mighty crash among the elements. I arose to my feet; then I raised my hands over my head and exclaimed, "the birds of the air have their nests, the beasts have their dens, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head." Then I heard a voice say, "save, oh save me, lest I perish." Then I darted forward and saw

a little boat being dashed about upon the stream. I shouted, "Holy, Almighty God, assist Peter, lest he perish." The boat was dashed high upon the shore. I sprang into it. Peter cried, "save, oh save me, lest I perish." I said, "your oath has been broken; you have again been drinking strong drink." I saw his bottle and it was nearly empty. I stooped and picked up the bottle. At that moment I saw a mighty wave coming directly toward where we stood. I became electrified all over; I threw my arm around Peter and said, "hasten, O hasten, lest we be dashed to pieces." I assisted him from the boat, he being still drunk. I shouted for Bartholomew to come and assist the poor drunken brother. We bore him high upon the bank; then I said, "look, Peter, look;" the boat was dashed high upon a rock and dashed to pieces. Then I hurled the bottle into the stream, and said, "God has dashed the boat and I will dash the bottle; now Peter save yourself from drunkenness, death and hell." He fell down and we left him there. Bartholomew then held me in his arms, and said, "come, let us enter my home; it is dark and none will know of our coming but my own family." He then continued, "my father already knows of our coming, as he sent a servant to assist us to enter there unobserved." I then called to Hiscariot, and John, and Thomas, and said, "we shall be blest to-night, but we must depart from there ere the morning dawns," but we did not find rest that night except upon the cold earth. The commotion about the city caused us to fear to enter there, but in the still hours of night a messenger came to Bartholomew from his father asking him to hasten home. He answered, "if it please God I will find rest beside my father on the morrow night. Say to my father, "remain within all day, as there will be great excitement among the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and I will seek to come to him." Here the messenger bowed his head and went away. In the morning we arose and entered that city where I was to die when I had lived out that portion of life which was allotted me. I was controlled from morn until night, except twice through the day I had a faint recollection of seeing a vast multitude around me. Bartholomew said, "brother Jesus, I would die for you if I could." He bore me away from the multitude in his arms and entered a mansion bedecked with all of eastern splendor. I looked around hardly knowing if I was in my body or in spirit. My followers all came in soon after, and the house was in great commotion. The family all gathered around to see the Hebrew that had caused so much excitement. The father came and sat beside me; took my hand in his, and said, "how frail he is; how can they nail him to the cross?" I answered, "God's decree is that I should die that man may know him through his wondrous works, and that hypocrisy, deceit and priestcraft shall be held from destroying His highest, His holiest creation, His children. He bowed his head and said, "heathen idolatrous worshippers will destroy all the Jews but a remnant; they will be held to declare God's wonders." I then lay my

head on Bartholomew's bosom and fell asleep; he lay me down on a silken couch, and there I slept until the morning dawned upon me. John sat beside me; he had been my faithful friend for a long time, and he held my hand in his; and as he held my hand in his, he burst into tears. I made enquiry of what had happened. He answered, "Caiphas has hanged his boy and two more—Andrew and Simeon—brothers of Peter, they that came to you at Caldea and a herdsman's son. Caiphas is determined to hang us all unless we flee the country. I breathed deep and said, "make conditions to bear this body from here as soon as night covers earth with her mantle; bear him to Tyre, and leave him in the home of his mother, but don't enter there; flee the country at least forty days, then come back and care for him that is to lay down his life on the altar that humanity of the present has reared for him. They are not accountable for him, but coming ages will learn that his life and death was for them when changes have been wrought and through the light of inspiration they are willing to say, "he is my friend and my brother, and God is father of us all." Here the influence left me, and I lay my head on John's bosom, and we wept together.

All that day we were compelled to remain within doors, but as night came on we prepared for our departure. I called the father and mother of Bartholomew to me and said, "keep your son here within doors lest he be cut off, until God calls him forth again, in order that he may assist me and bear me along until the hour comes for me to die." The father answered, "my son is a lawyer, and he should free himself from this disgrace of being drawn into this Hebrew rabble, and he will be beheaded if he follows you longer, and I shall go down to the grave sorrowing." I answered, "let him work for coming ages, and you will have a crown of light in the brighter world beyond."

It had now begun to grow dark and I said, "I shall soon leave you, and may you be held from despair, for your son will surely lay down his life on the altar of humanity, and coming ages will give him all that is his due, and his noble acts, with his name, will be held when you will be lost to the memory of God's children." Then the father groaned and said, "give him back to me, it is all I will ask." I answered, "God holds his own and will hold them forever." I called my brothers and said, "let us now hasten away; John will bear me to my mother, and you must all care for yourselves." Bartholomew said, "brother, let me assist you to your mother, then I will be gone." Here I was controlled and said, "let Bartholomew flee the kingdom, because they are asking for him even now." Then there was a great commotion in the court below, and I was commanded to flee down the dark passage and continue in that same direction until I reached the main road, and my brothers were to remain in that underground passage until the commotion ceased. I was borne along in the dark until I reached the main

road. As the cap stone was firmly set where I must pass out, I was forced to make a great effort in order to get out; the cap-stone gave away and I found myself free again to breathe God's electric air. I saw I was outside the city walls, but I knew not where to go. I sat down and covered my face with my hands; I felt I was forsaken of my brothers, but I knew God was there, and I knew God's children were there. "My God," I said, "leave Thy children with me, or I am utterly disheartened." Then the hand of an angel was laid in mine and her breath filled me with life. "Hasten brother," she said, "it is cold and chilly, and hasten, O hasten on your way, there are many dangers before you, but ere morning dawns I will bear you away from this confusion where you can rest through the day, and when night comes again we will go on our journey." My controller bid me forward all that night, and as day dawned upon me I found myself in a thick brake. Here I sat down feeling I must set there all day. There I felt myself sorely troubled as to the welfare of my brothers, and all of my past life was lived over in memory. The present was full of changes, but the future was full of sorrow. After a time I fell asleep, and slept on until night closed in, then I awoke and the same kind hand was laid in mine, and we darted forward into the main road. My heart ached as I drew near a hut; I saw a poor, frail man kneeling beside his daughter that was lying on the ground near by the door. I drew near and accosted him thus: "Has God taken back that which was his own?" The old man answered, "my daughter has been laying here ever since the sun went down; her confessor held her and she ceased to breathe; he dragged her out here in order to get the air, and he left her as you see, her heart beating, but not breathing." I lay my hand in hers and said, "arise daughter and declare God's wonders." She breathed and said, "God is here; I saw a band of angels when you approached, man, and they said you must have bread and milk; get it father, you will find it there beside the chimney." I said, "arise, bathe, God has a work for you to do." Her breath came deep and she answered, "the confessors are coming this road, and if we do not make them think she is dead, they will destroy her." Then she exclaimed, "drink your milk, take your bread and flee, because they are now turning the corner yonder." I fled there and left the main road, and continued on my way until day dawned on me again. I knew this was the last day I must hide until I reached my mother's home. I lay down in a little hedge; there I held communion with my controller until he said, "now go to sleep, I will awake you in time to reach Mary's about ten. The day passed away and I awoke feeling fresh and strong; I felt I could nearly fly to reach my mother and the family, and when I reached that little habitation my heart beat lest harm had befallen them. The door opened from within and James looked out; then I stepped forward and laid my hand in his; he drew me in and closed the door ere he spoke. Here was Joseph; he had fallen asleep as he had

come from the country, that day, tired and exhausted, he had forgotten his care in sleep. Mary sprang forward and folded me to her bosom. She caused me to forget my destiny in her holy embrace. I held her there until my father came forward and exclaimed, "Holy God, I will praise Thee forever; my son was dead but now is alive. I bless thy holy name." Jessie covered my forehead with kisses, and Simeon held me by the hand. There I sat and conversed with them; told all that had befallen me; there we sat until rays of light bespoke coming day even there. I was controlled and Leiah told me I must go away from there as soon as the night closed in, and I must go high in the mountains and bear away bread that I may not die with hunger. Simeon said, "do let me go with him I can come and get bread." Mary said, "how can I let you go my darling boy? but if you can comfort your dear brother you may go." Then I breathed free again; then Joseph declared all. He begun like this: "Pontius Pilate has set his seal to a proclamation like this, 'Jesus of Nazareth shall be crucified as soon as he can be brought to justice, and whoever shall deliver him into the hands of the Chief Magistrate shall be awarded one hundred shekels in gold, and whoever hides him from the law shall be beheaded even where they are.'" Here Joseph covered his face with his hands and breathed a prayer to his Father, God, to hold his family from death. Then, he continued, "I know I must die; I know my family must die in order that God may be glorified through His children, declaring one God and one God only." Here he continued, "you must hide away from all, as spies are everywhere." I then crept in behind the chimney. There I remained all that day. I could converse with Mary while Jessie kept watch that none should come in and hear my voice. I heard a loud rap at the door and it was a confessor come to see if Mary had heard anything from her boy yet. Mary answered, "how I do wish he would come home and stay with me." He answered, "his stay would be short if he did come home." Mary replied, "I think he has journeyed around the country long enough to settle down." Then he said, "if he comes I should like to be apprised of it, as I have a little business with him." Night set in cold and blustering. I was thinly clad. Mary had no clothing to spare from her own family as they were compelled to leave their hides in that lone mountain home. I asked Mary where my cloak was. She said, "Martha took it to wrap around Lazarus when they parted on the road, and she had not seen them since, but she had heard they had stopped at the foot of a mountain and Lazarus was quite feeble." As I opened the door I said, "it is chilly, but I will walk fast." Jessie took hold of my hand and said, "brother, we part to-night forever, earthly, but God will give you back to me again my own dear brother." I said, "God will hold me from death until humanity can be blest by that death." Joseph and James had gone away that day for fear suspicions should fall upon them, but when I saw I must go, I knelt beside my mother,

my courage gave away, and I could not breathe. Mary said, "Holy God let us die here together, it is all I would ask." I held her to my bosom until her heart ceased to beat, then I lay her back into Jessie's arms and fled away as fast as I could lest I should be tempted to turn back. I took my dear brother by the hand and we hurried along as fast as we could until we reached the foot of the mountain. I then felt a holy calm come over me, and a sweet voice said, "brother, God is here, and Martha is near by, and I will lead you there." That hand that had led me from so many dangers was clasped in mine, and I forgot my danger and the cold winds. Simeon said, "brother, don't go so fast, I am getting tired." I said, 'God's child is helping me, but I will not leave you. She says we are close to Martha's and we can go in there and rest and get warm." "Here it is," I said, "she has gone in to tell them we are coming." We entered there and Martha was baking barley bread, and she exclaimed, "here they are, I knew you were coming."

CHAPTER XVII.

We entered the home of Martha; everything was neat and comfortable. She had been there nearly a week; her beds were dried grass covered over with a blanket. The hearth was nicely swept. I saw my cloak folded and laid on Lazarus' bed for a pillow. I held Martha in my arms until her feet gave out beneath her, and she sank on the floor. Here I knelt beside her, and we poured out our bitter grief in groans and tears until our hearts were bursting in agony. As she still sat upon the floor I laid my head in her lap and there I sobbed my life away, until I fainted and fell across her feet. Martha's heart had also ceased to beat, and we lay there two bruised things. Simeon brought water and bathed our faces and hands, but it only brought us back to despair. As soon as I could raise my body upon my knees, I called on God to take me to himself even then. As soon as Martha could breathe she answered, "Amen, Holy God, breathe him out of that poor frail body even now." Here Lazarus arose from his bed and came and knelt beside me and folded his arms about me, and I rested my aching head in his bosom. He had given his soul to his Father, God, long before, and he trusted in his mercies, and as he smoothed back my hair and laid his thin, cold hand on my forehead, I became calm, and felt that God was even there. I said, "come, O come, angel of light, lest I forget my duty to God and humanity." I saw that holy form approaching, and I reached out both hands

to her to fold me in that bosom, as there I could find rest. Her face was like the reflection of diamond, and care was imprinted there, yet she held me in that holy embrace until I forgot the cross and its agonies that were ever before me, and it filled me with horror. I had tried from boyhood days to hold myself firm, knowing that it must be, but now each hour seemed to heap upon me new fear, and at times I would drop beneath the burden and lose myself for a time in unconsciousness. Here I was influenced enough to give directions concerning myself and others. I said to Martha, "set your house in order, for we will bring back our holy brother when your house is in mourning, but he must leave here even now, that he can reach the crag yonder ere the day dawns. The cloak must be borne along with them as the nights are chilly and their bed will be leaves and boughs, and the cloak will cover both." Here Lazarus was controlled by Leiah, and said, "daughter, he must haste away even now, lest the herdsmen will lay hands upon him and drag him back to Jerusalem."

I saw Leiah as he was holding Lazarus to his bosom, and I said, "do hold him until this body is borne out of his sight." He answered, "daughter, I will hold him as he is until you bear that body high in the mountains ; then come to me, I shall be in the home of Mary." I could hear all that passed between them, but I could hardly comprehend its meaning. We left that home ; I took a piece of bread, Simeon took the cloak, and we went forth into darkness, yet I was covered over with light. The way was rough, yet I glided along I hardly know how. Simeon would oft say, "stop, you go so fast I can't keep pace with you I am so tired," but on and on we went until I found myself standing on a high cliff, then the influence exclaimed, "here I have brought you both in safety, you are free from danger ; prepare a place where you can lie down and rest ere night comes. I will now go back to Mary and see what I can do to comfort her." Then she withdrew her electric life away from my poor frail body, and I sat down like a blasted plant that could rise no more in its own strength, and nothing but God's breath could raise that drooping head. Simeon came and sat beside me ; he held his hand in mine until strength could be imparted to me. I then raised myself upon my knees and there I poured out my soul's holiest adoration to my Father, God. Even while I knelt in prayer my holy protector returned and knelt beside me ; her head was drooping in grief, but still she said, "Father, God, I adore Thee." I then asked, "what tidings of my darling mother ?" Her answer was, "she is ill, and I fear she will yield up her spirit into the bosom of her God unless she gets relief from the grief that is breaking her heart." I answered, "let God have his own, then I can die in peace." Here I made a fearful expression ; it was this, "hell has destroyed my family earthly, but God will hold them until hell is cleansed of its furies and God's kingdom shall be established on earth ; then hypocrisy and deceit will smoulder in ashes, and priests and confessors will be chained and

bound forever." How I came to make that expression I did not know, but as I looked around I saw Jeptha standing beside me. He accosted me thus: "Beloved brother, I have come in order that you may feel you are not forsaken by God's children even if you are compelled to flee the haunts of man." "Holy, Worthy, Grand Arch Bishop," I exclaimed, "has God revealed to you aught concerning the fulfilling of the law humanity demands in order they will be ready to forsake their idols and acknowledge one God?" He answered, "humanity's demands are not easily satisfied, and human sacrifices must be offered upon the altar of priestcraft until light can be drawn from eternal light and finds a resting place in human minds, that can light the tapers of the benighted souls that have been chained and held by the crafty priesthood that would bind earth in darkness forever, if God's children did not live and die in hope, their life and death would bless ages that would come after them." He continued, "I know brother you must die, but your death will not light the whole earth, but a little ray of light here and there will be left among the human family, but in God's own time another human body must be laid upon the altar of human ambition. Ignorance is the cause of disbelief in the Infinite Creator, and humanity is willing to be led by priestcraft without investigating for themselves; thus it is continued from age to age, and priestcraft binds them closer and closer, through fear, until they settle down in ignorance, and fear holds them chained and bound until they dare not ask if there is a light beyond; therefore human sacrifices must be laid upon the altar of ambition until man will dare say, 'God is my Father, and in him I will put my trust.' When man is once freed from fiends in human form, then light will enter every human soul, and God will be acknowledged through his wondrous works; then there will be no more need of human sacrifices: then the Worthy Grand Arch Bishop, Almighty God, will be acknowledged as director and controller of immensity, and the children of earth shall seek to bless each other with their holy love, then there shall be a new heaven established on earth; then the heathen bigots will have no more human souls to gloat upon, and the dragons in priestly robes shall lie down and be forgotten like a filthy thing that had been, but was not, and never more could be while earth rolls on." Here I said to Jeptha, "is my death to bring that light into the world?" He answered, "your death will change their idols and nothing more, and ages on ages must pass away ere the true light will find its resting place in the human mind, and you, dear brother, must go back and finish up what will be begun by your death." Here he said, "I must go now, but I will come to you again ere you hang upon the cross." He then left me and I laid down upon the cold earth, and it cooled my aching head. Simeon came to me then and said, "it is chilly, dear brother, had we better not find a place to lie down as it is nearly dark?" I answered, "God's child will direct us, I see her coming." As she drew near, she said, "come my dear

bro her, I have found a place where you can lie down and the cold winds will not pierce you." We both aro e and followed her into a little hollow beneath a shelving rock. There we broke som branches and spread them on the earth, then we laid down and spread the cloak over us as best we could. In the night Simeon said, "brother I am burning with a fever; lay your hand on my head and then I can go to sleep." I said, "God's hand is upon us, and if it be his will for you to breathe out here, I shall say all is well, but I shall meet you after all that flesh can suffer, then we shall not be driven about as wild beasts, but we shall be recognized as God's created among his c ildr n." I laid my hand upon his head, and he fell asleep even while I was speaking.

Thus we continued until the fourth day; then we were an hungered, it being high noon. Simeon said, "I will go by another desc nt down the mountain, and I can reach Mary's after nightfall. I will then hasten back to you; I can reach you by morning." Th n he folded his arms around me and sa d, "f aught befalls me and I do not come by noon on the morrow, then you must go down to Martha's, there you will find bread. If Mary should be very ill I must stay and care for her, and God's children will care for you, dear brother." I answered, "God's chi dren are all to die, but he will receive them all in his own abode of rest." He then held my hand and pressed it to his lips, and said, "God's hand is upon us; we must all die." Then he sped away and was lost to sight; then I knel(in prayer and God answered through his children, "we are here to comfort you."

That d y passed away, morning c me, but my brother came not, but as the sun rose high I felt to make an effort to pro ure food. I beg n to descend the mountains hoping to reach there in the early part of night, but the way was rough and I was oft delayed by deep cuts in the mountain that I had not seen as I ascended by the same path, but ere night closed in I sat down by a brook, there I bathed my head and then the beating ceased. I then asked God to direct me. I soon found a gentle hand in mine and I made this expression, "I got lost and none came to help me." The pirit answered, "did you ask?" I answered, "my head was aching, I hardly knew what I did." Then the answer came, "I have come now to lead you down the mountain for the last time until I bear you down to begin your work for coming ages."

Here again I had lost faith in God through the dark condition in which I was held. Here I began to feel that I had forgot to ask aid from the only source I could draw strength, and like a guilty thing I exclaimed, "holy God forgive me." Then a voice said, "come, I will lead you, Martha awaits your coming; let us hasten then." The way seemed clear and I darted forward and in a short time I reached Martha's home. She folded me to her bosom again and again, and said, "God be praised that I can behold him once more in mortal form. Lazarus raised up on his hand and said, 'come here,'

my darling Jesus, let me feel you once more in my bosom." His poor wasted body made me almost shrink from his embrace, yet I lay my head upon his bosom and breathed a prayer for my family, but no answer came, but a deep groan from Lazarus sank deep into my heart. "Holy Creator God," I said, "hold them from doubt; let their faith in thy decree bear them along, held in thy embrace; let them be forever." Then Martha answered, "amen." Then I ate some bread and drank some milk, some that Martha had procured, knowing I was coming. I then said, "I must go now or you will all be cut off by my presence here." As I arose to depart, fear fell over me, and I shrunk back from the darkness that surrounded me, and once more approached the sick bed. There I knelt and asked Lazarus to pray for me. He laid his hand upon my head and poured out his soul on the altar of humanity. Ere he had ceased I felt a cool hand in mine and a calm voice said, "draw strength, dear brother, God is here, and his children will lead thee; come even now, else day will dawn ere you can reach safety." Then I bade them adieu and dashed out in the dark, fearless, because I did know I was led and naught but God's angel children were my companions. Ere the day dawned I had reached the first cliff; there I sat down to rest. Even from there I could see the country was filled with human beings in bands. Then again I climbed up, and on and on until I had reached the highest cliff but one; here chilled with the cold winds and saturated with the heavy mist that had gathered on the mountains, I felt if I could build a fire I should be comforted in a measure, having brought from Martha's, in a bag, apparatus for catching the tiny spark. I begun by searching beneath the crags for dry brush, and in a short time I had a sparkling fire. I had forgot that smoke could be seen at a great distance, and I piled on the brush, until the flames rose high, then I dried my garments and lay down and slept; when I awoke, my fire had nearly gone out, but again I piled on the brush; then I began to fear it would be seen from below, and I threw on dirt to destroy the flames; then I laid down on the warm earth where the fire had been; there I fell asleep. My body was comfortable and my dreams filled with light from beyond and love for humanity. It was midday when I awoke; I heard a crackling of the brush; I arose to my feet and behold an anointed priest stood before me. He accosted me thus, "how is it, heretic you are here alone? I should have thought you would have taken some of the damsels from the lowlands with you, and then you would have been quite comfortable with a fire, and I see you have barley bread a plenty." Then he stooped down and picked up the half a loaf that was left from what I had brought from Martha's. I then sprang to my feet and said, "Holy, Almighty God, electrify this fiend as he is; lay down that bread," I shouted, "or God will chain you to this mountain forever." He then dropped the bread and stood there like one paralyzed. "Begone," I said, "even now." Then he made an attempt to go, but he

could not move his feet. "How is this?" he said, "am I affected by heresy. I will go," he said, "if you will relieve me and come back no more." Then he said, "you are condemned to hang upon the cross, but if you will go down with me I will anoint you a priest, and you shall have everything you desire if you will become one of us. We all know you have gifts; we have not, and you shall hold all the females you want from the rising to the setting of the sun, and from the setting to the rising thereof. Meat and strong drink shall ever be at your command if you will but make oath that you will work for the holy idol that the Amlekites took from the Moabites, even the one that Moses had cast in order his females should look upon it and desire to beget children. "Hell's devices," I said, "whether it be of Moses or Elias, held to this day, in order to delude the poor, ignorant souls that knew no God but debauchery and darkness, and such fiends as yourself are still binding them in the damning devices of a heathen bigot, and Moses was a brute else he would never have diseased forty females and then had them beheaded, and then call for forty more fresh females that he could damn them also." Then he held his peace but said, "the priests will bear you down from this mountain and hang you on the cross, but if you will go with me I will hold you from all harm." I stepped toward him while he shook from head to foot, not from fear of a poor frail thing like me, but he was chilled with electricity, but I raised my hands above my head and shouted, "get ye behind me Satan, Almighty God is here." Then he fled me, but aftertime I was told that as he went down in the lowlands, he declared God, and the confessors bore him in to the council of the priesthood. Even there, he shouted, "God is here;" and they cut off his head After he had gone Leiah said, "it is best you should go higher in the mountains, bear southward after you pass the highest peak, and you will find it more comfortable."

Day after day I traveled ere I reached the highest peak, as I could not go but a little way before I had to sit down to rest, but there found a comfortable place beneath a shelving rock, and there was a spring near by. Ere I reached the spring I was filled with fever, but I drank freely, bathed my head, then I laid down and slept, but when I awoke my fever was gone.

Thirty-four days had passed away, and I was still in the mountains. There I was without bread, dying with hunger, and the spring I could not reach. I had become so utterly helpless I had attempted to get water by crawling along, but when about half way from my bed to the spring, I fell to the earth and could not move. Here I lay in utter despair, when I heard a human voice calling my name. I tried to answer but the words died upon my lips. I heard the sound nearer, and I asked God to lead them to me. After a few moments I heard a voice say, "Holy God, here is his body; he is dead." When she drew near she lay her hand upon my back, and

when she felt the heart was beating, then she raised me up, laying her hands upon my chest. Being warm gave me life, and I breathed one word, Mary. She answered, 'my brother you are dying tor bread ; here, I have brought some, eat if you can, and I will bring some water in your cap." Her presence gave me courage and I sat up. The water gave me strength and in a short time I was able to be led back to the bed of dried leaves I had gathered, and ere I was aware of feeling drowsy, I fell asleep. I slept all of the remainder of that day, it being near the setting of the sun, and all of that night, and when I awoke the glad sun shed its rays on the cold earth, and it brought comfort, and beside me sat the poor, frail body that man had cursed but God had saved from being beaten to death with stones and clubs by a band of confessors in Chaledon, and it was the poor diseased scarlet woman, Mary Magdalen ; her poor, frail body had but a little life to impart to mine, and we sat there two blasted things together. As the sun rose high she said, "she must be making her way down the mountains lest she would be lost among the crags. Heretofore I had not had strength or courage to ask for my mother or my family, but I knew I must ask even then if I would hear from them. I said, "has Mary got better ?" Her answer was, "Mary has been very ill ever since Simeon came down from the mountains." I said, "how is it with the rest of them ?" Her answer was one deep groan, and she fainted even there. I dipped my hand in the water she had brought in my cap and bathed her head and face. Here I saw an angel bright coming toward me, and I knew it was my brother Simeon, and I said, "O my God, they have destroyed my darling brother Simeon," and he came and knelt beside me. Then another, another, and another knelt in the presence of two broken reeds and their God. "Holy Creator, God," I heard my father say, "give me, oh give me my boy, even now." I answered, "do bear me away with you, Joseph, even now." He answered, "God will lead you to me ere long, but poor Mary must linger yet for a time." Here Mary Magdalen began to breathe, and as she looked around she saw them all there, and then she answered, "God has brought you all to answer for yourselves." Then she continued, "as Joseph was coming home from work he was caught by a band of confessors, and they asked for you." He answered, "he did not know where you was," then they bruised him fearfully, but he could not tell; then they bound his feet and hands together by one cord, then put a pole beneath the cord, then they bore him away to the hillside where there was a cave ; they threw him in and covered up the mouth of the cave with stones and dirt ; there they left him to starve to death and none knew he was there until he was dragged forth by the Magistrate, dead, and he was buried there. I dare not ask for my brothers as my heart was so full I could hardly breathe. I said, "you are too feeble to begin your journey to-day ; wait until to-morrow and I will go a part of the way with you." While I was speaking I saw her

head drop, and I saw she was entranced. Jeptha breathed his life into that body and said, "have her depart even now, because they are watching, if any one comes to the mountain with bread. But this frail body will be brought back once more, then you will go down and begin your work." My heart beat because I did know there would be nothing but death and sorrow from the hour I went down from the mountain until I was hung upon the cross." Jeptha still breathed in that body and started down the mountain; then the sun was about two hours high; then I was left alone with my father and my brothers, and they remained beside me until I was borne down for the last time.

Four days had passed away and I was kneeling in prayer asking God to hasten the hour for me to begin my work that I could finish up what I had to do for that age. I had hardly breathed these words when I saw Mary Magdalene again coming toward me; it was in the early part of the day; I asked her how she could reach there so early. She replied, "I was brought a part of the way; I don't know how I came." "How is Mary?" I asked, "all the rest are here with me." She replied, "Mary is crazy, and she says if you would come to her she would get better." "God alone can heal a broken heart." I said, "my mother's heart has been bruised, but it will be broken ere she can breathe out of that poor body." After she had rested I asked her how my brothers were put to death. "James," she said "had been at work for a herdsman, and he had started to go home, but ere he could reach Tyre a band of confessors accosted him and said, "tell us where that crazy heretic is or we will beat you to death." He answered, "I do not know." Then they fell upon him with clubs and beat him until he fell to the earth. Then they stoned him to death.

Mary does not know that Joseph or James is dead, but she saw the other two destroyed. Then she continued, "when Simeon came down from the mountain a confessor saw him enter Mary's home. After a time four of the priests came in and he had hid away in the kennel where the confessors had kept their dogs. There he had fallen asleep. They came into the house and asked Mary where the heretic was they saw come in there. Her answer was, "he is in God's care and keeping." Then they said, "we will take care of him hereafter;" then they began their search and the one that saw him first exclaimed, "here is the damned heretic," as they dragged him out. The priest that held him said, "now if you will tell me where that fool is that has been disturbing the whole country with his heresies, we will let you go back into the dogs house and have your nap out, but if you don't we will cut off your head in this hour." He answered, "my holy brother is in the bosom of angels, and God will hold him until his hour comes that the inhabitants of earth will know he died for God's glory and humanity's freedom, and that heathen, idolatrous worship shall come to naught." Here the priest that held him dealt him a blow and it felled him to the floor.

Then shouted all of the priests, "death to all heretics." They dragged him away by his hair even while Mary lay fainting on the floor. They dragged him a little way out of the city and cut off his head. Mary breathed and looked around, and when she saw Simeon was gone, she arose to her feet. She followed them and was near enough to see clearly the axe as it fell upon his neck. Then Mary fell down like one dead. As they came back one of them kicked her and said, "her heresy is cooling off, she is dead." Then they shouted again, "death to all heretics," but Mary was not dead, but ere morning dawned she sought her home, and where that home had stood it was one heap of rubbish. Her grief brought on labor, and her child was born even there in the kennel where the confessors had kept their dogs, that being the only shelter she could reach, but even then death could not reach her, but she must live on and drink deeper and still deeper the bitter cup of despair. Jessie had been away to a cousin of Mary's, and when the tumult reached him he started on his crutches for his home, but ere he could reach there he was accosted by a priest, and he asked if he was the heretic's brother that had fled the law. He said, "if you mean my brother Jesus, I am." Then they caught him by the arm and dashed him to the earth and threw his crutches away from him, and there he lay a poor helpless thing, but the priest came back after a time and said, "tell us where that disturber of the peace is and we will let you go." He answered, "I have not seen him for many days, and I do not know where he is." Then they said, "we will throw you into the den of wild beasts yonder." He then answered calmly, "if I die it will be for God's glory, and that coming ages shall be freed from such fiends as you that are damning all earth with your deeds." Here they caught him by the hair and dragged him away in a dark hole beneath the shelving rock where they always kept their bound criminals; there he could not get away if he would. They kept him there four days without food or drink.

Now this being the fourth day after Mary's delivery, the confessor that had been her accuser of being a confirmed heretic, bid her leave the city, or he would behead her. Then she dragged her poor frail body along and sought to flee, but the streets were full of people, all seeming to go one way. She heard a heathen say "he was stubborn and would not tell where that crazy heretic was, and they are going to feed him to the wild beasts, and I guess they will be glad as they have been left without food for two days." Mary's heart beat as she felt it was her own boy, Jessie. As she had not heard from him for days she hastened on as fast as she could, and as she drew near she saw it was her darling Jessie that they were dragging along by his hair. He saw his mother and exclaimed, "Mary, Mary, Mary." Then she reached out her hands towards him and said, "Holy God, he is Thine" he was dashed into that den even while she was gazing upon him, and his last words were, "Jesus will be hung upon the cross, and humanity

will be blest,' but ere he could speak another word they hurled him head foremost into the den of hungry beasts, and they tore the flesh from his bones as soon as he touched the bottom." Here Mary fell back like one dead to all appearance, and they all went away and left her laying where she had fallen.

After the keeper of these beasts had closed the door that led to the den, he went to where Mary was laying; he had compassion on that humble but still beautiful female that lay at his feet. He called to his companion and they raised her up and bathed her temples, and breath came back to her again, but they dare not take her to their own shelter, but they said there is a Hebrew lives on the hillside, he is a hatter, and his name is Levi; they raised her up between them and bore her along as best they could until they came near that home, then they they sat her down and fled lest some one should see them assisting a heretic. Levi's wife saw them fleeing, she went out and assisted Mary into her tent; she soon found her mind was deranged, but she tried to comfort her as best she could, and I have left her there in order that I could come and bear a message to you from Israel's holiest son, Jeptha, and that is you must begin your work even now. Mary Magdalen had related this to me while I was resting; then I attempted to rise to my feet and fell back, as my life had seemed to go out concerning my brother's death and my mother's fearful situation. There I breathed deep and a holy calm came over me, and I was lost in a forgetful entrancement. In this condition I was borne along, and the first thing I knew I was in Peter's hut.

After his boat was dashed on the rocks in the river Jordan, he took his family and moved to the suburbs of Tyre. Here I found him in a little hut and his family were huddled together because they had no fire. I said, "have you any bread for me?" Peter's wife answered, "bread we have not tasted since day before yesterday." I said, "how is it you are sitting here without making an effort to procure employment, and let those children go out and ask for bread. None can refuse such frail things as they are." Here I was interrupted by one of the children saying they had seen a poor frail man coming to the city and a woman was leading him. She asked me if I knew one Hebrew family that had a son that had fled to the mountain and a price was set upon his head. I told her "I did not know such a family, but mother may know them." I said, "come, here is my home, come in and rest," but when they had sat down the man fell asleep. He then said, "Mary has no home, she is an outcast and alone." Then the woman said, "God's hand is upon us and I will prepare a little hut for my brother and myself." She then said, "can my brother remain here the rest of the day and night, and by that time I will have a shelter for us both, and now she lives out there," pointing to a little hut. I said "it must be Martha, will you run and see if it is Lazarus and

Martha?" He hastened away and came hurrying back, and said, "the man is dead, but I didn't stop to ask what his name was." Here I was controlled and said, "go to that woman and say to her there is one in your home starving for bread." The boy soon returned with a piece of bread. Then I raised that bread high above my head and said, "Holy, Eternal God, feed this family with the bread of life, because earthy bread they will not want but a little longer."

As I had done speaking the father came in. When he saw me he fell upon his face and said, "holy brother, I have damned my family by drunkenness, and here they are starving for bread. I have been looking for labor for days, but can find nothing to do, and here I am starving." I said, "Peter, God's hand is upon you ; you have laid down all you had for drunkenness, and now you will lay down your life for coming ages." Here he sobbed aloud and said, "here I am, my God, all I have I give to Thee and humanity." Then I said, "come with me." Then he stepped forth and said, "God help you my family ; I belong to God and I will follow this man to the cross." I bowed my head and said, "amen." Here I said to Peter's wife, "care for this poor frail body, she is but held by God's breath, but she will soon be borne beyond the reach of man among God's holy children that have been cleansed from the dark stain of heathen idolatrous priests and confessors."

Poor Mary Magdalene raised her head and said, "I shall be beheaded before two days, and you, dear brother, will be hung upon the cross fourteen days hence, but I shall find comfort in feeling I have done all I could to relieve the suffering of my brother." I then said, "God assist her, she is dying even now for bread.' I now went forth, it being dark, and made my way to the little hut, but not knowing who was there I knocked gently and a voice from within answered, "come." One taper was lit and set upon the board, and I saw by its rays a female form kneeling in prayer. I heard her breathe my name and say, "hold him, O my God, until thy kingdom may be established here on earth, then fold him in Thy bosom forever." Then she arose to her feet and stepped forward toward the body that had been straightened for burial. Her head was bowed, but as she caught a glimpse of me she caught hold of the body and said, "Holy Father, God, he too has ceased to be earthy." I answered, "no, I am here, held by Almighty God, in order that this holy man of God could awake and declare God, and here I am, all there is of me." Then I said, "how long has Lazarus been in that trance ?" Martha answered, "he is dead." I then stepped to where he was laying. God breathed upon me and I saw the room was filled with angels. Here my own frail body was filled with life. I took one hand of the sleeping man in mine, while I lay the other hand upon his brow, and said, "arise Lazarus, God is here." His brow contracted beneath my hand, and he made an effort to breathe.

Then I said, "Holy God, give back that breath from Thine own life, that the glory may be given to Thee and Thee alone." Then Lazarus gave a deep groan; then he opened his eyes and looked around like one in astonishment. I said, "behold God's children are here to bear testimony of thy awakening from a death trance." The room was being filled by the poor that had been apprised of the death of him that was sleeping. Here I was controlled and held forth half an hour. Then when I had breathed into my body again, I went to Martha and knelt beside her and said, "where is my mother." Her answer was, "I have not found her. Lazarus has been so sick I could not leave him. Here a man stepped forward and said, "who is it you ask for?" "Mary, Joseph's wife," I answered. "Mary is my mother, I would see her, even now." Then Peter came forward and said, "it must be the one that was carried to Levi's." "Holy God," said Martha, "is that the poor crazy woman I heard about, my own dear Mary, and was it her boy that was thrown into the den of wild beasts." Martha had never heard the sad fate of the family, as she was a stranger among the people of that part of the city. Here the whole truth flashed upon her, and she fell forward upon the floor. I stooped down and laid my hands upon her, and she breathed again. Then I said to the by standers, "care for Martha and Lazarus, I must hasten away to my mother." It being dark, Peter lay his hand in mine and we sought the abode of Levi. He bore me onward up the steep hillside. Ere we reached there, Peter said, "there is the cave where the confessors keep the wild beasts to destroy heretics." My heart beat, but I sped on until we reached the tent of Levi. The cloth was torn from its fastening that served as a door, and we stumbled over something, we knew not what, until we had lit a light from the smouldering embers. The first thing I saw was the bodies of Levi's four children covered with blood, but all were dead. I said, 'Holy God, is my mother among the dead." I heard a feeble moan and I saw there was life still in one human body that was covered with dried grass. I knelt beside that body and I saw it was my own dear mother lying there, scarcely breathing. I laid her hand in mine; then she breathed my name and said, "he is dying in the mountains for bread, who will go and carry him some." I said "mother, dear mother, I am here beside you, and you are ill, very ill." A light was brought and I saw she was pale as death itself. I soothed her as best I could. Then my controller breathed upon me and said, "she will die as she is unless she can have something warm to give her life." I arose to my feet and said, "Holy God, direct me, my mother is dying and I am filled with fever." Then an angel breath filled my body with life from her own life, and said, "this body cannot die until the hour comes that all coming ages shall be blest by that death." Then she added, "Jesus must hasten away to Martha's even now, and bring Mary some warm hyssop tea." I found my

self moving away even while the influence was upon me. Martha had recovered her strength and was even then preparing some hyssop for Lazarus. I said, "give me a cup of hot drink even now, for Mary still breathes and it will help her if I can get back in time." I caught up the cup that had been prepared for Lazarus and sped away, but before I reached the tent I stumbled over a body; who it was I did not know. Mary raised her hand and said, "I knew he would come, and he has brought Joseph and James, Jessie and Simeon. How glad I am you have all come home again. How is it Jesus does not come, I am afraid he will die in the mountains; can't some one go and carry him bread." I said, "dear mother I am here beside you, come take this drink and you will feel better." "I will drink it for you, Joseph, but who will go and carry bread to my dear Jesus, he is dying; who will go to him?" I saw she was indeed crazy, because she could not designate me from the spirits around her. I also saw Joseph and my brothers there. I bathed Mary's head in cold water, then I lay down beside her and folded her in my bosom. Her drink had soothed her and she fell asleep, and a holy sleep it was. I breathed a prayer to Almighty God, then I feel asleep beside my angel mother, even in the midst of death. Peter sat beside us, and he laid one hand on each of our heads, and we slept on until the day dawned upon us. When I awoke I saw John and Bartholomew kneeling beside us, and I heard my dear brother Bartholomew say, "O angel of light, breathe upon my dear brother that he can finish up what has been begun by the death of our brothers that have fallen by the battle axe that man may live holy; that God can be glorified through his children in earth existence." I arose to my feet and answered, "amen." Then I exclaimed, "brothers, God has brought you here to help bury the dead; this family have all been cut off, but Mary was spared as they thought her already dead. The fright of seeing them enter here caused her to faint, and she knew no more until Peter and I entered here, and she is now entirely bereft of reason; now as the day is dawning upon us let the bodies be brought together, and we will see who they are, and there is a body a little way down the hill, let him also be brought in; John and Bartholomew had heard by a beggar that had seen me coming down from the mountain, ere night had closed in, and he was also aware John and Bartholomew were dressed in disguise lurking around the foot of the mountain. As they had given him gold and he had carried them bread, he had also seen me enter Peter's; then he hastened away to tell them. They went to Peter's, thence to Martha's; then she hurried them forward, fearing I should be cut off, as a band of confessors had been seen going that way in the early part of the night." "but you see," I answered, "they had done their work ere I reached here, else I too should have perished." "Holy God," said Bartholomew, "here is my brother Levi," as they brought him to the tent; "here are his four children,

but where is his wife?' I said, "they have dragged her away and destroyed her by their animal desires." Then John said, "how long has God's children to be destroyed by brutes in the form of men." I answered, "until man can comprehend there is a God that creates all things and know himself as a part and portion of the Almighty whole." Now as all of the children had been carried out and laid down side by side, and Levi was laid at their head, Peter begun to look for something to dig the grave ; he found a spade and an axe ; the axe was found beneath the bed of dried grass on which the children had slept ; they took the spade and axe and dug a grave big enough for them all ; then the dried grass was laid at the bottom, then they lay in Levi, then his eldest child, then the next and next even as God had given them to him, so they were lain. When they were all prepared, in that manner, I arose from my knees where I had been bathing my mother's head and went out from the tent. When I looked upon those fair young faces sleeping in death beside the father, I burst into tears and sobbed aloud ; then I knelt upon the fresh dirt and poured out my soul to the living God.

The agony I suffered overpowered me ; I laid down on the cool, fresh dirt and pressed my temples upon it. As my head ceased to beat a holy calm came over me ; then I arose to my feet and exclaimed, "Holy Creator God, hold control until earth will acknowledge Thee as Father and Creator of all things." Here I ceased to breathe and they bore me into the tent and lay me down beside my mother. Here Mary reached out her hand and laid it on my forehead. I saw she was controlled ; that hand cooled my head and gave me back life, such a life I had not known for a long time. There the future passed before me and I saw all ; then I saw that ages and ages must pass away before earth would be prepared for the finishing up of that work which had been begun, and I did see even then the inhabitants of earth would not receive humble truths as they were, but by another human sacrifice. "Who will be that human sacrifice ?" I asked. The answer came, "God will prepare the way, walk ye therein." I lay there for hours hardly knowing if I was in that poor body or out of it. At last I heard a great commotion as if many were gathering together. I said to John, "what is this confusion around us ?" He answered, "the priesthood have decreed that all the Hebrews in the land that will not deny heresy shall be put to death by the battle axe, and all that deny heresy are to be brought before the idols and be taught the initiations of a true worshipper, and then they are to take oath that they will assist in caring for all the priests and confessors in the land. I breathed deep and said, "hell's devices may come to naught in God's own time."

It was now midday. Martha entered there. I said, "Martha, I am dying for food and drink." "Here," she said, "I have brought you some bread and a cup of milk. I brought the milk thinking Mary could drink some of

it and you the rest, and here is some good fresh bread." I took the cup of milk, and as I raised it to my lips my hand was stayed. I handed it back to Martha ; then I took a piece of bread but could not eat but a little ; then I called to John and said, "I must be borne to the spring where I can drink the water fresh from earth ere it loses its life." They raised me to my feet and assisted me out of the tent. I was filled with wonder because the inhabitants of Tyre were bringing their sick from every part of the city. Then I knelt beside the spring and drank freely of that cold electric water, and I became cooled of my fever ; then I arose to my feet and exclaimed, "God is here, bring hither your sick that they may be healed." The first that was brought was a man with a lame hip. Then I called Bartholomew and said, "bare that hip, lay your hand upon it, and command the disease to depart in the name of the living God." He had no sooner laid his hands upon him than he lept with joy and said, "God has healed me and I will praise him forever." Then the multitude shouted, "the Holy God is here." Peter, John and Bartholomew continued the work of healing by laying on of hands and in the name of God. Bartholomew exclaimed as one lept on his feet that had been stricken down by palsy, "here God is the physician, come and be healed and give him the glory ; He is the light, He is the strength, He is the life, come ye and bathe in his holy electric breath." I was controlled at least four hours. While my faithful followers were healing the sick one poor man was healed that had been afflicted for a long time by the tightening of the cords. His knees were twisted and his feet turned backward. After he was healed he came near to where I was standing and shouted, "tell, oh tell who is the father of such a holy thing as I see before me." I answered, "who is my father, my mother, my brother and my sister—they that seek to glorify God and bless humanity." I then said, "God's children are a glory to their Father, God, in every clime and in every kingdom, because they declare his ever presence, and seek to do his will, and they are all my fathers, my brothers, my mothers and my sisters." Then he shouted, "Glory to God, I am thy brother and thou art my beloved son." "Amen" they all shouted, "he is our brother and we will follow him to the end."

Now as the day was nearly ended, Leiah bore me into the tent, and as he knelt there beside my mother, and lay my hands upon Mary's head, she exclaimed, "father I knew you would come." It was Leiah's daughter. She had controlled Mary all that day. Here Leiah breathed out of me even while I was kneeling there, and I fell down like a blasted thing beside my mother. Leiah's daughter reached out her hand and said, "come, brother, lay down beside thy mother and God will assist me in giving you strength ; even a part of my own life I will give to thee and thine." Then I breathed a fervent prayer as I lay there stricken down, and the tent was

filled with angels bright, and there I fell asleep in the holy calm of angel's love.

That night we all lay down and slept until the day dawned. My followers were all exhausted by their healing, and the home which had been so lately occupied by Levi's family was filled with poor human beings that were doomed by the priesthood to die by the battle axe. Here we will leave the reader and begin a chapter filled with anguish and despair. None of the present age can understand what we all suffered during the next thirteen days.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECOND DAY AFTER JESUS CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

As the day dawned upon us we all knelt and prayed, then made conditions to procure bread. As John and Bartholomew had gold the beggars would go into the city, buy and bring away in small parcels; in that way we were fed for two days, and then the confessors began to find out how we were existing, and they stationed themselves wherever they had been seen to go, and as fast as the poor famished creatures came for bread they were sure to fall by the battle axe, their gold would be held. We remained upon the hillside and hundreds came to us bearing along with them their sick and maimed, but they all forgot their barley bread. I had become stronger by breathing magnetism from the masses around me until I felt God's electric life could be imparted through me, and the brethren that had been scattered at Jerusalem were gathering around me. Thomas came near and knelt at my feet, and burst into tears, and said, "holy, holy brother, lead and guide me, I am at thy command." I said, "bow to none but the living God. He is beside thee; ask Him to direct you." He then arose to his feet and I saw light from eternal distance fall all around him as he shouted. "Holy Father, God, do with me as Thou wilt, I am Thine and I would do Thy will." Then he darted away among the poor, feeble creatures, declaring God's presence, and laying hands upon them, and commanding their diseases to depart, and through the faithful brothers that day forty-one were healed. Here was Stephen's first-born, his name was Simon; he was fair and beautiful, but the power that fell upon him was mighty. All that day his face was like chiseled marble, his hair was light and flowing, his garments nicely fitted his delicate form, and I could but exclaim, "an angel of

light has come in our midst." By his side was a fair-haired sister, frail as she was beautiful. Her face bespoke her preparing for a holier condition. She would draw near him from time to time, and say, "dear brother, had we not better go home?" His answer was, "dear sister, thy home is not here, but in a holier, happier sphere." Then she would go away alone, and call on God to keep her dear brother and bear him back to her father, to soothe that good father in his declining days. I drew near her and said, "daughter, would you rob God of his glory in order to comfort even thy father?" Her answer was, "I am feeble, and I have followed this brother in order to comfort him all I can, and bear him back again to our home." Here her eyes closed, and I saw big tears roll down her cheeks. Then she answered, "he is all the son my father has, and he looks upon Simon as his stay in his old age; but if that dear brother belongs to God, he will surely claim that which is his own." Then I said, "Amen, the hand of God is held over that family, and ere long he will surely claim his own." She bowed her head and said, "I shall stay beside my brother until God divides us." I then hastened away to my mother. She was still laying in the tent. Here was Martha, bathing her temples, and Lazarus was laying beside her. Here Martha had borne that poor, frail body, as she had seen the confessors gathering in bands all about the city. As I entered that tent of sorrow, my heart declared against so much suffering, and as I knelt beside my mother and Lazarus, a gentle hand was lain upon my own, and an angel bright breathed a prayer for her brother. Her holy inspiration filled us all with confidence in God and love to humanity. I then went out among the poor inhabitants of Tyre, and shouted, "God's holy angels are in our midst, let us hold them by our good works." Here Martha called me and said, "I fear Mary is dying, she hardly breathes, and her flesh is so cold." I then called Bartholomew, and said, "go, lay down by my mother, fold your arms about her to keep her from death." I knew his warm life-strength would hold that life that was going out, and my frail body had naught to give. Many a time I would call my brothers around me and say, "form a circle around me, that I may draw life from you, in order that I may be borne along until the hour may come for God to be glorified, and humanity be blest by the death of this body; that they may behold our father, God, as he is, and be willing to give him all the glory."

Even then, while my dear mother lay in Bartholomew's arms, she fell asleep, and drew warmth from that bosom that blest her. When she awoke she looked around and said, "where is Joseph and the children?" I answered, "they are all here, and I am still living in the body to bless you, dear mother." Then she said, "come here, dear Jesus, I have not seen you for a long time, but Joseph told me you would come back and die upon the cross. I then went to sleep, but I have had a fearful dream. I dreamed

Joseph and James had both been killed, but what I dreamed about Simeon I can never forget, it seemed so real. But about Jessie, I can't tell how it is, but it seems to frighten me most to death, yet I know it is but a dream, as they are all here. But you, my darling boy, I did see them drive the nails in your hands and feet." As my hand was clasped in hers, she raised it before her, to see if the marks were still upon the hand. I was so affected I could hardly breathe. John came in and said, "dear brother, you will die here, let us go out among the many, and you will get strength, and then you can come back and care for Mary." I answered, "I am stronger now, God's child has breathed upon me." Then I knelt down and prayed to my creator God, because in that hour I had nowhere else to flee, and I prayed that God would give back my mother's reason, and, even while I was praying, Mary answered, "Amen, give God the glory, my children are all here, and God's children are here to bless them." Here I asked Bartholomew to lay one hand upon her head and another on her feet, and call on the living God to restore her reason, and in a short time she breathed deep, and asked for a drink. This was the first time she seemed to realize anything around. I saw she could not comprehend why we were in that strange place. Martha came forward and said, "dear Mary, we are all around you, be comforted, as you have been very ill." She answered, "I know they are all here, as I can see every one. Joseph did not come home when I expected him, but no matter, as he is here now." Then she fell into a deep sleep, and slept until morning dawned. During the day all of the Hebrews were filled with fear, expecting to be cut off, and they were gathering together in families and in bands. There was one aged centurian in their midst, his name was Cornelius, he was a prophet and a seer. He commanded them to go back to their homes by night, and bring away all the bread, all the meal, and all the barley they had; he also said, "prepare for a long journey, as you are going a journey never to return again." Some felt it could not be so, while some felt the truth of his saying. They were all held from death until night closed in upon them, then they sought their homes, in order to bear away food and clothing, preparatory to a long journey, but nearly one-half that sought their homes were cut off by the confessors; but they that did return brought back food and clothing. After they came back they made themselves as comfortable as they could, and rested until morning. As there was but one heap of dried grass in the tent, as it had been used about Levi and his children at burial, I crept in beside Lazarus. He laid his hand upon my head and blest me, and we fell asleep together. Thus ended the second day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THIRD DAY AFTER JESUS CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

My mother awoke at early dawn and said, "arise, O ye children of God, and prepare to defend yourselves; there is a band of priests coming back of yonder hill, and they are all armed with battle axes." "How do you know, my dear mother," I said, "has God revealed to you their coming?" She answered, "God's child told me when I awoke, and she is here now. Ask her, and she will tell all I said. Holy creator, reveal through Thy child what is to be done for these poor created children of Thine." I saw her draw near, and she laid her hand in mine, and said, "brother, God's children are filled with fear, because even now a band of priests are coming in sight. They are on their way to Jerusalem, and if the people keep themselves quiet, they may pass by and not observe them, as they are bearing a little southward." I said, "I will creep out of the tent and bid them be silent." I then said, "Holy God, assist us in our hour of need." I bide the poor creatures remain as they were, until I should bid them arise. An half hour passed away, and Peter said, "Holy God be praised, they have passed us by, and we are safe for the present."

Then they all arose and prepared their breakfast. After they had all ate, I looked around and saw my brothers all fasting, as they had nothing. I stepped forward and said, "feed, O feed all that have nothing to eat, and God will feed you with the bread that perisheth not." Here I was filled with despair, as they did not bring forward their bread, knowing they had a plenty. I then said, "bring your bread to God's faithful children, or I will flee you." Then they brought their bread, and we all ate, and gave thanks to the giver of the gifts that blest his children. Mary arose that day, and ate a small piece of barley bread. All of that day the poor, humble Lazarus held himself in prayer. As the sun arose higher and still higher, we began to feel that something must be done. I called to the holy man of God, and said, "brother, ask God to direct us, and we will follow out what you get for answer." I said, "it is not possible to remain here, because we shall surely be cut to pieces. If we flee to the mountains, we shall all starve to death, and let God decide our destiny, let it be life or death." Here my aged brother knelt down and prayed earnestly, fervently, then he bowed his head as if to get answer. He then arose to his feet, and said, "God's hand is upon us; there is nothing but death, let us go which way we will." I then said, "let us go to Jerusalem, the king was once my friend, he may save us still." Cornelius bowed his head and said, "brother, it is thy destiny, we will hasten there." I said, "perhaps it will be as well to reach the

hills beyond ere night closes in." Four faithful followers came to us that day, Judas, Seth, Mark, and Stephen, the father of Simon. He sought for his children, and he heard they had gone toward Tyre, with many more that had gone there for protection, and he hastened forward, lest harm should befall them. As he drew near, his daughter flew to meet him. She folded her arms around him, and said, "how are my friends at home?" His only answer was a deep groan. "Tell me, dear father, what is the matter. Has anything happened my family?" He then raised his head and said, "daughter, God has saved you from death by bearing you away with my boy." He continued, "the day had hardly passed away that you started at early dawn, when a band of confessors entered that home and damned my daughters, and left them dead, and your poor, frail mother died even there, ere they lay hands upon her. I had been away, and as I entered my home, my heart broke. Then I said, God will lead me to my dear boy, and to you, my dear daughter, and now I have looked upon you, I have nothing to do but give myself to God and humanity." Here Simon came forward, and he folded his father to his bosom, and wept bitter tears for his holy mother and his beautiful sisters. Here we all knelt in prayer. God's child breathed upon Stephen, and this was the prayer that went welling up, and found an answer among the angels that had been destroyed by these fiends in human garb: "Hell's devices are holding control, and they are filling earth with mourning. Holy creator, wipe the mourners' tears away, by holding control through Thy angel children. Bind up their broken hearts with Thy holy love, kindled in the bosom of Thine own, from Thy own inner life, then they will learn that Thou hast seen fit to lay down Thy holiest gifts on the altar of humanity, that coming ages shall be held from the unholy influence of anointed priests, and their accomplices, confessors." Here a poor woman came, bowed with grief, and said, "my boy went for bread, and they have destroyed him. I saw the axe, when it fell upon him, and he is all I had. But God will give him back to me in His own time." I answered, "go and lie down beside my poor, dying mother. Her holy breath will fill you with resignation, as her cup of sorrow is flowing over, and you will see that others' sorrow is greater than your own." The people began to be uneasy, feeling something had ought to be done, as the confessors had already begun to throw missiles in their midst, and one poor female had been hit with a stone, and fell dead from the blow. I said, "we will bear along the tent for to-night, but on the morrow we will leave it. Bear it down in the large pasture, then we can see if any one is approaching, that we may defend ourselves as much as possible." Here Bartholomew and Judas began to prepare the tent for moving. Mary was left in the open air. I took my cloak and wrapped it about her, and said, "God's ether will be our covering every night, after this night, until we reach Jerusalem, and God alone can tell what will cover us then." Here my mother was controlled,

and said, "God alone can hold his children from death, until they reach Jerusalem, and there they will all find rest in a home beyond. Hold, O hold Jesus, holy child of holy affection, and there, holy God, receive him into Thy holy bosom." I answered, "Amen. If it be God's will for me to die, I will yield up my spirit on the altar of humanity, that they may know He has created one that is willing to die, if need be, that He may be glorified through his own created." Then the spirit answered, "I will control you on the cross, and die for you if it be God's will." I answered, "holy angel. I must die. Lift fear from me, and then I can bow in humble submission to my father's will." Even then I saw another angel drawing near, and she was covered all over with light. I called her, and she answered, "I have come to lay down my whole life for you, dear brother, and for Mary. Her poor body is feeble, but she cannot die until you, dear brother, have ceased to be earthy. I have brought with me a band of holy influences, that will not leave you until you become one of us." I bowed my head and said, "holy child of God, do not leave me again." Her answer was, "God commands, I must obey." Then the beautiful sister of Hiram breathed out of my poor mother's frail body, and there she lay entirely helpless. I stooped down. I held my face beside her own, and she laid her hand upon my forehead, and if it she knew me, for that moment. Here I called Bartholomew, and said, "raise my mother in your arms, and bear her down into the pasture, as the tent is nearly ready, and you, Judas, assist me. I cannot go alone." He put his arm around me, and bore me along. Bartholomew reached there before me, as he was strong, and his burden was light. Here came one that had been healed at Antioch, bearing along with him a camel's hide, and said, "give this to that poor dying woman." There I said, "God bless you, dear brother, that is my dear mother, and she is deranged." Then they laid Mary upon it, and covered her over. Poor Lazarus was also cared for, as I could cover him over with my cloak.

The multitude increased hourly. The first day after I came down from the mountain, there were nearly two hundred that did not leave us until we reached Jerusalem. The second day there were three hundred and forty, and on the third, even before we started for the pasture, there were five hundred and eighteen. Here we were gathered together, a mass of human beings, with nothing to defend themselves. I called Cornelius to me, and said, "if the confessors should fall upon us, they could cut us off without our making an attempt even to hold them from destroying the women and children." I said to Bartholomew and the rest of the brothers, "there is a place on the north side of the city, directly against the wall, where the confessors keep their battle axes, and if you could get at them, when they were asleep, you could arm yourselves for defence." They all answered, "we will make the attempt." Then they choose from among them forty of their strongest men, and the rest were left to guard the feeble things that had gathered

together. They knelt in prayer before they started. Here John made an expression like this: "Holy God, assist us ever in preparing the way to destroy fiends in human shape, lead and hold us that we may not be cut off, but assist us that we may return and defend the poor humble children of Thine, and bear them along until their death shall be a glory to Thee, in destroying the conditions in which they are held, chained in darkness, all covered o'er with fear." Judas answered, "Amen. God will assist us, I feel his power upon me." They started forth, and ere they could reach the city, they were accosted by a heathen. He said, "you cannot go in the gate, as the priests and confessors are holding a council." Bartholomew answered, "there is where I am going" Then he answered, "go in." They were filled with fear, as they saw preparations were making everywhere for destruction of the defenceless Hebrews. Yet they pressed forward, and when they reached the house where the battle axes were kept, the door was open. Bartholomew said, "we have come to arm ourselves with battle axes, in order to hold the country from confusion. Here there are plenty and to spare, and I keep them bright and sharp." They all took two each, and hastened away through a side gate, that had been left open by accident. When they returned all safe, I could but exclaim, "Holy God, Thou art mighty even in battle." It being now late, they all gathered around the fire that had been kindled beside a shelving rock, seeking to make the poor sick and dying comfortable as they could. The aged and children suffered the most. All of that day it had been cold and damp. The children began to be filled with fever, and the aged with despair. In the midst of night, while they were sitting around the fire, a battle axe was thrown in their midst, and then another, and another. The first struck into the bosom of a mother that was nursing her babe. She fell back with one deep groan, and was dead. Her babe fell to the ground, its head was cleft, but it still breathed until day dawned. Then it was given to the mother's bosom again, in a condition that battle axes could destroy never again. The second fell upon an aged man, and disjointed his hip. He lived and we had to bear him along in a hide. The third was hurled at Bartholomew. It grazed his cap, and then struck deep into the earth. Great fear filled every heart, and there we sat until morning filled us with hope.

CHAPTER XX.

As no one was to be seen astir, I went to Mary and said, "dear mother, the day is clear, we must begin our journey early, that we may reach Galilee's borders ere night closes in." Her eyes were full of tears as she reached out her hand to me, and said, "come, kneel beside me, my dear boy, you are all I have left on earth of my own dear children. Let us call them all around in here in this tent, as we cannot meet them again alone on earth." I said, "Joseph, bring the children all here to my dear mother, that she may look upon them, as her reason is clear." They all came forward and knelt around her, even as they did in our mountain home. Then I poured forth my whole soul in prayer, until my breath went out, and I fell back, entirely helpless. Then Martha came forward and knelt beside me, and said, "come, dear Jesus, you have a duty to perform for these poor creatures that are dying, felled with fever. Four breathed out during the night, and there are many falling sick from exposure." I then said, "may God assist me, that I may care for his children." I then knelt down and imprinted a kiss on my mother's cheek. She laid her arm about my neck, and drew me close to her, and said, "have courage, God's child is beside you, and God is where his children are. Hold my boy, angel of light, until he can finish up all that can be done in this age, then we will leave the result in God's hands, let it be what it may." Then we all began to prepare for a journey, but first we buried the dead, and all that were so sick they could not stand upon their feet, they were borne along by the stronger, wrapt in hides, and the feeble were led. Bartholomew wrapt my cloak around Mary, and took her in his arms, as he would an infant. John came and held me to his bosom for a long time. After they had all started, we knelt there in the presence of angels. There we held each other in that holy embrace, and John exclaimed, "holy child of God, breathe upon my brother, that I may fold you in my bosom with my brother." I felt a holy calm come over me, and I fell asleep in the holy embrace of an angel, with my brother's arms around us both.

How long I slept, I know not, but when I awoke the whole band had gone nearly out of sight. "How is this," I said, "we are left behind." John answered, "I have held God's child in my bosom, and the sooner I can die, the better. I long to meet her in spirit, and I would gladly cease to be even now, dear brother, but the holy angel said, do care for my brother, and bear him along until his earth mission is ended for the present age." Now I said, "let us hasten after them, as best we may." He put his arm around my waist, while I lay my arm over his shoulder, and he bore me along as best he could. It was nearly noon ere we overtook them. They had

stopped by a brook, and were preparing to eat, when I reached them. Exhausted, I sat down beside my mother. She looked better than I had seen her before, and she was calm. I knew she had drawn life from my dear brother, Bartholomew. He sat beside the brook, bathing his face and hands, but fearfully exhausted. Mary said, "my dear boy, you were so far behind, I feared something had happened, but, bless God, you are safe, and I am feeling much better." Here they divided off in families, and were eating. Then I espied a band of beggars away by themselves, kneeling in prayer, but they had nothing to eat. After they had partaken of the bread of life, I called them to me, and said, "God has fed you with bread that perisheth not, but these people must give you of the fragments that are left." Martha had a piece of bread she had brought with her for Lazarus, but his appetite had entirely failed him. She said "here, dear Mary, and the rest of you that have nothing to eat, take what I have, and if we are to starve, we will die together" Simon's sister drew near us. I looked upon her, so frail, so exhausted, and I did know the hand of death was upon her. I said, "sister, God's angel children are hovering around you." Her answer was, "I long to be with them." After they had rested, again gathered up all they had, and began their journey again. Judas came and assisted me, while John bore along the camel's hide for Mary and Lazarus to lie down upon, when they stopped to rest. Peter took Mary in his arms, and Stephen and Seth took Lazarus on a hide, and the rest of the sick people were borne along by their friends, as best they could. The country through which we passed along, was barren and desolate; here and there a herdsman's hut, and nothing more. "Holy creator, God, the waste places shall yet blossom like the rose, and all earth shall acknowledge Thee as Thy begetter in Thine own elements, and the fullness of Thy glory shall be acknowledged through Thy wondrous formations." "Amen," answered Judas, "let God control, then there will be no more a demand for human sacrifices to appease humanity's demand, because then they will all be willing to have God acknowledged all in all."

Ere the sun went down, we all became exhausted, and we were compelled to stop for the night. Here the children were crying with hunger and cold, and among the rest of our sufferings, poor Lazarus could hardly breathe. As the weather was cold and damp, they all prepared themselves as best they could, with nothing but the earth for a bed, except here and there a hide to spread beneath them, and God's eternal distance to cover them. Over twenty died that night from exposure. The night passed away sad and gloomy to us all, and morning did dawn, but to bring us new hardships and new despair.

Here we will leave the fourth day, but I will add, it is but my immediate surroundings that I have attempted to sketch. Yet I would give them all credit for their faithfulness to God in not denouncing their faith in Him.

Here I will make one statement. Judas Iscariot was a faithful friend to me, from the time he came to me, until I was nailed to the cross. Even then he was faithful to me because he was attempting to reach me with a cup of water I had called for, and as he reached it toward me, I saw an anointed priest strike off his head. And O, humanity, your records are filled with deceit, and God will surely bring them to naught. Priestcraft and deception have brought me back to earth, in order that justice should be done my followers; also to establish facts even as they were.

CHAPTER XXI.

I will now detail concerning the fifth day. Mary awoke as day was dawning upon us. I heard her chanting a little hymn like this, one she used to sing in our mountain home:

Holy God, Thou hast led me here unto this mountain,
I would ever feel that Thou art near me in my humble home.
Holy God, but cleanse my dear children in Thy fountain,
And may my father ever lead and guide them on.

Here her voice ceased, but in a soft whisper, and there she conversed with her family at least half an hour. Then her breath came deep, and I saw James was controlling her. Then he called me to him and said, "Jesus, my mother may live until we all gather around her in spirit, and then we will ask God to breathe her out of that poor body into our bosoms. And you, dear brother, will close the eyes of poor Lazarus, ere the eleventh day after your coming down from the mountain. But do not fear to meet us; it will be a holy hour to us all." Here he withdrew his influence, and my mother awoke. She said, "they are all here, dear Jesus, how glad I am we are not to be divided in the brighter world beyond" Then we all arose.

After they had partaken of their scanty fare, we began to look around and we found eight had ceased to be earthly. They were all brought together and lain in a row, and all the friends of the deceased knelt around, while I breathed a prayer to Almighty God for the friends still living in their bodies. Then they were all lain in one broad grave. Then they were covered o'er with dried grass and leaves, and then the dirt was heaped upon them. Then we began our journey, and the sun was shining on the earth, and we made at least three leagues that day. We reached Cana ere the sun went down, but did not dare enter the city. Seth's father lived there. After night closed in, Peter and Seth went to the good Hebrew, and

ere morning dawned, they returned with two baskets full of bread. But during the day following this night, there were many that were too sick to be carried. They were left in herdsmens' huts, as we came along, but all that lived until the crucifixion, were beheaded soon after. Martha had become exhausted by leading Lazarus, as he was compelled to lean so much of his weight upon her, as her feet became sore by the cold, rough earth, she was compelled to walk upon. She had not been able to make her any shoes, moving about, and her brother had been so feeble, she forgot her own necessities in caring for others.

During that night, many were chilled by the cold winds, and, as the chills wore away, fever set in; and as the sun arose, we found many entirely unable to continue their journey. Here again we were compelled to leave seven that were stricken down, and still breathed. Four had ceased to breathe during the night. We laid them in mother earth's bosom, all that belonged to earth, while the weary souls found rest in the bosom of their God. I breathed a prayer over those sleepers, and left them, carefully covered over, and a mark set at the head of each, so that, if any of the friends should seek the earthly bed of those they had loved, they could be gratified. But I do know, none of that multitude ever retraced their steps through that desolate country, but they were all destroyed by the order of the priesthood. Ere I had come down from the mountains, the Hebrew families had been driven about from place to place, until they had become entirely disheartened. Therefore, when they heard I had come down from the mountains, they gathered around me, hoping I could direct them. As many a family had been entirely destroyed, they were so filled with fear, they caught at a feeble hope, feeling that through me they could get directions as for their future, and be led to a land where they were not constantly filled with the fear of the battle axe. But now they had followed me to the seventh day, and they began to feel I was not strong enough to hold myself, as I was compelled to be held whenever I arose to my feet, and ere we started, eight Hebrews came forward and said, 'our families are perishing with cold and hunger, and we shall all perish if we continue as we are. If we go back, we shall surely be cut off, and what can be done, we know not. Let us call the holy revelator, and we will be directed by God through him.'

Then Cornelius was brought in their midst, and there he knelt in humble prayer and asked God to direct his children even to the end. Then he bowed his head to catch an answer from eternal distance for the poor heart broken Hebrew. He knew I must die, else the heathen idolators would destroy every Jew as well as the Hebrew. He did know that if I could breathe until we could reach Jerusalem that there would be a great slaughter, but then there would be a handful of God's children left, both among the Jews and the Gentiles that would scatter light in their own blood until

earth could change; until God could breathe upon his children holy inspiration fresh from his own inner life, then he would be acknowledged Father and Creator of all. Here sat the aged man for a time breathless; we all waited his answer; at last he raised his head and a holy calm rested upon every feature. He breathed one word—that was "go." I then sought to get an answer. I earnestly asked God to reveal to me what was best to do. Here I felt myself folded in the bosom of my controller, and an answer came, "hasten onward toward Jerusalem; you must reach there the fourteenth day, else it will be too late and your works will not be held for coming ages, else the spirit will free itself from this frail body and God will be robbed of His Glory, and the earth will roll on in darkness and heathen bigots will damn humanity until another human sacrifice is brought forward and laid upon the altar, declaring one God and one God only." Here Cornelius answered, "let us go." Then my controller answered, "hasten, O hasten ere it is too late; many will die ere you reach there, but let the dead bury the dead; let us work for the living that all coming ages may know who was their Creator and their God." "Amen, amen," they all answered, "let us hasten forward." Now the sun rose filling us with warmth; we all sat down and até a piece of bread, and it was all we had, but ere we started, band after band came to us from Cana and the country roundabout.

That day Mary was strong enough to walk some with the help of Thomas and Peter. Seth and Mark assisted Lazarus, while Bartholomew folded me to his bosom and bore me along until he would get weary, then he would set me down and I would walk between him and John leaning upon both. In that way we reached Nazareth ere the sun went down, but we did not enter the village lest harm should befall the people, but I sent to them for barley, for meal, and for bread. Here the inhabitants of Nazareth came out to meet us, and many followed us even to Jerusalem. I began to feel Jerusalem would close her gates upon me, but I heard a gentle voice say, "no brother, no, but you will enter there, but Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem, thou wilt fall to rise no more." Here we were all weary and the chills of night swept o'er us. Thinly clad as I was, I felt Lazarus's necessity was greater than my own, and my cloak I bade them to wrap about the frail but humble servant of God. I said to Bartholomew, "cannot we have a fire kindled against that shelving rock?" He answered, "I will see what can be done." Soon a bright fire was blazing and we gathered around and gathered warmth and strength. Here Mary and Martha lay down together and they both fell asleep, and Bartholomew covered them over with the camels hide. I lay down beside Lazarus, his hands were clasped in prayer, and I heard him say, "Holy eternal light will cover him o'er with its rays even while he is lying upon the cross, but I must go out in confusion, and may God's holy angels assist me and bear me onward, away from the fearful destiny of

my beloved friends." Here he ceased to breathe. I arose and knelt beside him, and I saw he was entranced; here he reached out his hand and said, "dear brother, I am beside you; I know you are filled with fear, and I have come to give you courage; the death agony cannot endure forever, but God changes not." Here she clasped my hand in that of the feeble man and said, "I know dear brother you will suffer, and Mary will die; Martha too will die a fearful death by the abuse of the confessors, and this body I am breathing through will find rest on the eleventh day from the time you began your last work. I shall assist them all I can, but I shall give all the influence I can command to you, that I may bear a part of that death which has been brought about by my father's controlling and declaring the ever presence of a living God. Holy, eternal distance is your home; there your family will all be brought to you. I shall be there, and if it please God we will come back for Mary and Martha when their spirits are freed from their earthy forms; then your home will be blest by hearts that beat one for the other." Then I said, "I long to go even now." "No, no, dear brother, you will abide God's time; then all is well. I shall not leave you again until we meet in the life beyond, and then something says to me you will come back and labor still for the human family when they are prepared for you to come back, and finish up what has been begun by your life and your death." Here I asked, "have I to dwell in brighter worlds beyond, alone?" Her answer was, "brother, God is there and his children are there; my father will be there, and I shall be there when earth is ready to say, 'God is Father of all.' Then the holy angels will blend their lives with humanity, and God's acknowledged presence will fill all earth with eternal light, lit from the inner life of all things, and that is the infinite spark that is eternal and forever; then we will give it a name that shall be the fullness thereof, eternal and forever." There I fell asleep and a holy vision passed over me. I beheld a little home; as I entered there, everything bespoke happiness; the inmates were all covered with light, and I heard the voices of children singing a little song dedicated to the dew drop. I said, "how is it they are chanting to the dew drop?" An angel answered, "dew drops from the fountain and that fountain is eternal love." I then went a little way from that home; there I saw a beautiful stream, it went dashing down the hill side and every pebble seemed to give back the reflection of a diamond. Here I stooped down and dipped my hand in the water of life; here I called for the angel and he stood before me. I said, "is this beautiful stream formed of dewdrops?" Then he answered. "child of earth, go back, gather your dewdrops earthy, bring them here, then your fountain will never run dry." I then stooped down again, and as I dipped my hand into the pure stream I said, "O that I could bathe in this stream forever." "Holy child of God," he said, "you know not what you ask, you would become weary, weary of that beautiful stream, and you would ask for other

streams beyond." I said in reply, "I am weary, so weary, cannot I lie down and rest me even now?" He answered, "I will fold you in my bosom until you feel there are holier conditions and you ask for their sphere, but, dear brother, you must go back; even now your mother is asking for you; her head is aching and she is calling for her boy to soothe her." I answered, "I will go to my mother; farewell," I said, "can't you go with me?" "No," he answered, "I will await your coming." In a moment, I was trying to breathe into my own body, but it had become so cold and numb that I could not give life to the vitals." Here John was aroused from his slumbers; then he hastened to where I was laying; he raised me in his arms and bore me nearer the fire, then he rubbed my limbs and held my feet to the warm fire. After a time I breathed again into that chilled body, and my suffering was fearful; my back was filled with agony, and as my blood began to circulate, my body was filled with pains, from my head to my feet. I called for Bartholomew, and John answered, "he is bathing your mother's head." I answered, "God bless him that cares for my mother." Here Mary and Martha were brought near me. I was lying on the ground; Bartholomew spread down the camel's hide and said, "here is room enough for Mary and Jesus; bring them here and they may get a little rest before morning dawns." They lay us both down and covered us over. I had no sooner become quiet than I felt a soothing calm come over me, when I heard a sweet, gentle voice breathing a prayer for Mary and her crushed flower that lay beside her. I then fell asleep and slept on until day dawned. Then a breath was upon my brow and the voice said, "brother, your vision was real life." "Amen," I answered.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EIGHTH DAY AFTER JESUS CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

As we had many leagues to go, we felt to hasten forward as fast as possible, but the poor females were drooping, as they could not endure the hardships and exposures that were heaped upon them. Many had been reared in luxury; they were the first to drop beneath their burden, and the children were dying everywhere. Simon came to me and said, "holy brother, come with me, my angel sister is dying." I said, "assist me to her." Mark assisted me, and they bore me to where she was lying on the green sod, and I knelt beside her, a poor, crushed thing, seeking to draw light from eternal light, to light her through the dark passage. I raised my hand, and said,

"Holy creator, God, she is Thine, all Thine own, receive her into Thy bosom, even now." Here she opened her eyes and looked around; there she saw Simon. She reached out her hand toward him, and with an angel's voice she said, "dear brother." She then closed her eyes and ceased to breathe forever. Then the father came forward and said, "welcome, O welcome, angels God gave me earthy, but I give them back to their mother and their God." "Amen," I said, "now bear me back to my mother." Her feet were swollen so full that she could hardly bear her weight upon them, Martha was soothing Lazarus, as he had thought me dead when John raised me from his arms.

Our number had increased to twelve hundred and eight altho' many died daily, yet through all the country they had heard the decree of the Priests that all heretics shall die, and in this manner they were all asking where shall we go, and when they heard I had come from the mountain they flocked toward Tyre, and we met them all the way on our journey. Even before we could get started a fresh band came in; they brought intelligence concerning a band of anointed Priests that were coming in the direction toward where the Hebrews were, but in a short time they came in sight, but we saw they were not armed with battle axes. When they had made careful observations of the miserable condition we were in, they went away, but before noon that day, they came down upon us with four hundred, as near as we could judge. Bartholomew took the command of the men, while the poor helpless creatures huddled around me. The fight commenced near the brook called Shileak, south of Nazareth. The heathen band came upon us with their battle axes raised above their heads. They being all in front, it gave us a better chance for defence. As they were coming down the hill, Bartholomew shouted to them, and said, "come on ye hell's damned, and God will damn you also. Hell cannot hold you, but God's children will behead you." Then the battle commenced on the line where the Hebrews had stationed themselves. It must have lasted at least half an hour. I was crouched down beside Lazarus and Mary, when I heard a shout go up that echoed from hill to hill. Then I knew the Hebrews had driven the heathen. I was borne forward; there the ground was covered with their dead, and the remainder fled across the country. John, Bartholomew and eight more were nearly out of sight following, and when one fell that was maimed they would finish him. When Bartholomew found that he could not overtake them, he hurled his battle axe in their midst, severing the head of one and falling another to the earth. He then picked up a battle axe and severed the head from the body of him that had fallen. I fell down, being faint for food, and the sight of so much blood caused me to fall back entirely helpless. All the remainder of that day was passed in burying the dead and moving to a clean spot of earth for the night. I said to Stephen, "how many of our people are slain?" "Eight in all, but two are still breathing." "How many of the

children of darkness?" I said. He answered, "two hundred and eight fell, then they fled, but Bartholomew killed a number who have not been brought in. Had you have seen the Hebrews in the fight you would have said the power of God rested upon them." I answered, "Bartholomew was controled by Leiah, and John was controled by his daughter. I saw them although I had crouched down by Mary." Stephen continued, "Seth is one of the fallen and Silas, the brother of Barnabas, two from the border country, and two from Herod's Court. The two that are breathing, they must die before night closes in. One has his skull cleft and the other has a thrust of a javelin through his back." "Will you bear me to them that I may ask God to soothe them as they are taking their homeward flight?" As they had been lain upon the green sod I approached them. There I saw Silas's mother and Seth's brother Simon, and Peter's brother kneeling beside them. I said to the spirits, "hold them gently; they are martyr's to the living God." Then I prayed that God soften their pangs by his holy electric life. Him that had been cleft breathed out even while I was praying, the other breathed until the sun was setting. The Hebrews were lain in one grave side by side, then they were covered o'er with dry grass ere the dirt was filled in upon them. Then I was controled at least half an hour, and when the influence left me I was stronger than I had been for a long time. Then I said, "dig a ditch, heap in those filthy bodies, give them back to God in their earthy element. The bodies were all buried, then we moved a little way off where we built a fire. There we gathered around to catch its warmth. With thankful hearts we knelt in prayer for the comfort of a fire. Hunger was fearful upon us, yet we found some relief in sleep. Thus ended the ninth day of our suffering together.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TENTH DAY.

We all arose in the morning and ere we begun our journey we were made to feel that utter starvation would surely come upon us, unless we could reach some settlement where they would befriend us. I said to Cornelius, "how would it be for us to bear a little south in order than we can reach Jauriz, it being a small town and its inhabitants are Hebrews?" Cornelius bowed his head and said, "I will ask God's child." Then he answered, "Jauriz is lain in ashes and her children have been damned by the confessors." Here John brought an infant, and said, "I took it from the breast of a

dead mother." "Give it me," said Mary; "I will warm it in my bosom; but who takes care of my dear babe that was born in Tyre?" "God cares for that child," I said, "but this is in the hands of humanity." I said, "hold it, dear mother, its breath will bless you, but it will soon die." I saw Mary's eyes fill with tears as she said, "may God give you to your mother, little bud; thou wilt bloom in a brighter world than this." As I looked upon the child I saw it was dying. Mary held it until it breathed out its little life, then she handed it to Stephen and said, "lay it away beside the mother and God will care for them both together." The day was cloudy and the chilly winds filled us with horror, knowing we had no home awaiting our coming, no warm fire to bless us, no barley bread to comfort us. Our garments ill fitted our condition, but if I should attempt to describe that day's suffering none could give me credit, in this age, for inscribing truth as it was here. Lazarus' breath came thick and a cold moisture settled upon his brow, but he complained not, as they bore him along on a hide, but as the cold, damp night settled around him he exclaimed, "I am a burden to them all. Take, O take me to thyself, O my God." Then he asked for Martha and said, "stay beside me, I cannot breathe much longer. Stay beside me, because you give me comfort." Martha saw he was finishing up his earth labor; even then he said, "hold God before you in all you do; deny not your Creator; honor Him that has held you from death, that humanity may behold Him through His wondrous formation." Then he lay back with one hand clasped in Martha's and the other in mine. He said, "farewell, dear friends, I shall love you in a brighter world beyond. I shall surely meet you there ere many days shall have passed away. Say to dear Mary, her friends await her coming where fiends cannot destroy her family by their wicked devices; where holy light will fill each heart." He then closed his own eyes and breathed out his spirit into the broad expanse of ideality. Martha held him in her embrace until I lay my hand in hers and said, "come, dear Martha, go to Mary, she is filled with fever." Her answer was, "holy God hold us yet a little longer, until the knowledge of Thee can be established among thy children." I then lay him on the green sward where he had been dying for two hours; during all that time he could look upon us and ask God to bless us over and over again. When I had straightened his limbs then I covered him over with my cloak and left him until day dawned. As I reached Mary I saw she must be made comfortable, else they would leave her behind. I said to Martha, "let us bathe her all over with cold water, then we will cover her over, and if she falls asleep then her fever will leave her." Martha said, "I will care for her, and you come and lie down where the fire has gone out and you will get warmth and strength." John folded me in his arms, I fell asleep, and slept until day dawned. Mary called for me and I made an attempt to rise to my feet but I could not stand, then I crept to her. The fever was gone, but she was feeble.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ELEVENTH DAY.

As the day dawned upon us, we prepared to bury Lazarus and eight more that had died that night. They were all brought and lain in a row, then Cornelius breathed a funeral anthem, and I knelt in holy prayer, and I poured out my soul's electric life on the altar of the living, not the dead. Here I ceased to breathe, I fell forward and my head rested upon Lazarus' cold bosom; the cold breast gave me a shock and I caught my breath, then Bartholomew took me in his arms, bore me away and lay me down beside Mary. Here Mary's breath came deep, and I saw God's child breathing into her body. She lay her hand on my back and said, "dear brother you are chilled through and through, and if you are not cared for you will die before you reach Jerusalem" I answered, "four days are allotted us and if we make two leagues each day we shall reach there in time to find rest ere the morning dawns on the day followiug. Here I must insert a line. The poor dying children were brought to me, day by day, in order that I should lay my hand upon them and bless them even while they breathed. There were hundreds of poor beggars that had been gathered in; they were starving to death and they crept along like poor bruised things that hardly knew or cared whither they were going. Among the rest there was a family of Hindoos; they had fared with the rest of the beggars. He came to me even as I was laying there and said, "bless this child; we are all dying and we must feast upon the child in order to live." I said, "I will bless your child in the name of its Creator, God, but you shall not destroy the child; if you do, God will destroy you ere you reach Jerusalem." He turned away and said, "God feeds His children that He loves, but He has cast off the beggars and He feeds them not." He had hardly said that, when I heard a shout go up from the multitude, and they said, "a bullock has been brought us by a herdsman and we shall have something to eat." Then I called the Hindoo back and said, "behold God has not forgotten His children even in their hour or need. He has given them meat without destroying the child to satisfy the hungry." I still lay there until the bullock was dressed then they handed it around, cut in small pieces. The fire was kindled and my piece broiled, while Mary laid hers away beneath a stone. I tasted mine as it was handed to me, then my hand droped to my side and a gentle voice said, "drink, brother, drink else the meat will distress you." Stephen handed me a cup of water and I drank it all, and again she said, "now eat, dear brother, it will do you good." Then I gave Mary one-half of it, and ate the rest. After I had ate the meat, it filled me with agony, I called for water. I held it

above my head, and asked God's angel children to electrify the water, that I could find relief. As I tasted it, the heat left my head, but it was bitter as wormwood. I drank it all, and became much stronger. I said, "make haste, the day is wearing away, and we must reach the encampment of a land of beggars in the country, near Sebatse, bearing a little southward; there we can warm our chilled limbs and rest, but nothing to eat." Martha said, "where is the cloak that was lain over Lazarus? Mary ought to have it, as her shoulders are entirely bare." Mary answered, "some poor beggar has got it, and may it do him good." In our hurry to start, the camel's hide was left behind, and we did not miss it until we had gone half a league. When we stopped, my feet were bruised and bleeding, my head was aching. Bartholomew come and said, "the camel's hide has been borne along by a family that has a sick father, and they are expecting hourly that he will die." "Let him die in peace," I said, "if it be God's will. I can no more than die for humanity; he can no more than die for humanity." Martha said, "how I wish I had the cloak for Mary." John said, "I saw a beggar have it on, and he did not look as if he could carry it much farther." "Leave it as it is," I said; "God's child will not let Mary die until I breathe out my life, which will be the third day after to-day." Mary arose to her feet, and she could walk, without being led. I also arose to my feet, and walked along beside Mary, and we conversed about the change that had come o'er us, and particularly about our family being destroyed. This was the first time I had conversed on that subject. The day wore away, with but a little change, except here and there a death. All seemed to gain new courage as they were drawing near their journey's end, they hoped. We grasp at a feeble ray of light when we are in darkness. We reached the encampment; they bade us welcome, it was all they could do. After we had sat down, Bartholomew came to me and said, "I am distressed; the people are dying with hunger, and they that live to reach Jerusalem will reach there to die." Here I lay my head down upon my mother's bosom, and breathed a prayer to Almighty God, for his poor, perishing children. There I sat all that night, with my arms around my mother, and she folded me to her bosom. There her head droped upon mine, and we slept together. Martha came to us, ere morning dawned. She knelt behind us and folded her arms around us. I heard her say, "here is all I have on earth to care for, and may God hold them, that coming ages may learn that the humble in spirit alone can glorify the Father." Then she sat down beside us, and her warm bosom blessed us. We sat there until the multitude began to stir, then Mary awoke and said, "the day is fine; we can make our journey easier than heretofore." I, with the rest, suffered fearfully with hunger. I said to Martha, "if I had a little bread, or a bit of meat, it would make me more comfortable." She said, "I have Mary's piece of meat, that she forgot under the stone, and have kept it until now, hoping she would ask for it." "I

knew you had it," said Mary. "God's child told me she had kept it, as it was the last morsel of food we should eat on earth together. I will taste of it, and so will you, Martha, but Jesus must eat the rest, as he will never eat again in mortal form; but you and I shall eat again, dear sister." "But a little while," I said, "you will need barley bread, but may God's bread ever be your stay, here and hereafter." I took the meat and held it before me, and said, "whoever eateth meat for God's glory, eateth eternal life; but he that eateth meat, in order to crush his children, eateth damnation to his own soul." I ate the meat, and it gave strength to my whole body. I then made my way to the poor, dying children. I lay my hands upon them, and their fever would depart. They all come toward me, with their children, and there was one hundred and twenty. I stepped upon a bank and I said, "bring all of your children; God will baptise them with his holy spirit, for His own." Then I said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Hold, O hold, these little buds, that they may bloom in the bosom of their father, God." Then I added, "may they be filled with Thy life, from eternal distance, that they may forget their hunger for barley bread." Many folded their babes to their bosom, and said, "they are thine, my God; take, O take, them as they are, all covered o'er with light; and live, O live, child of Joseph and Mary, until thy death shall break the chains that bind earth in darkness."

THE FINISHING OF THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

As the sun rose, bright and clear, we began our journey. Hunger still held control, and many were sitting down by the way, that could not go any farther, as their strength gave out, their courage could hold them no longer. In the middle of the forenoon a band of beggars came around me, and said, "feed, O feed us, else we starve." I shouted, "if you have no barley bread, God will feed you with bread that perishes not. Kneel, O ye children of darkness, and let God give you a slice from his own loaf, then ye can cut and be filled." They knelt down, then I was controled one hour, then they rose to their feet, and said, "God has breathed upon us; we are refreshed." Then we hastened forward again all that day. Hope seemed to brighten upon us as we drew near the city, feeling they would feed us, if nothing more. "Holy God," shouted Leiah; "don't deceive yourselves; hell is there holding control. You will all enter there, but ere the day closes you will not ask for bread." Here I made reply, "the King was once my friend, he cannot see me starving for bread without tendering his aid." Leiah answered again, "if the King controled there would be hope for you, but Caiphas controls the court and the Kingdom, and the city is full of priests from all of Asia, and all countries where heathen idolatrous worship holds control. Hell's darkest fiends are there, and you will all be stricken

down." Then my hope died within me. Matthew stood beside me; he said, "brother, have courage still." I said, "the day is wearing away, but we will try and reach the valley; it is called the valley of fountains. There we shall have a plenty of fresh water, it will give us strength to enter the city on the following morning." Here my strength left me again and I sat down, faint and exhausted. My followers gathered around me and said, "dear brother, you cannot die, because your destiny does not read that you will die here, but you will enter that city alive, and declare God's presence in the midst of hell. Here we are all willing to bear you along in our arms." Here John said, "I would die for you, dear brother, if I could, but I will fold you in my bosom as long as I can breathe." "Faithful child of God," I said, "you are my friend, and my brother; now make your way to Mary, she needs a kind friend to lead her. I will have Judas and Peter assist me." Here I attempted to rise to my feet, but I sat down again, as I could not stand up. I saw a bright form approaching; I reached out my hand to her, and said, "come, sister, my burden is greater than I can bear." She knelt beside me, then raised her hands in prayer, and it was like this: "Holy Creator, God, hold control of these, Thy children, until they can establish Thine ever presence among Thy own created, and that Thy glory shall fill all nations of the earth with gladness, declaring one God, and one God only, and may they return, in Thy own due time, to finish up what will be begun by the death of my angel brother in laying down all he has for Thee, O, my God, and humanity. Prepare, O prepare the way for Thy children to find rest in Thine holy embrace forever." Then she laid her hand in mine and said, "brother, God is here; let us now hasten on to the valley." As I rose to my feet I called for Mary. I saw her a little way from me; she had fallen, and Martha was kneeling by her side. I called Judas and Bartholomew, and said, "go, bring Mary; bear her along in your arms, and I can walk with John's assistance. I am by your side, darling Mary," I said, "has God a greater agony for you or me than is heaped upon us this day?" I saw Leiah approaching me. I said, "go away; have I not suffered enough, already, by yielding to your influence, and being dragged along until my family are all lain low, for what? Because I sought to bless humanity and give God the glory. If I could flee you I could have a chance to flee death, even now." I then said to John, "hold me from him, else he will surely drag me to the cross." Here I left my brother John for a moment, and said, "here I am, my God; hold me from doubting your mercies in all things." I then said, "I am in God's hands; do with me as Thou will." Then again Leiah approached me. I said, "you have lead me through death's dark chambers in order that humanity should acknowledge one God, and one God only. Here," I continued, "bear me on, even to the cross. I will lay down my life there, that God shall be held a holy, acknowledged, ever present Creator, and Father of all. Come Leiah," I said, "let us finish

up all that can be done in the present age." Then he folded me in his bosom, and I forgot all that had caused me to shrink from him. Here, I must add, this was the first time I had ever shrunk from my controler, even when the greatest hardships and dangers were before me. I had ever welcomed his embrace. John led me forward, while they bore Mary beside me, and when they stopped to rest I would kneel beside her, asking God to assist us. Thus we continued until we all became exhausted and we were compelled to sit down, without any hope of reaching the valley. After we had rested for a time, I said, "let us now reach the valley; the cold wind will not reach us there so bitterly, and the water will bless us." Then we started again, the sun being about an hour from its sitting, and still Mary had to be carried, and many more. Who could gaze upon that multitude of dying mortals, starving to death, and many that had been reared in luxury, now dying for a piece of bread. How could any one but feel that God had veiled his face from his own faithful children that had held themselves in a condition to be cast out by the heathens, because they would not deny their Father, God. Here they were huddled together, nothing but death before them, let them look which way they would. Here Martha come and said, "Mary's feet are so swollen she cannot step upon them." I said, "they will bear her to the fountain below, there they can be bathed, and she will be freed from her inability to walk ere morning dawns upon us again." Then Mary said, "Jesus, come near. God's child is breathing upon me, and she says 'you will live to finish up all that can be done in this age, and when humanity demands another human sacrifice you will come back again and lay the foundation for all coming time; then God will be acknowledged as the Infinite Creator and the life of all life, and the source of all light. Then His children can say, Thou art my father, and my God, without fear of the battle axe, javelin or spear. Then the life beyond will cheer the weary, careworn, and the depressed, because the veil will be rent between the two spheres and the angels will ascend and descend, bearing messages of love to all the inhabitants of earth. Then they will say those gifts are from our Creator, and He shall have the glory, but you, dear Jesus, must be hung upon the cross, and I shall be beheaded, not in the hour you are hung upon the cross, but I must live yet a little longer, that the law may be fulfilled.'" Then I said, "let us hasten, O hasten, even to the cross, if I can find rest even there" Here I saw my angel sister; as she drew near I saw deep agony depicted on every feature. Then she said, "bring the disciples together; all have been faithful, even those that have been cut off, still cling to you in spirit. Call them, I will control Simon, as I have something to say."

As we had now reached the valley, she said, "sit you down on the earth; it belongs to God, and let Him direct you." When they had all come together, she folded her arms about Simon, and breathed her life into his body. Then she said, "let us ask God to direct in all things, but, above all things,

let us not accuse God of doing wrong, because, when humanity demands, her demands must be satisfied, and he that lays down his life for humanity, shall surely find it again; but he that defrauds humanity of her demand, shall lay himself accountable for all the misery they have caused, by withholding from God's children their full demand, in order that the human family may be held from the dark devices of hell, and its damning hypocrisy and deceit, idolatrous worship, priests and confessors, no matter under what guise they come, they will be detected by their breath of pollution, as they will ever seek to destroy God's choicest gifts to earth, His own beautiful daughters. The future will reveal what I am saying, but the present cannot comprehend it. God's mighty changes will be wrought for humanity, until my expressions are understood by all that are willing to understand God's ways of revealing himself to His children." Here she breathed out of Simon, and then I said, "come near, my dear friend, and answer me a question. Is my death to be one of great agony?" The answer was, "I would die for you, dear brother, if I could, but my father will control you after you are hung upon the cross, and I will give you all the life I have, in order to relieve you of all the suffering we can. What my father may say through you, remember, you are not accountable for. I am aware he will denounce priestcraft in all of its bearings upon the chaining and binding human souls, and damning earth flowers, that but bloom earthy for a higher and a holier condition. Then, dear brother, thy earth mission will be ended forever, when those principles are fully understood and established among God's highest, holiest creations, His own children." As she ceased speaking, she lay her hand in mine. I saw, what I never saw before or since, clear electric drops, like tear drops, rolled down her cheeks, and they dropped upon my forehead and my hand. I said, "dear sister, God is here." She answered, "brother, God is here. Let us not murmur against His will, but let us say, 'thy will not mine, be done,' then we can bear the crosses that may be heaped upon us and say, 'peace, be still.'"

That night. I lay down beside Mary and Martha, with no covering but the cloak that had been brought back that day, as the beggar was dead.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST DAY ERE JESUS ENTERED JERUSALEM.

Morning did dawn. I was calm, knowing full well I had nearly reached my journey's end. Hunger held control. I had not tasted one morsel of

food now for two days. I knew the rest had nothing, therefore I asked not for bread. My good brother Bartholomew writhed in agony; it was fearful to see so strong a man starving for bread. John came and said, "holy brother, the day is wearing away. Had we better enter the city?" I answered, "God's command is upon me. Let us hasten there, even now. They are preparing the cross, and I will hasten even there, to find rest." Then I rose to my feet, and a holy calm came over me. I said, "who will lead me?" John answered, "I will lead the brother to where the ass is tied, that the good brother Bartholomew has brought from his father's barn." "Bring me my mother," I said, "that I may fold her in my bosom for the last time on earth." Mary was brought to me, and I folded her to my bosom. At first, bitter tears of anguish flowed from my inmost being. My mother folded her arms around me, and naught but deep groans came welling up from her inmost soul. I held her there until my heart ceased to beat, and I fell to the earth, and Mary fell beside me. Here Mary made an expression like this: "Holy God, give me back my boy, and I will endure all things for Thee and Thine. O, give him back to me, it is all I will ask of Thee, Thou God of immensity." Peter came and said, "dear brother, the ass is waiting, we are all ready to go. Come, let us not delay." I answered, "lead, O lead me, that I may find rest." I then arose to my feet, and said, "I am ready." Then the ass was led forward; they assisted me upon his back. As we rode forward, I began to feel that I grew stronger by the warmth of the animal. After we began our journey for the last time, ere we reached the great gate, the poor, famished creatures cried out, "Hail Jesus of Nazareth," and soon the beggars shouted, "Hail King of the Jews." I said, "they will enrage the priesthood; bid them be silent." But they shouted still, "Hail Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, he will surely give us bread, for the inhabitants of Jerusalem will not deny him." I felt my life nearly go out of me, ere I could make my followers hold their peace. Then I said, "let us ask God to direct us, and we will hold our peace." As I rode on, Mary and Martha kept beside me. I could oft times speak to them and encourage them as much as I could. As we drew near the city, I saw the gates were swung back, and the inhabitants were all within doors. I remarked to Mark, "they had left the gates open for the poor, famishing creatures, but their homes are closed." I made my way to the great square, and the poor, dying creatures followed, and sat down on the ground. Filled with hope, I said, "let us go in front of Pontius Pilate's house, perhaps he may come to me there." Here many had begun to fill the streets, and ere I could reach the court, the king's eldest daughter came forward, and spread a costly garment in front of the ass. I said to her, "take up that garment, go and feed the poor, starving Hebrews, and God will bless you." Here she took up the garment, then she reached her hand to me, and said, "dear brother, how glad I am to see you, that I can tell you to hide, because

Caiphas is going to have you crucified." I answered, "if you would save me, go to the king, your father, and ask him what I have done to deserve death." She answered, he cannot save you, because Caiphas has already sealed your death in the council chamber." I said, "go to your father, say to him, if he will release me from death, I will live but as his servant hereafter" She answered, "I will go and beg with my life at the king's feet." Here Caiphas caught her by the arm, and said, "come, beauty, this is no place for you. If you remain here, you will become contaminated with heresy." She said, "release Jesus from death, Caiphas, and I will bless you." That was the last I heard her speak, but as he hurried her away, she gave me one look so full of fear and despair, I could not forget it, even when I hung upon the cross.

I then called for the chamberlain of the king's house, but no answer was given me. John said, "let us go to the inhabitants, and ask for bread." Ere I could answer, the chief magistrate came forward. He reached his hand to me, and said, "come, you are the felon I have been looking for." I lay my hand in his, and answered, "I am a subject of the law, and if I have violated the law, I alone am accountable; but feed, O feed the poor, starving Hebrews, and I will enter the council chamber, to receive my sentence." "Get off," said the magistrate, "I have no time to waste on beggars." "I cannot stand upon my feet," I said, "if you will assist me, I will make no resistance." He then assisted me down from the ass, but my feet gave away beneath that emaciated body; but he raised me up, putting one arm around my waist, and bore me along; until we reached the great entrance, leading into the council chamber. My mother led me by the hand, but when we reached the entrance, the magistrate said, "you cannot enter here, this is no place for females." I looked at my mother; she burst into tears, and said, "leave me with my boy, but one moment, and I will bless you forever." The magistrate said to a confessor, "take her away among the Hebrews, and don't let me hear anything more from her." He then bore me up a long flight of wooden steps, leading to the great hall. Here I beheld the hall filled with priests and confessors, but in their centre here sat Pontius Pilate, on a seat a little elevated above the others, and there, a little below, sat Josephus, and four other Jews from the synagogue, with their accusations against me, and beside them sat Caiphas, and his accomplices. I was set away by myself, all but the magistrate; he sat beside me.

Josephus arose to his feet, and unrolled a piece of parchment, and began like this: "Jesus of Nazareth is condemned to die upon the cross, because of his deceiving the people, causing them to believe he had a power at his command, by which he could heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, and cause the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. He also stole corn on the Jewish sabbath, to feed the beggars that followed him from place to place. He ate with publicans and sinners, he lived with drunkards

and harlots. He also denounced the Jewish creed, and declared heathen idolatrous worshippers were damned by the priests and confessors, and that he bowed not to the idols, nor acknowledged the traditions of the Jews; and after all of his unholy acts, he has declared himself the king of the Jews, and the council have decided that he deserves death, and he is to be hung upon the cross, and there hang until he is dead." He then sat down, and Caiphas arose, and said, "heresy is destroying the control of the priesthood, and the confessors, in many instances, are compelled to labor for bread." He also brought accusation against me, for telling him to his face, he was a brute and a debauchee; also for casting insinuations against him among the king's children. He then sat down, and Pontius Pilate said, "among all of your accusations, I find nothing worthy of putting him to death. Leave him with me for a time; let me question him alone. Then they all went out. Then the king commenced like this: "Have you been causing a disturbance in the Jewish synagogue?" I answered, "not of my will have I caused disturbance, but I was borne in their midst in a deep sleep. What was said, I know not; but when I awoke, I was lying in a humble hut of a faithful Hebrew family. But I must acknowledge, I was folded in the bosom of an angel, even as I was in your presence, at the feast." Then he answered, "the accusations brought against you arise from the heathen confessors' hate and jealousy against you, but, my friend, I fear you must die. If I attempt to hold you, I know full well I shall be beheaded, and my family will be destroyed, and my people will be held by Caiphas, and he will control but to destroy." I answered, "I would die, O king, for you and your children, but Caiphas is damning your daughters, and they are poor, crushed flowers, that cannot bloom earthy, but they will bloom beyond God's ether blue—there they will bless you, my dear friend, as they cannot bless you earthy." When I ceased to speak, I looked at him, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. I said, "I am dying, King, even now; I am starving for bread, and the poor Hebrews are dying with utter starvation. Feed, O feed them, even while I am hanging on the cross. Let me feel they are not suffering the pangs of starvation." Here he gave a deep groan from his inmost life, and said, "I am helpless. I am a slave to Caiphas, and his accomplices.' "Let them come in," I said, "else I cannot live until they nail me to the cross. If I do not, God will be robbed of his glory, and humanity of her sacrifice."

Here the king gave the signal. They all came in. As the court had ever allowed the felon to speak in his own defence, and as I looked around and saw they were all seated, I attempted to rise to my feet, but I fell back. Then I said to the magistrate, "if you will assist me to my feet, and hold me there, I will have this matter brought to a close." He assented, and raised me up. Then Josephus said, "what have you to say in your defence?" I answered, "humanity is my judge, and I bow to her

decree." I then breathed deep, and I knew a power was resting upon me, yet I could hear all that was said, and could comprehend its meaning. I saw a band of bright angels gathering around me and the magistrate, as we stood away by ourselves. Then I began like this: "Who among you have aught to say against the law being held unbroken, as there is nothing brought against this man, worthy of death. Who among you can say, in every crime you have sought to bring against him, that ye are not thrice guilty, nay, a hundred times more guilty. But him you would slay." Here I breathed deep again, and I saw Jeptha beside me. He then brought his ideas before me, and I gave them utterance, loud and clear. The first expression was like this: "Who among you live in the holy ordinance of the law of the living God, and hold yourselves in a condition to make humanity better by your lives, and cause the holy influence from God's angel children to find a resting place in the human mind, that they may learn they belong to God, and seek to do His will. Held by the will of Almighty God this body is, in order that humanity may know that God has held him from death until he can be lain on the altar of the heathen bigots, and prepare the way for coming ages to ask for light from beyond, that they may be lighted through the dark passage, that they may not fall in darkness, and remain in darkness, until they can draw light from eternal distance, which is eternal and forever unchangeable, because it is the first great cause." Then Leiah drew near. I felt his influence folding me in his embrace, and then he shouted, "Who among you are ready to acknowledge you are damned already, by your own hellish desires, but you are not content to damn yourselves, but you would damn all of the human family, and drag them down to hell with you. And you, Caiphas, are a brute and a drunken debauchee, and the fiends of darkness await your coming. Lay down your hate and your damning ambition, ere it is too late. Let the good king feel you are ready to make amends, as far as you can, for damning his daughters, and diseasing his concubines, which are dying by your brutish, filthy body, and you are diseased even now, and by it you will die, and all you have destroyed will rise up in judgment against you. And you, Josephus, would destroy this poor, frail body, for giving warning to your people, to prepare to defend themselves against this brute by your side, which instigated the plot of destroying all the Hebrews in the land, that they could control in Antioch as well as in Jerusalem. Answer me, Josephus," Leiah shouted, "how many Jews did they behead, and how many females did they damn in one night? And here you are, in league one with the other, against the humble child of Joseph and Mary, and you would crucify him, because he sought to save the Jews from utter destruction." Then the king arose to his feet, and said, "do with him as you will, but I find no fault in him. But lead me to my chamber, I am filled with sorrow." Here I answered, "the king was my friend; he is my friend, and God will bless him, when he

reaches a condition where disease cannot fall upon him from that brute, Caiphas." Here Caiphas' hate knew no bounds, but he was compelled to hold his peace, until I was done. Then I addressed Josephus, and said, "your synagogue will be taken from you before two years, and your men will be slaughtered, and your females will be dragged about, by these heathen priests and confessors, until they are all blasted by their filthy, diseased bodies. They will fall to rise no more on earth, but God will surely take his own. But if you are a man, defend the weak from these fiends of darkness, which are even now planning your utter destruction. Hell cannot hold them, but in God's own time, He will hold control, and these miserable wretches will be lost in oblivion, and neither root or branch will remain to declare they ever had been."

Here the influence left me, and I dropped down beside the magistrate. Then again I said, "raise me to my feet." There I stood, trembling all over, from my head to my feet, not with fear, but with utter exhaustion. I then bowed my head, and said, "now I am ready to die for God and humanity." Then they cried out from all parts of the hall, "crucify, crucify him, that the heretics can see their God cannot save him." Here the magistrate held me up, and made our way toward the stairway. Here I became filled with electricity, and I walked down those stairs, as if I had been a strong man. The confessors had stationed themselves on each side of the entrance, and one raised his hand to strike me, but ere I reached him, his hand fell by his side, powerless. I saw him in the after part of the day, and his arm hung by his side, a blasted thing. But as I stepped upon the floor of the entrance, my angel friend laid her hand in mine, and, as we walked out of the hall together, she said, "God is with us, and hell cannot destroy my brother. His body will writhe in agony upon the cross, but his spirit will gain its freedom during that agony." I said, "my dear friend, do not leave me again, until I breathe out of my body." But I got no answer, but she bowed her head, and a bitter sigh escaped her. That was the first time I had ever heard a sigh from spirit, and I hoped it would be the last. I then asked a bystander, where my mother was. He answered, "her cries rent our hearts, and the priest commanded her to be borne away, among the heretics" "My God," I said, "can I never behold her again?" At that moment, I heard a scream. I burst from the magistrate. Darting forward feeble as I was, I gained the spot, and knelt beside my poor, dear mother I said, "but look upon me once more, and then I am ready to die." Her head was resting in Martha's lap. I bent down, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. She raised one hand; I held it against my beating heart. At that moment, a confessor caught me by my hair, and drew me back upon the ground as he said, "fool of a heretic thou art, to think you are going to evade the law." Then he dragged me into the main street, and bound me, hands and feet. Here I saw four confessors, bearing along a

cross, and they lay it down near by me. Then they unbound my feet, in order to nail me upon that cross, in the midst of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. They cried out against it, and I heard one Hebrew say, "he cannot be nailed to the cross here, he has not taken life, and if you will destroy him, carry him out of the city." The inhabitants saw they were determined to destroy me, and they advised them to bear me out of the city, to the Mount of Olives, where they had hanged, and burned, and stoned to death their felons, for a long time. Then they said, "get up, your feet are not tied, and you must walk out of the city." In an instant, an electric flash went over me, and I sprang to my feet, and shouted, "Holy creator God, fill all earth with Thy light, until all of Thy creations shall exclaim, 'Thou art my light, Thou art my life, Thou art my father, God,' and these fiends in priestly garb cannot damn Thy children, because of the light around them will cause darkness to flee, and the sweet breath of the angels will bless the earth flowers."

Here the confessor, that held the cord that bound me, shouted, "he ought to be nailed to the cross here, that the heretics may look upon their deceiver, and then swear allegiance to the priesthood." As I stood there I was felled to the ground by the handle of a battle axe in the hands of a priest. Then a confessor kicked me, as I lay there, and said, "damned heretic, you will soon find out the priesthood are not to be insulted by a felon like you." John drew near and a confessor struck at him, then John felled him to the ground, jumped upon him with both feet, and exclaimed, "hell's damned, thou art chained and bound forever." Here the authorities stepped forward and demanded peace. John stepped back into the crowd and they lost sight of him. Then the magistrate commanded them to bear away the cross to where it was to be set, and he would see the heretic was brought in due time. Four confessors came forward, raised the cross, and bore it away. I was writhing in agony, as my back had been hurt when I was jerked back by the hair. There I was, kneeling in the street, among the fiends of darkness. Two priests came forward, holding by my hair on each side they dragged me through the street in that manner, and the hard earth bruised my back at every step. I begged them to let me rise to my feet, but they heeded not my feelings, nor stopped at my half smothered groans. In that manner they dragged me even to the outer gates of the city; those that had been bearing the cross sat down to rest. The priest said, "I will unbind him and he shall bear his own cross up the hill." Here I was unbound and commanded to get up. I made the attempt but fell back. Then again I was bidden to rise. In an instant I sprung to my feet and a mighty power fell upon me. Here Leiah breathed his life into my body. He cursed them and made all manner of expressions to them, that they fell back. The cross was still laying on the ground where they had left it. Caiphas came forward and said, "take up that cross, heretic, and bear it to where you are to

die." I did take up that cross, and it rested upon my left shoulder, and I bore it along half way to where it was to be set, then I dropped beneath my burden; then I asked for water. A confessor came forward with a cup, and said, "here, heretic, drink. I took the cup, raised it to my lips. I saw it was gall and vinegar. The confessor again commanded me to drink it. I dashed it into his face, and said, "he that drinks from thy hand drinks damnation to his own soul."

Here Bartholomew pressed through the croud, and said, "God's children call for clear, cold water, fresh from the fountain of life." Then he drew from beneath his coat a gourd of water. He held a cup in his hand; he poured it full, and I drank it. He then poured another; I drank it to the bottom. He poured another, when one of the magistrates dashed it from my hand. I said, "God will dash you, even as you dash that cup from me." The magistrate said, "get up, it is half-past ten, and the hour for crucifixion was to be at ten." Then I arose to my feet and my holy controller breathed upon me. Again I caught up the cross, sped up the hill, and held it until Caiphas commanded me to lay it down. Then Leiah exclaimed, "he that assists in crucifying this child of Joseph and Mary will surely be crucified in spirit forever." I then sat down, while the sweat was pouring from my forehead, and ere I could get a deep breath Caiphas came forward and put a spade in my hand, and said, "dig the hole where the cross is to be set." I answered, "I am too weak to dig that hard earth." My head was aching fearfully, and my back was in agony. Then I made an attempt to get up and my strength was mighty again. Then I said, "give me the spade and I will dig as long as need be." The earth was hard alluvial soil and I could hardly make an impression upon it until the incrustation gave away, then I could raise my spade full of dirt, and I soon was bade "get out of there; that will do." That harsh expression caused me to feel bitterness in my heart, and how I was held from dashing upon Caiphas with that spade and striking him down, I know not, but my hand was staid and I dropped to the earth unable to rise again until I asked God to assist me to my knees. There I raised my hands in prayer for the last time in my earthy body. "Father, God, forgive, O forgive them, they know not what they do. Light, my God, to guide me through the dark valley of death. Hold and lead me until I can reach that home Thou hast prepared for thy children, and holy God, care for my mother and bring her to the bosom of her family ere another year shall pass away." I had but spoken the last word when I was thrown back and four confessors caught me and laid me on the cross. Then an high priest stepped forward with nails in one hand and a hammer in the other. Five nails he drove in each hand and four in each foot. Then my groans could not be suppressed. I heard a bitter shriek, then I opened my eyes. There was my mother, fallen upon that body as it lay upon the cross. Her shrieks rent the air, her breath left her, and she fell like one

dead. Then I said, "holy God, hold her in Thy bosom until I am borne away." But her breath came again and she knelt beside me. I was caused to feel her cup was full and would soon run over. Then she smoothed back my hair and laid one arm beneath my head for the last time on earth. There she covered my forehead with kisses, and bathed my bosom with tears. When nearly a half hour had passed away then they came forward, and said, "let us raise him up." Now they did raise me up. There I hung and writhed in agony until my mother fell at the foot of the cross, and I knew by the one deep, bitter groan of despair that forced itself up from her inmost life, that her heart was broken, and I did know that she had drank the bitter cup to the dregs. Then for a moment I lost myself, but soon again I came back to consciousness; then the furies were at work. My followers were being cut to pieces with battle axes; heads were strewn upon the ground. As Mary fell to the foot of the cross, her head rested against my feet, and I saw a priest drag her away by the hair and give her into the hands of two confessors, and they dragged her out of sight toward the dark side of the hill. Three hours had passed away and I begun to feel the pain less and less in my hands and feet. My head was nearly bursting and my heart was beating fearfully, when I caught a glimpse of Bartholomew. I said, "can you get me some water?" He answered, "I will get some for you or die in the attempt." In a short time I saw him approaching; he had a gourd in one hand and a cup in the other. Then I saw the glimmer of a battle axe and I saw his head roll on the ground. Judas caught up the goard and cup and hastened toward me. As he was about raising the cup to my lips, I saw a heathen priest strike down his arm with a battle axe, and he then struck off his head. I said to the brute, "God will dash you to atoms, even as you dashed that cup from me." I was now folded in the embrace of my controller at least two hours. What he said, I know not, but I have been told since that he denounced them fearfully, and the first thing I did know some one had dealt a fearful blow across the chest, a little above the heart. Then my agony was inexpressible. All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my head and then to my feet. I must have continued in that state for at least two hours. I heard a voice, I knew it was John, say, "his death is a fearful one, and God will curse all that have assisted in this dreadful deed." I called and said, "John, John, come here. Dear brother John, do care for my mother." He answered, "I will care for Mary." I looked around and I saw my followers all laying dead around me. I learned afterwards that four hundred and eighteen were beheaded that day. As my agony begun to subside, that night was closing in, Caiphas commanded them all to begone, even then, or the city gates should be closed on them, and they should not go in unless they would go then. My head had dropped upon my bosom. Altho' I could breathe no longer, yet I could hear, and I did hear, Caiphas say, "we will drive the inhabitants

within the gates, then we will return and care for the body." They did return and I heard them digging, and then one said, "we will splinter up the cross and that will be sufficient with this brush." I knew when they come to take me down, but breathe I could not, but I did know my heart beat. They took the spade and chopped my hands from the cross, then, as I pitched forward, they struck off my feet also. Then they left me on the ground until they had dug up the cross and split it in many pieces. I heard the faggots crackling and I knew a funeral pile was prepared for me. They then came and took me by my head and feet and bore me a few paces, then they laid me upon the blazing heap. As the flames curled up around my head and face it caused the blood to circulate again, and in the midst of the flames my breath come back, and I exclaimed, "my God, my God, how much longer must I suffer in this body?" There my agony was fearful. It did seem that the heat would never penetrate the vitals and free my spirit from its mortal agony. But it did free itself, then I could understand why they were burning that body. They were aware that the acts that had been performed by an unseen power could not be crushed out of the minds of the inhabitants, even of that day, and they conceived of the idea of holding the body from the knowledge of all. They the priesthood could easily make the idolatrous worshipers believe the idols had come and taken me to themselves, and that they could still hold them in darkness subservient to their will. Here I also observed that after the body was nearly consumed they were very careful to heap on the dirt and tread it down to make it apppear like the rest of the earth, that had been worn by the many feet that were constantly walking about while I hung upon the cross; and they knew if the cross was left it would be carried away in pieces by the Hebrews, if none else.

Here I am held by the Almighty power of the Creator, God. I have come back in order to finish up that which was begun ages on ages ago, and they that are willing to behold me as I am nothing but a man, will surely be blessed by these historical facts, bereft of fiction. I have drawn these facts from their true source. Humble life of a humble family that were driven about the country because a price was so often set upon my head. And in order to shield me from the battle axe, they would flee to the mountain. Here I will now leave my history in the hands of God's children that ask for light, and may the light of inspiration give them the true design of this work.

Even while I hung upon the cross, a mighty rumbling was heard in the bowels of the earth, and about four in the after part of day, Mount Sinai did belch forth her thunders, and the smoke was so dense that the top of the mountain could not be discerned. Even if fire and smoke was thrown from the bosom of earth, it was not because I was hanging upon the cross. It would have belched forth even the same, if I had not been crucified at all.

The natural causes were there controlled by a mightier power than could have been brought about by the death of one man or a thousand. But through the designing priesthood, it has been held before the poor, deluded, benighted, deceived, confiding, that dare not ask light for themselves, lest they should be called to an account by their deceivers, that do teach what they do not believe; but they withhold their knowledge, because they dare not infringe on their isms and creeds, lest they would be set aside, and then, from his necessities, eat the bread earned by the sweat of his brow, and become an honest man. Who among them all is ready to go to his toil worn brother, that has bent beneath his burden, and say, "brother, I will use the spade for you to-day, go ye and rest." When I find a priest or a dispenser of creeds, no matter what the name may be, that is willing to go to his brother's destitute family, that once fed and clothed him, and say, "I have bread, come, eat with me; I have a home, come and I will comfort you." And above all, are you, any of you, ready to say, "I have the light, and infallible knowledge, that God's angel children come to me, and would bless me, so far as I blend my ideas with theirs. And they bring me tidings of a brighter home beyond." Dare any of you say, "my loved ones are there, awaiting my coming, and I long to breathe in their presence." Live, O, live for the good of humanity, that when thou hast ceased to be earthy, that your last breath may say, angels beloved, I am coming to thee, my labor is done for humanity. I am going home. And to you, O mothers, that God has entrusted with gifts divine, live in a way that you can feed those tender minds with the bread of life, which is life eternal. Do not crush the tender bud that your father, God, has lain in your bosom, the bosom of its love. Let God unfold its tender leaves, then the child will be prepared to say, "Thy will be done," and behold, through wondrous formations, their God is there. Then the soul of souls will answer, "I am here, I am there, I am everywhere, throughout all time, throughout all space, I am the father of the human race." Then come, my own beloved children, and gaze upon me, as I am in all things I have created. Heaven divides not its own. Then let heaven begin within each human breast. Then if you seek, you will be sure to find, for every bruise, a healing balm that will not leave you, as long as time rolls on. And now I will bow to Thee, my father and my God, although I bow to kiss the rod, if it be for Thy glory, and the good of humanity.

MY HUMBLE PRAYER TO MY CREATOR, GOD, FOR ASSISTING ME IN FINISHING UP MY EARTH HISTORY.

Holy, almighty, infinite as Thou art; humble as I am, I am but of Thee a part. Held by Thy almighty hand, humbly I bow at Thy command. Here I am but a speck in Thine immensity, made to feel that I can bless Thy children by giving them truth, bereft of fiction, that have been held

among the holy records of the past, free from spot or blemish. Although earth's dark, benighted children have sought to destroy all traces of the Hebrew family, yet Thou hast held them in Thy own bosom, until changes could be made for them to come back to earth, and declare God's mercies still, and I could not rob humanity of her inheritance, that is, God's wonders wrought through His children. Ages ago, Mount Sinai did belche forth her thunder, not because of Thy anger, but through the wondrous working of Thy elements, held by Thy almighty hand, the law that changes not, even from the beginning and endureth forever. O, give me light from Thy inner light, that I may understand how best to live out the measure of time, in order that Thy glory may fill all minds, that thy children may exclaim the glory of our father God fills us full to overflowing, and we can say, Thou art ever present, and we behold Thy wonders through Thy mighty works. Assist thy angel children to lead and guide all of Thy children still in earthy forms to flee the cruel devices of man that has sought to chain and bind them to creeds and dogmas that fill the land, which are but devices of heathen bigots and none other. And may they all understand that it is because I am in their churches, as an idol, Thy command has been put upon me to go back to the poor, benighted souls that are in darkness, and give them freedom by declaring myself, as I am, a friend and a brother. Assist, O assist, then, thou source of life divine, to read and be blessed. If they could but know what I have suffered in order to give them facts in relation to Thee, my God, they would all answer, "let us search the law; let us be guided by the law, and then we shall not need another human sacrifice; that we may inquire of the law how it is we are held accountable for every act of our lives." When all learn life is God; light is God; love is God; knowledge is God; and all of the angels bright are but a part of Thee. Thou Almighty Creator and creative are but component parts of immensity, held by the law, and nothing else; and let Thy children ask of Thee, Thou father God, the inner life of all things. Then an answer sure will come, "as they live, so they will receive from Thy own bounteous gifts, free from hypocrisy and deceit, fresh from eternal distance." They will receive it, then the glory will be Thine, Creator God, all Thine own, light, eternal light divine. Lead and guide thy children on to a higher, holier clime, and let nothing come between Thee and Thy highest created that has come forth from the inner life of all things, and may they learn they are of Thee, and they will surely go back again into the bosom of immensity, from whence they came; and may they learn, through the knowledge of the law, that they have existed co-equal with the Almighty whole, and not one jot or tittle of mind or matter can be lost or created anew. All things are held by the law of attraction and the attraction is Thee, my God, that begets all things, but through blending of essences, extracted from other formations.

Through thus blending all things become new, yet nothing is taken from; nothing is added to, the great Almighty whole, then held as all things are, sustained, as all things are, let us breathe but one word, let that be God. Then let all understand that nothing can be created but by the law, then you will answer: "He is my friend and my brother; he is but a man." Then I should be free; then, Holy God, Thy kingdom will be established on earth, as it is in the brighter worlds beyond. Then annointed priests will lose their power to chain human souls, and man will not know that his blood has been held, as the bond's people were, in the wicked chains of heathen bigots' devices. O, my God, let thy light enter every human mind, and darkness will fade away. Then Thou wilt be acknowledged as the one God, and the one God only, and Thine own inner life blending with all created things that has been begotten by Thee, the first great cause, eternal light. Holy Creator, God, bless her that has laid down all she has earthy, that I may declare myself as I am, but a humble beggar, still begging of thee humanity to make condition to receive the bread of life which is Thy knowledge. Then they will be robed in their wedding garments, crowned all o'er with the dew drops bright, fresh from Thy fountain of love which has ever flowed since creations were. Plant flowers earthy, my God, that they may bloom in a holier condition than earth ever knew. May I bow low before Thee, my Creator, and ask humanity if they are willing to receive my blessing and relieve me from earth, that I may go back to that bright land of light, and say to my angel loved ones there, that "my earth labor is finished, and I have come back home, and we will give God the glory for all His mercies, forever and forever."

Here, reader, I must bid you farewell, hoping to meet you beyond God's ether blue. There, dear brother and dear sister, I will await your coming. There my home has been for ages on ages, and I long to go back again. O, humanity, thy demands must be appeased. O, do not call me; I cannot come again but to die; but if humanity demands another human sacrifice I will die for them, if it be God's will. And now, reader, I must bid you a long farewell! I am your friend and brother, Jesus of Nazarus, and none other; the first born of Joseph and Mary. Farewell!

LINES

DEDICATED TO AGES YET UNBORN.

DECLARATION OF THE HEBREW FAMILY CONCERNING JESUS, THE FIRST BORN OF JOSEPH AND MARY, AND MAY HUMANITY BELIEVE DIVINE REVELATIONS ARE DAILY BLESSING EARTH WITH TRUTH BEREFT OF FICTION.

I hold myself before God and dictate for inscription that the mystification concerning my first-born may be swept away from the enlightened mind, and heathen idolatrous worshippers shall acknowledge they have been deceived by the designing priesthood, and humanity shall know my boy was a natural begotten child, even as my other four boys were, and know he was begotten by the same father and the same mother. Friends that hold this record before you, listen to me while I record my own earth history relative to my family, then ask God if he ever turned away from his creations when conditions of creations were in harmony with the law; ask him if he was the first to break the chain of his Almighty control in his eternal creation. Look, O ye inhabitants of earth, and learn how God creates worlds by blending of elements and in no other way; and how is it that plants grow but from seed of its own kind; and how is it that man is spoken into existence but by male and female life blending together that begets another life in the law of Almighty God. Could man control Almighty God, he would be torn from the bosom of immensity and be hurled into chaos, and man in his attempt to hold control would seek to find conditions whereby he could gratify his unsated ambition, and would attempt to destroy the wondrous formations torn from the law of Almighty God; but here, hereafter, forever, eternal and forever, let God control is the humble prayer of Joseph, the son of Jessie, the father of Jesus, and God the father of us all. And now I am to make my declaration, let humanity believe me or no.

My blood was David's blood, undiluted by heathen blood, coming down through Holland in the full Hebrew blood. It has been said I was in part Judea's blood, but that must be denied. I was called upon to lay away my honorable father when I was two years and four months old; my mother held the family together until I was large enough to go to my trade, then my second brother cared for the flocks and herds, and cared for my mother in her own home. When I was twenty-one I held myself before the faithful band of Free Masons, that they should decide whether or no I was worthy to become one of them. I was received by them, passed my initiation, and sought to obey the commands taught me by the faithful Grand Chapter. Holy was that order, and I loved my brethren as I had never loved anything before. My poor mother was a frail woman, and she knew she must soon go from us. At this time I had been away at work as a carpenter, and I felt to hasten home to see if I could do anything for her, but before I reached home I espied a poor dying beggar sitting by the roadside; he held in his arms a little lamb. I saw he was in great distress. I laid my hand in his and said, "God bless you brother, can I do anything to relieve you?" His answer was, "God is here." Then his hand relaxed and he fell back and gasped for breath. He then said, "take this lamb, hold it for a dying brother." I answered, "I will hold that holy emblem in my bosom forever. He answered, "God's mercies endure forever." He then folded the lamb to his bosom and fell back dead. I took the lamb in my bosom and hastened home, and as I entered there I saw my mother's breath come heavy, and I knew she was dying. She said, "Joseph, I am going to your father, have you any message for him?" I lay my hand upon the lamb's head and said, "say to my father, God's mercies endure forever, eternal and forever, without change or a shadow of turning." My mother breathed deep, and said, "Joseph, forget not your oath, God is here." I then knelt beside my mother and asked God to forgive me if I had done aught that was wrong. My mother answered again, "God is here," and spoke no more on earth. It was a dreadful calamity to me, and as soon as she was buried I left my home and left it forever. I went to Tyre and labored one year and a half; then I went with a caravan to Jerusalem, there I labored four years in and around Jerusalem. I had finished my day's labor and was returning to my lodgings when I saw a beautiful damsel bearing a gourd of milk into a humble but respectable home, Her beautiful face held me gazing after her. I stepped to the door and asked for a drink of water. She hastened away and brought a bucket of cool water from the spring. She handed me a cup, and I drank and bowed to her and went away. I called for a drink, day by day, until the mother brought the water, and then I asked for the damsel. The mother answered, "she is at work.' "Can I see her," I said. "If you will step in," she replied. I took a seat and Mary came in. I said,

"damsel, I have come to ask for you in marriage." She bowed her head but made no reply. The mother said, "you are a Hebrew, my daughter's blood is Judea's blood through Sodom's borders." I answered, "the blood of Abraham and Jacob have ever blended together in holy love and adoration to God freed from heathen devices; they declare God's ever presence. If it please thee, damsel, and the mother, I would take her all my own." The mother answered, "she is free to do as she pleases." Then I said, "can I find favor with the damsel enough to be accepted by her as her husband?" Her answer was, "I loved you when I first saw you." I answered, "then you are mine and mine forever." Then the mother stood before me and said, "you can marry my daughter, but a fearful destiny awaits you, but live faithful to your marriage covenant and true to the law of your own lives, and leave the fearful destiny, in the hands of Almighty God." Then she related to me Mary's destiny, as it had been inscribed by my first begotten, Jesus, in his own history. Then I said, "I will fold her in my bosom and shield her from despair." Mary sat beside me while her mother related her destiny as described by Zadock the seer., I saw big tears roll down Mary's cheeks, and I felt it had been stamped upon her mind as truth, and must be fulfilled. I folded her to my bosom and felt that God had placed her there to bless me a poor lone man. I asked the mother when I could take her all my own. She said, "she is thine, and you shall be joined in marriage at your will and pleasure." "Then we will join in marriage this day." "Amen," answered the mother. "Amen," answered another voice within. There came before me a slender form; it was Mary's brother Lazarus. He knelt before me and joined my hand in that of Mary's, and asked God to bless us both together. Then we repaired to the home of an annointed priest, as they were the only ones that could join any in marriage by the law of that land. Mary's mother and her brother and sister Martha accompanied us, whose souls were already united. As we stood before the priest he said, "are you a Hebrew?" I answered, "I am from the house of David;" "and you damsel?" She answered, "I am of Judea's blood." Then you will be called upon to swear you will not declare for heresy. I answered, 'I acknowledge no God but the God of all immensity.' He stopped short and said, "have a care, if you declare heresy, I will cut you off and I will keep a watch over you." I answered, "God watches over his own created." He said no more, but went on with his ceremony until he pronounced us as one. Then he turned to Lazarus and said, "the blood of Judea and Holland has ever damned earth with its heresies; instruct them in the law of Moses and they may live in harmony, but if they beget heretics I will cut them off." Then I paid him eight scruples in silver, and then repaired to that holy home again, the home of my Mary.

That day I began to repair that home. It contained two rooms, and I added one more, then there was room for us all. I remained in that home eleven months and nineteen days. Mary became pregnant and I knew it was the offspring of holy affection. There had been a great commotion in the land as Herod had issued a command that all male children under two years old should be put to death, as a prophecy had declared that one should be born that should rule in that kingdom, and his jealousy knew no bounds. I had retired to rest, fearfully disturbed, but I had no sooner laid down than I saw a form before me, and as I gazed upon him I felt a hand in mine. Then he breathed a holy prayer for me and mine. He then said, "arise Joseph, flee from this land, else your first-born, being a boy, will be cut off; begin your journey before the day dawns, and journey towards Egypt. I will direct you, but your boy must not be laid on the altar of a heathen brute." He then left me. I arose and prepared a bundle. I knew it was prepared for my unborn child. Then I called Mary's mother and Martha and told them all. Martha answered, "obey the voice of God's angel children, they will guide you aright. Do not awake Mary until I have baked the barley loaf that you may bear it along with you." When all was ready I went to the bed and knelt down and poured out my soul in prayer to my God, asking protection for my angel Mary and her unborn babe. The mother and Martha wept bitterly, but Lazarus answered, "Amen. Glory to God, my Mary will be saved and her child. God's angels are here waiting your departure." Mary awoke ; a sweet smile stole over her face as she said, "I heard the angels shouting a hymn and it awoke me " I said, "Mary, God's command is upon us, we must leave here this hour." "Whither shall we go" said Mary, "where Herod's spies are not?" "We are to flee his kingdom," I said, "and we are bid to go even now." Mary went to the door, and she saw it was dark and cloudy, and fear fell upon her. I felt I must give her courage, and I said, "God will direct us and we shall yet be blest." Then Martha threw the mantle over Mary. Then she said, "come Joseph, God will direct us all ; fear has fled me." Thus we stepped forth in the dreary month of December ; many a weary day we journeyed on together, and at night we would hire our lodging with some of the poor but honest Hebrews. Mary could not go but a short way before she would sit down and rest. How my heart ached for her when a dark, stormy day set in and Mary begun to falter. All of that day we made but one league and a half ; and night was setting in, no signs of a habitation was in sight. I led her as best I could, and as we turned a corner in the highway, Mary exclaimed, "O God be praised, there is a light. Joseph, look, I hope to reach there ere I may give birth to my child." We reached the place from which the light came, and I called for admittance, but the innkeeper gave answer, "my house is full, as there is to be a gathering of Ju-

dea's children on the morrow, in honor of the bonds-people leaving Egypt." I answered, "my wife is in the pangs of giving birth to her child, do give us a room." He answered, "my oxen are away, and you can go into the barn, there you can be as quiet as you please." He brought a light and we entered there. I prepared a bed of hay in the manger, and there my boy was born. The rest of that history is before you, and I need not give any more, as it would be but repetition. And now if the inhabitants of earth will receive my testimony concerning the begetting of my first-born, Jesus, then they can say, "I am weary of fiction and ready to receive the truth as it is according to the law ; then they will be blest by my coming back to earth, declaring truth as it is, and must forever remain, that Jesus is a son of man.

Holy, Eternal Creator, God, assist thy children in coming ages to ask for light from Thee, and Thee alone, then they will enquire of the law and the law will answer, "God changes not in his creations and his law cannot be broken." Freed I am now from earth, God be praised ; bless you, my daughter, for lending your aid for me to be freed ; without you I must have been held for ages still, and been left to bear my burden as best I could. I long to meet you in a home that is prepared for thee, by God's own created, through the natural law, and none other. Freed, Holy God, freed from my burden, I will praise Thee forever and ever. I am Joseph, the father of Jesus, the humble Nazarene.

MARY'S HISTORICAL RECORD, HELD IN ORDER TO BLESS COMING AGES.

Here her spirit blends with these facts, that she has borne along with her for eighteen hundred and thirty-five years, two months, and thirteen days, ever since she breathed out of her mortal form, being beheaded by four confessors, after they had damned her, and her body was left unburied until decomposition took place, being dragged into a cave. This she could not give herself, and we have inscribed for her.—*Historian.*

Heavy tho' my burden be, yet I will relate facts as they are. But who can ever know what I suffered, in relation to my innocent family. Friends of humanity, bear with me, I am all uneducated, except in the life I lived, until I was fifty-two and a little over. My early convictions were, that I should bear children, and that they would all be cut off by the order of the priesthood, and when Joseph asked for me in marriage, I felt in my heart that he, too, was doomed. And here another fearful sorrow came before me, that I should be the cause of such a holy man being destroyed, by linking his destiny with mine. But I felt the hand of God was upon us, and I must obey. My tears did flow, not because I did not love him, but

because I knew he must suffer with me. There had been a great commotion in all of the land, concerning heresy, before I was wedded to Joseph, and when he answered the priest, as he did, my heart beat, lest we should be divided even there. But, in that answer, Joseph appeared to me as an angel of light. "God be praised," said Joseph, as we entered our home, "I am freed from that brute, and may I never be brought again in contact with the heathen fiend" Happy we were in that home, until we were compelled to leave it, that our first-born should not be destroyed. Many a weary league we journeyed on, until I could go no farther. Then I was compelled to yield to my condition, and my boy Jesus was born. Yes, born in a manger, and I thanked my father, God, that I could lie down, and wait my delivery here. An holy influence came to me, and folded her arms around me, and held me to her bosom, until my child was born. I remained there two days, then I was borne into the inn, and remained there until Jesus was ten days old. I feel to say, humanity has been deceived relative to the conception and time of birth, after my marriage with Joseph. Here I declare, before Almighty God, that his conception was a natural one, even as that of my other children, and he was born one year and eight days after I was wedded to Joseph. And I do declare before God's angels, that are around me; that are here to give facts bereft of fiction, that I never knew any other man but Joseph, until Joseph was dead, and I was damned by confessors, and that against my wlll. But, holy God, how can I fulfill my earth mission, and find rest here? I have been back to earth two years, four months, twenty-six days, hoping to leave my testimony and go home, where I had dwelled for ages, where in part I had forgot my earth sorrows and fears. But as I blend my life again with humanity, I am constantly filled with fear, lest harm should befall those that seek to bless and comfort me. Holy Creator, God, hold control, until all the nations of the earth shall acknowledge Thee, as Thou art ever present, and they, of Thee, a part. Then my sorrows will be appeased, and then I shall again find rest. I ever felt I should be compelled to return to earth, and the hour did come; and now, as this is my last testimony for humanity, and as God has prepared the way, my burden is lain down forever earthy. Now I know the hour draws near for me to say, "farewell, all earthy things, I long to go." Here I would kneel in humble prayer before Thee, my father, God, and ask Thy blessings to rest upon her that has blessed me and mine, and may she live to bless her family, and when she has finished her earth labor, may she find rest in Thy bosom, the bosom of her God, is the humble prayer of Mary, the wife of Joseph, and the mother of Jesus, that has been called the Nazarene. Farewell, humanity, now may the day dawn upon you, that will bear away all fiction, and truth alone shall fill the human soul. I am Mary, Joseph's wife. Farewell.

TESTIMONY OF JAMES.

I am called upon to bear testimony relative to my eldest brother, Jesus. I lived beside him, when he was a frail, little thing, and led him, that he could go out and sit on the ground with me and Jessie. Well do I remember his falling, if I let go of him, but he never seemed to get hurt. Mary was ever kind and affectionate to her children. My father was away most of the time, as he was compelled to go wherever he could find labor, that his family could have bread. I also remember looking for him to come home with his barley meal, when we were all anhungered, as we had not tasted food for a day and a half, and Jesus was sitting by the door, and fell asleep. As his head dropped, I saw big tears roll down his cheeks. Then he raised his head, and called Mary. She came to him, and Jesus said, "Joseph is coming up the mountain with barley meal. Prepare your fire, he will be here in an hour." Mary obeyed, and when the time had expired, he came; the bread was soon baked, and we all ate. After we had finished our meal, Mary said to Joseph, "I knew you were coming, as Jesus' angel friend told me so." Joseph answered, "God's child is always ready to bless us all she can, but how good God is to send His child to us in our time of need." "She is here now," said Jesus. "Can I converse with her?" said Joseph. "If she can, she will," Jesus answered. "Sit quiet, dear boy," said Joseph. Then Jesus folded his little hands together. Then he breathed deep, and said, "how do you do, Joseph? I assisted you in bringing your burden up the mountain, as I knew the children were so hungry," "God bless you," said Joseph, "if you had not have helped me, I shonld not reached home until night had closed in. Have you seen the angel here, that came to me in the lowlands?" Through Martha, her answer was, "he is beside you, Joseph. Have you a desire to converse with him?" He answered, "he is my brother. He can lead me, where you can not." Then the spirit said, "come, father, Joseph thinks you have knowledge I have not. Ask him, Joseph, who led him through the dark passage. Then he will give you light from the deep past. Then you will say, 'Leiah's daughter held her father from falling in the dark." I stood beside Joseph, and I saw his eyes glistened, when that expression was used. Then he gave answer, "forgive me, O daughter of Leiah, if I have said aught to disturb you." Jesus said, "Jepthah is here, and he claims an audience with his brother." Then my brother breathed deep again, and another voice spoke through him, and said, "what can I do for my brother? Are thy necessities within my reach, or are they in the hands of the first great cause, eternal light?" Joseph's heart beat quick, as he answered, "brother, I am in darkness. Who will give me light?" "The hand that lit the taper for

Leiah, ages gone by, will light thy taper, and lead thee on until you will be willing to say, 'God's child has led us all by her light, drawn from eternal light.'" Joseph arose to his feet, and paced the floor, while big drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. Then he turned to Mary, and said, "leave me with my brother, and my God, but one moment." Mary took Jessie in her arms, and led me a little way from the house. But in a few moments Joseph called her and said, "God is here, and his children are here. Let us kneel in prayer." While Joseph was kneeling, he raised his hands above his head, and in a moment he was covered all over with light. Jesus answered, "God has lit your taper. Journey eastward." Then he awoke, and Joseph exclaimed, "holy angels, direct me, lest I fall again in darkness." We then went to bed, but early in the morning Joseph awoke me, and said. "come, James, we are going to Judea's borders." When we went there, every thing was new to me, as I had no previous ideas of any place but my mountain home. But I do know Jesus was controlled, day by day, and gave directions concerning the journey, and where they should remain at night. Held as we were from the bands of anointed priests and confessors, I have always felt that Joseph had a light, that none of the rest of us had. There had been a great commotion in Antioch, concerning the heathen idolatrous worshippers cutting down the Jews, even in their own homes, by the order of the priesthood. I was borne along, until I was thirty-two years and two months old, and when I was returning home from my labor, I was accosted by eight confessors, and they said, "where is that damned heretic, your brother, that is filling all earth with heresy?" I answered, "I know not where he is." Then one of them dealt me a blow, and my arm dropped to my side, broken. Then one said, "where is he that has cursed us all?" I answered, "I know not." Then they fell upon me with clubs and stones, and beat me to death.

Now here I am again among the inhabitants of earth, hoping to bless all that are willing to be blessed, by my ideas that have been held for ages; and now, humanity, I would ask you a few questions. Let them be answered by your own inner life. Let nothing come between you and Almighty God. Have you a desire to feast you souls on the bread of life, which is knowledge? Have you made up your mind what kind of knowledge is best befitting eternal life? Have you a desire to be fed on fiction because of its antiquity? Are you where you can drink from the fountain of holy inspiration? Have you prepared yourselves for fulfilling thy earth labor, while you are a material body? Now, if you can answer those questions to your own satisfaction, then my advice cannot do any good. There is a great commotion in the opinion of man, because there are no two that think alike, and none are satisfied with the belief that they have sought to comprehend. Why? Because they have no foundation for their theories but heathen tra-

dition and priestly mystification. All claim historical accounts, but they are without authority, date, or signature. Fiction comes in to finish up the priestly devices. But they who seek God through mystification will be led by mystification forever. Humanity, learn what God is, then you will have a foundation on which you can cast your anchor when the tempest rises high, and your frail bark is driven about by the opinions of men that are ready to advise without knowledge. Who can learn from the past and not feel that humanity is not higher in the scale of knowledge? And their souls are asking for food better befitting their condition than the heathen forms and ceremonies of the past. Light from that inner life of all things, speaks to every human soul that has caught the light beyond. Come, ye, to the feast of the angels and await the coming of God's breath upon his own chosen ones, that are naught but the children of light. And their life bespeaks their holy blood, and they are ever ready to give light concerning God's wondrous formation and his holy revelation. Then all will be willing to say: "He that created all things, and held them from destruction, is capable of holding control. That God is my God, and I will bow to Him and Him alone." Children yet unborn may say, "the nineteenth century caught the light from eternal distance, and we will ask for a still brighter light that is better befitting our condition that that which was revealed to our ancestry." Heaven bless you my own dear friend and sister. I am free; freed by you, for all coming time earthy. I am James, the second son of Joseph and Mary. God bless you, is my prayer here and hereafter. Now farewell!

TESTIMONY OF JESSIE.

I am Jessie, the third begotten of Joseph and Mary. I am here beside you, and am called upon to give my testimony concerning my family, but I hardly know what to say. But my family are here, and God's children are here, and I am dwelling here in this abode of rest and peace. God is here beside her that God gave us as a comforter. This home is dedicated to holy revelations, and we are blessed, being permitted to dwell here with them. Frail tho' I am in ideality, yet I would seek to bless all. Here the band of ancient revelators are around me and I will do the best I can. Mary assist me, I am weary, that I can finish what I have to do, then let me go back to my home, a home of rest. My heart beats when I draw from that fearful hour when I was dragged away toward a den of hungry beasts. Ere they threw me in I did hear Mary's voice, and I answered, "God doeth all things well." But ere I could speak again I was hurled down into the den. All four of the beasts flew at me and tore the flesh from my bones ere my heart ceased to beat. Why was it? Because I

if they do not heed the demand I have upon them. Here, before me, is a human sacrifice. Hold her from being crushed by heathen idolatrous worshipers, that she can finish up her earth mis-ion, and go home, heed brothers. Heed, lest beware! Beware! Beware! Who will give answer that the humble revelator shall be protected against the dark, benighted souls, that fill all earth. Hold, O hold the light, that she may breathe from eternal creations, and give humanity knowledge that will raise them higher in the scale of ideality, that they may glorify the great, first cause, eternal light.

Holy, almighty Creator, hold my daughter from heathen damned, until holy revelations can be given through her, that will fill all earth with light. Then Thy lillies can bud and bloom everywhere, until their holy aroma shall fill all time, and all space; until every one can be blessed, that belongs to the human race, in every nation and in every clime. They may all answer, "I am Thine, my God, and Thou art mine." Daughter, may I lay this record before my brothers, and be blessed by the same? If so, may God bless you for blessing me and mine. Farewell, faithful revelator, until I can meet you in a happier clime. I am now made so feel, earth has no more claims upon me, and now I shall go beyond earth's electric chains, and dwell with my beloved family forever. This is my last legacy for you, my brothers, and may you hold it sacred in the inner chamber of your inmost souls, until you come to me in a holier condition than earth can give you. Now farewell forever earthy, I am he whose beard was dabbled in blood, and who was borne away by the holy hands of affection, and lain in my last resting place, and covered o'er with evergreen; and five holy flowers were plucked and twined together by my beautiful daughters, and lain upon my brow. There I was left by them, and they were crushed to death by heathen anointed priests, and now, brothers, beware. I will now subscribe my earth name, Jepthah.

Scribe.—As I am held by a power I cannot fully comprehend, I would say, every expression is as new to me as it is to the reader, until it is printed before me, in electric words, which seem to drop before me. But as fast as I catch the expression of them, they fade away, and other words take their place. And now, humanity, I have dared to lay these pages before you, all uneducated as I am in the knowledge of those histories, previous to my inscribing this work, for all that are ready to receive humble truths, from humble people, through the humble servant of you all,

OLIVE G. PETTIS.

ERRATUM.

Page 9, 13th line, read "two and a half," in place of "one and a half."
Page 9, 16th line, read "twenty-one" in place of "eighteen."
Page 11, 4th line, read "you, daughter," instead of "your daughter."
Page 11, 5th line, read "your hair," instead of "her hair."
Page 72, 10th line, read "glory," instead of "changes."

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS

CONCERNING

THE HISTORICAL LIFE

OF

JESUS OF NAZARETH,

AND

Extracts from the Apostolic Age.

GIVEN BY THEMSELVES THROUGH THE INSPIRATION

OF

OLIVE G. PETTIS.

From angel breath these lines I've traced,
And may they never be erased,
But may they ever find
A resting place in every human mind.—SCRIBE.

Behold God's glory through his own creations,
And learn to worship the infinite, instead of man,
That God can be acknowledged by his own,
And be worshipped in spirit and in truth.—GEORGE LIPPARD.

VOLUME II.

PROVIDENCE:
A. CRAWFORD GREENE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, RAILROAD HALLS.
1871.

PREFACE.

DRAWN FROM THE INNER LIFE OF THOSE THAT LABORED FOR HUMANITY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I must come before the American people in order that they may know I am laboring for their freedom still. Eighteen hundred and seventy fills up the full measure of freedom, if humanity will receive it from the hand of Jehovah God, through his own chosen, here on earth, in spirit. I have seen, I have heard, and I have blended my life with the Brothers that lay the corner stone for Life Eternal. Brothers, God is here. I am here. God's faithful children are here, that you may learn that God controls through his own law. Let us draw a line between heathen mystification and eternal light. Holy hearts are beating, and light fills my soul with a desire to bless the inhabitants of earth, in all ages yet to come. The people of the free United States have knowledge that cannot be bought with gold. Through the chains of the oppressor being broken, light has fallen upon them, that could never have reached them in bondage, because freedom of speech gives every one a chance to give to those around them what they have knowledge of, without fear of the stake battle-axe, or the cross. Who would not lend their aid in freeing human souls, that God may be acknowledged, without a shadow of turning. Freedom's holy land will be filled with light, where I was held from death by my faithful brother, that was led to believe I was an enemy to a part of the human family, the red men. I lay my hand in his and called him brother. He forgot all hate, all revenge, and became a friend in my hour of need, and you, my brothers, will meet me upon the square and forget I am a spirit. Light must be drawn from eternal light, to lead and guide us on. We must be free.

I am your friend and brother,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Stern justice has a demand upon me. I am commanded to make a statement of what I do know concerning the revelations drawn from ages gone by. My knowledge has been limited relative to the lives of those that lay the chief corner stone for light to find a resting place in the hearts of an enslaved people, that they may be freed in spirit, as well as in body. There

has been a great commotion on earth relative to a new dispensation, but as I trace back through past time, I learn it is not a new law that belongs to the present age. It is only because conditions have been made through freeing man from the oppression of his brother man, that the cruel and designing cannot compel his brother to hold his peace, but by his own will. Light will surely dispel darkness, and God will be acknowledged here on earth as Jehovah God. I am a friend to all good.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When the thunders rolled over the land of America I was a youth. But the fires of independence flashed over me, and I was filled with love of humanity. When the bells in the churches struck in answer to the old bell in the Statehouse in Philadelphia, I shouted, keeping time with the bell, "Freedom! Freedom!" My good father said, "John, you are making a great noise." I answered, "cannot you shout for freedom?" He said, "if it does not cost too dear to establish it." That speech made me a man, and I struggled with the American people as long as I lived. Now I see the result of that labor. All men are free within the bounds of America. Now I would add, men of America, free yourselves from heathen mystification and you will surely be free, soul and body. That is my earnest desire that you may be blest in searching for light. Here I will inscribe my own name.

JOHN ADAMS.

I am an old man, yet I would say a word to the reader. Live according to your highest light, and you will surely be led aright. The blessing of an old man rests upon the American people.

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Industry brings a competence in early life, and in your prime you will lay by enough to bless yourself, and when you lay down to rest you will have enough to bless others. STEPHEN GIRARD.

Relative to these histories we would say a word. Brief they are, but full of interest, and we all bear testimony of their being given by the individuals themselves, that have sought to bless humanity by leaving facts relative to themselves, as they were, and that those that come after may know they have been misled by the devices of heathen priesthood, handed down through all church creeds, even to this day, and may they arouse from their slumber and make an effort to gather knowledge for themselves, and not ask Pope, Priest, Clergy, or Layman, where God is, but may they learn to feel his ever presence, is my humble desire. THOMAS W. DORR.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF JOHN, THE APOSTLE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

I hold myself before the brain that catches my ideas, and the heart that beats in sympathy with my own, that I may reveal facts, as they were when I walked the earth. Here, before my Creator God, I declare myself John, the Jewish dispenser, as well as the apostle of Jesus of Nazareth, the first-born of Joseph and Mary. Early in life I was taught a Messiah would come, and his glory would fill all the earth. As I was taught, so I believed. Having no other doctrine taught me from my childhood days, I was a firm believer in Judaism. There had been a rumor around the country that a Hebrew heretic was denouncing Judaism, as well as heathen idolatrous worship, and the people were following him in great numbers, and the heathen priesthood had sought lo destroy him; but he would make his escape, none knew how. But the Jews, being more enlightened, had brought an accusation against him, thus: "The heretic is causing the people to believe that Judaism is tradition, and nothing more, and he declares Moses a brute, filled with the fires of hell. He also declared Moses deceived the descendants of Jacob, and chose from among them such as he knew would administer to his desires, and, above all, he had taken females from their family, declaring to them, God had chosen them as his comforters, and he was to lead them from bondage to a land where all was bright and fair, and there they should find rest. They believed him, and followed him; but when he had led them out of Egypt, he compelled them to become his slaves, and he held them as his concubines. And for this declaration the priesthood have set a price upon his head, of fifty pieces of silver." I saw my father look intently upon Josephus, as he was conversing on the subject. Then Josephus unrolled a piece of parchment, and read as follows: "Hebrew heretics will destroy Judea's holy faith, unless they are destroyed at once. The first-born of Joseph and Mary is filled with knowledge that astonishes the doctors and lawyers of the high court, and they declare it is dangerous for such a one to be going around the country, declaring he has been held from death by an unseen power, in order light can find a resting place in every human mind. He has lain hands upon the sick, and they have recovered; he has wrought miracles among the people of Judea; he has called on an unseen God to assist him, when he was in danger; he was

conveyed away from Antioch, none knew how. He must have been made invisible, as he left in the presence of them all, and none saw him depart from the synagogue, and as Judaism is in danger, he must be held before the people as a deceiver. And now let us have this document lain before the council, and let them decide for or against the heretic, hoping they will look well to the people's safety, before they decide." Josephus sat down, and the first in council arose, and declared against the heretic. Then I saw my father arise to his feet, and he trembled from his head to his feet; but when he had breathed deep, he spoke firm and decided, and these are the words that fell from his lips: "Justice has a demand upon me, and I declare for the Hebrews being freed from the heathens, and being borne away among his own people. I have listened to the words that fell from his lips, so full of wisdom, I forgot all but his holy teachings; and they filled me with adoration to God, and love for humanity. And his holy face bespeaks him a holy man, and if you do lay hands upon him, I must declare against the act. And now leave him as he is, unless you can assist him, and hold him from danger." Then, as my father sat down beside me, he lay his hand in mine and said, "John, shield that man from danger, so far as lies in your power, for he is a holy being."

The council continued their discussion, and they decided he should be brought before them, and they would ask him questions. But whan they sought him, he was nowhere to be found. Then they held their peace until he was again heard to declare for an unknown God, and his angel children being in their midst, as he was kneeling in prayer among the beggars. I said to myself, as I left the council chamber, "I will seek for that man, and learn for myself, whether he is an angel or a devil." And when I reached my home, I called for an ass, and I mounted upon his back, and rode off toward Joppa. As I rode along, I found the country filled with bands of heathens, determined to get the fifty pieces of silver for the head of the humble Nazarene. The day was nearly spent ere I began my journey, and I continued on and on, until I reached a place called Arimethea. There I rested until day should dawn upon me. I arose while the stars were yet shining, and hastened onward, and ere the sun went down on that day, I saw many gathered together on the hillside near Joppa, and as I drew near, I saw in their midst a humble man kneeling, asking God to feed his children with the bread of life. When he had asked God to bless them, he arose to his feet, and I said, "Brother, come hither, I have a message for you." As he drew near, he said, "God has brought you here, that you may buy bread for his children, that have had nothing to eat for two days." Then he said, "John, John, John, God's hand is upon you. Go, bring bread, that God may be glorified through thee." I said, "Here is gold, hasten back, as the holy revelator is perishing for food."

Here he lay his hand in mine, and led me away from the many. We conversed about the heathens having a price set upon his head. He gave answer, "Heathen idolatrous worshippers cannot have this body, until light is scattered among the children of men, and God be glorified by truths revealed concerning the mighty changes he has wrought among his own created children, and he be acknowledgod Father, Creator, Jehovah, God, and the holy breaths that are around me are acknowledged holy angels bright, that linger near earth's benighted, that will lead them into light." Here he raised his hand, and rested it upon my forehead, and I saw a holy angel bright. She drew near me, and lay her hand in mine, and said, "John, God is being made manifest among the children of earth. Let us lend our aid in this great work for all coming time." She was covered all over with light; in her hand she held a garment, sprinkled all over with dew drops bright, and, as she held it before me, she breathed a prayer, like this: "Holy God, bedeck my brother in this garment of love for his brother, that he may lay down all things earthy for Thy glory, Father God, and may he become an angel of light, even while he walks the earth." "Amen," I answered, "let me be robed in that angel garment, that I may become a friend and brother to the Hebrew boy, and may I follow him as long as he walks the earth." Then she folded me to her bosom. Then she said, "Thy prayer is answered. Thou art to be a follower of him, until he is hung upon the cross, but God must be made manifest through you both, ere that can be." Then I exclaimed, "Am I worthy to become his brother? Reveal to me, O ye holy oracles of Judea, can I become good enough to labor beside him that has left father and mother to labor for humanity, and become a beggar among men, that an unseen God may be glorified." Again the same sweet voice answered, and as I listened, I was thrilled through and through as she said, "John, John, John, prepare thyself, the kingdom of the living God is to be established on earth." Then I said, "Lead, O lead me, thou angel of light, and I will declare that God, as long as I live." Then she said, "You will love his children. They are God's, and you, in this hour, have been made one of them." Then I shouted, "Glory to God." Then Jesus answered, "All is well." Then the influence left me, and I looked around, to see where I was. There I saw my angel brother, sitting beside me on the ground. He looked up to me, and said, "Brother, God is here, and his children are here in spirit. Let us kneel in prayer, ere night closes in upon us." There we knelt upon the greensward, and such a host of spirits bright I never saw on earth, before or since. His soul went out in the holiest, highest and most sublime ideas I had ever listened to. As he ceased his prayer, I saw that some bright form was beside him. I saw her lay her hand in his, and say, "Come, brother, there is a great commotion among the beggars, as they have heard a price has been set upon your head." She continued, "We must flee to the home of God's children, else you will be cut off." Jesus said, "John,

go back to Jerusalem. Let no one know you have seen me, because, if you do, your life will be in danger; but the time will come when you must begin your work. Then I shall labor beside you, but God's children, in spirit, will bless you daily by their presence and their care."

Then I felt all of my holiest love go out for that holy brother and the angel bright that stood by his side, and they have borne it along with them, even to this day. And may it ever find answer, "John, thou art my brother, and I am thine, here, hereafter, forever and ever." Here he fled where none knew. And I never heard from him but once for one year and a half; then he was in Judea's borders, declaring God and healing the sick by laying on of hands.

The Jews were holding Passover. I was in the synagogue, declaring the Jewish doctrine to be inspiration, when I saw a beggar enter. He turned not to the right or to the left, but walked directly upon the highest altar. Then he raised his hands and said, "Holy, Almighty God, baptize this people with thy holy spirit, that they may bow to thee, and thee alone. Blessed are they that seek thee as thou art. They will be filled with light from eternal light. Then they will flee hypocrisy and deceit; then they will discern good from evil, and give thee the glory for thy wondrous creations, filled with life, filled with thee, thou God of immensity." There he stood, like a holy thing, in the midst of confusion. I commanded them to remain silent, and he would leave them as he found them, without confusion. They then became quiet. Then he breathed forth holy love from God to his children, if they would but receive that love, free from the devices of priest-craft, and free from the galling chains of the heathen bigots, and idolatrous deception. He was covered all over with light, and they were all so filled with electricity, they forgot he was a beggar, but looked upon him as an angel of light. He held them by that power from eternal distance, far past the hours of the Passover, and the people began to be anhungered, but still he filled the synagogue with his voice, and their hearts with light. All at once he shouted, as if a new power had fallen upon him. "O, ye inhabitants of Judea, prepare to defend yourselves. The heathen damned are preparing to cut off all the Jews and Hebrews, in all of the border land. Four days from this, as the sun goes down, blood will flow all over the land. But save, O save your females from the beastly anointed priests and confessors, ere they are damned by a disease that will destroy you all." Then his eyes were opened, and he fell down like a poor blasted thing. I said to the layman, "Bring cold water, bathe his hands and his temples, care for him, O care for him."

I dared not approach him, lest they would accuse me of bringing him there. They were all hastening away, as the night was settling around them. They were all asking one to the other, who could he be that dared enter that synagogue, and stand upon the holiest altar, dressed in rags. Ere

the layman could return, he sprang to his feet, and darted out in the confusion, and none knew how he came or whither he went. How my heart ached to fold my brother to my bosom, but fear of the people fell over me. Then I bowed my head and said, "Holy God, assist me in this hour, and prepare the way for me to begin my work by his side." Then I did begin my work, by persuading the Jews to hold him from death, as he was of their blood, and was controlled by an angel of light, and I saw her lay her hand in his when he arose to his feet and fled them. I continued, "Her face was like the reflection of a diamond, and she must be the holiest thing God had ever created."

My declaration in his favor caused them to suspect I had become contaminated with heresy. The council was called together for the especial purpose of examining the matter. My father bowed his head, and invoked the influence of Abraham's God to hold his only son from being destroyed by the enraged Jews. The hour came, and I walked into the council chamber, feeling I would die in order to shield my brother Jesus. An accusation was brought against me for leaguing with a heretic, that he could enter the synagogue, when the Jews were holding their holy ritual, in remembrance of Jacob's sons, Joseph and Benjamin, being their holiest gathering in the year. And furthermore I had sought to hold him from being beheaded, when he so justly deserved it, for denouncing their holy doctrine as the devices of heathen bigots, and sought at the same time to convince the people of an unseen God being in their midst, one that none could see, or hear, or understand, but himself. Also, "If our holy doctrines are to be destroyed by heresy, let us defend them to the last." There the accusation ended. Then I arose to my feet, and shouted, "Holy Creator God is here, and his angel children are here in our midst, and she that breathed through my brother Jesus in the synagogue, is here, beside me. Destroy this body, if you will, but spare, O spare him that is designed by Almighty God to fill all earth with light." I was commanded to hold my peace, but I did know I had a right to defend myself as long as I chose to continue my own defence, and none had a right to forbid my expressions, let them be what they may.

When I ceased to speak, Josephus arose to his feet, he being Chief Justice, and began: "Heathen, idolatrous worshipers dare destroy the Hebrews, and the heretics dare denounce our doctrine, and between the two what will become of the Jews?" Then he added, "dash the Hebrew to atoms, and defend yourselves against the priesthood, else you will all be held as bondspeople, even as the blood of Joseph and Benjamin had been by the Egyptians, and now hold the deluded John from the heretic, and we will hunt him out and behead him. That will put an end to this trouble. And you, John, cool your excited ideas relative to an unknown God, and his children, that none can see ar hear, but a crazy brain. Flee all such ideas and return to

us what you have been, a faithful dispenser of the Jewish doctrines. Then you will forget this frenzy, dear brother John, and you will bless the land with your earnest desire to do good." He then turned to my father, and said, "guard well your son; he is good, all good, and may he bless his family as he has done before."

Then another of the council arose and said, "I find no fault with him. Because if a begger filled him with his heresy, is he to blame, and if the begger entered the synagogue, unbidden by any, is John to blame? Release him at once, and let him go free. Bind him not by any oath, but leave him as he is, a holy thing." Then my father arose, being compelled to speak, he began like this: "The boy is a holy thing; he blesses us all with his affection. Leave, O leave him to me. I will guard him well. I cannot live without him, and his mother's heart would break, and his sisters would droop and perish if aught should happen to an affectionate son like my John, and a loving brother, as he is, to his beautiful sisters, and I should go down to my grave sorrowing, as nothing can fill his place in my heart. Give him to me, it is all I ask, all my own, as before."

Then Josephus arose again and said, "Thou art free, but beware of the second offence, as you will not so easily be acquitted as you have been this time." "Come," said my father, "let us hasten away. Your mother and sisters are in the greatest anxiety to look upon you, and there, again, you will be happy in the bosom of your family."

I left that council hall feeling disgraced, but when I entered my home I sat down with my father, my mother and my five sisters, and told them all I had known of Jesus and his angel controllers. I declared I had seen Leiah and his angel daughter controlling Jesus in the synagogue, and I also declared Leiah's daughter breathed upon me, when I shouted glory to God in the council chamber, and I continued, that man was once care-taker of Pontias Pilate's children, and he blessed them with his knowledge, but the wicked priest, Caiphas, had a hatred against him because he had told the King that he, Caiphas, was destroying his daughters."

Two days more had passed away, and as night closed in, a fearful cry was heard. Everywhere groans and shrieks filled the air. In all of the humble homes of the Hebrews the battle axe was laying low all of the men, and the priests and confessors were to be seen by the torch lights dragging away the females to their abodes, in the suburbs of the city. Hell itself seemed to have burst forth. The city gates were closed against them but not until fifty or more had entered the city, all armed with battle axes, but as soon as they saw the gates were closed, the people began their work, slaying every one they met until all of the heathens were laid low. Then they were heaped within the gates, while the Hebrews, on the outside of the wall, were utterly destroyed by the battle axe and their brute natures. But when morning dawned upon the city, the inhabitants were thrown into a fearful

commotion. The priests and confessors had arranged themselves in front of the great gate, armed with battle axes, javalins and spears, threatening the inhabitants of Jerusalem with destruction if they did not come out and give them the control of the city. A great battle ensued, but Jerusalem defended herself, with the loss of five hundred and eight, while the dead of the heathens numbered eight hundred and more. How could I but exclaim "Has the Hebrew boy spoke false or true?" Had the Jews heard the warning they could have saved the poor, helpless creatures that could not help themselves.

I remained with my family for one year and four months, when I heard the Hebrew boy was making a great disturbance in Antioch. I was determined to find him and lay down my life for him if need be. I began my journey ere day dawned, and ere the inhabitants were astir I was far away out of the city gates, making my way towards Antioch. I reached the town called Bostra, at noon, and Damascus as the snn was going down. There I rested for the night, determined to reach Antioch the second day from there. But ere I sought rest, a traveler came in and said the Hebrew boy was in Joppa. My heart beat, but I dare not breathe his name unless I should be accused of being a heretic, and be sent back to the court. I could hardly wait for the ass to get rest, and sleep I could not. I knew I could reach there ere the day closed. Early I begun my journey, and ere the mid afternoon I reached Joppa. I saw a great multitude and hastened forward. There I saw that holy brother under the control of Jeptha. He had been controlled four hours. Leiah had controlled him an hour and a half, then his daughter controlled him one hour, and then Jeptha controlled him an hour and a half. As I drew near I heard Jeptha exclaim, "Brother John come hither and save this body from death, as I must breathe out of him as he is utterly exhausted." I dismounted and gave the bridle to a beggar and reached him as the spirit was freeing himself from the body. I folded him to my bosom, and as his face rested against my own, it was cold as death. I then took off my coat and wrapped it about him and breathed upon him. After a time his eyes opened, and he said, "God has blessed me in bringing me aid in my time of need. And," he continued, "John, dear brother John, do not leave me to-night, because I am fearfully afflicted with my back and head, and I am starving for bread." I then handed a piece of gold to a beggar and said, "hasten away, bring a full loaf of bread, fresh and good. Bring a gourd of milk," I said, "that I can sup with my brother." He hastened away, but ere he returned Jesus fainted, and I thought he was dead. I called on the spirits bright, that were around him, to electrify me that I could give him life from my life, and in an instant his guardian angel breathed upon me, and I became filled with light. I saw he was dying from exhaustion and starvation. I called for water, fresh cold water, from God's own bosom, I shouted, that he may drink and live. I held the cup to his

lips; he gave one deep groan, then he held the cup himself to his lips, and drank it all. He raised his head and looked around him, and saw the multitude were all gone but a few that had no where to go. He breathed a prayer for them and said, "God will feed you with bread for to-night, but who will feed you to-morrow?" Then he said, "God holds his own created worlds, and can he not hold his children even as well." Then the bread was brought; then I broke him a piece and he ate it all. Then he said, "Eat, brothers, eat; there is a plenty and to spare." The beggars ate, then they knelt and blessed God for his bread, and above all, for the bread of life that they had been blessed with that day. The night closed in upon us and we were still in the open air. I said to Jesus, "Where are we to stay to-night?" He answered, "God's ether blue will be our covering, and his earth our bed. His angels will be our companions, and we shall be blest." I prepared a place as best I could and covered him over with a blanket that I had rode upon, and lay down beside him. He fell asleep. While I lay there awake, I saw a form of light come and kneel beside us. There she knelt in prayer to her God, asking that her brothers may be borne along until humanity could be blest by their death, and that her Father would give her strength to assist them in declaring His ever presence, and that all the children of earth may declare one God, and one God only, and when their work was ended, that he would receive them in his own bosom, the bosom of love. Baptize, O baptize them, thy own faithful, with eternal light, that they can behold thy wondrous formations, fresh from thy hands. Holy, infinite creater, hold them from darkness and priestcraft, that they may ever acknowledge the supreme in all things." When she ceased to pray, my brother awoke. He folded his arms and said, "Angel sister, do not leave us. The bitter winds have chilled me through and through." Then he attempted to rise, but he fell back and burst into tears, and said "Could I go to my mother and die in her arms it would be all I would ask." He then bowed his head and said, "If God's children will assist me I will arise." I said, "Dear brother, I am strong and if you will lean on me I will assist you to the herdsman's hut yonder. There you can be warmed and fed." At that moment I saw a lad. I called him and said, "Here is gold, go buy bread and milk, and bear it to the herdsman's. I will be there to await your coming." I raised him, and he rested his head upon my shoulder, and I bore him along. As we drew near a female came to the door. I said, "Can I bring in my brother, he is nearly chilled to death." She answered, "I fear he will die in my home, and then I shall be accused of heresy." "Fear not," I said; "I will care for that." I led him forward and set him down beside the fire. The warmth gave him strength, but it caused a fearful pain in his head and back. The herdsman's wife had poured out a cup of warm gruel, and he drank it. That caused him to breath better. I took some cold water and bathed his head. He became calm. The boy returned

with the bread; we ate, and then I said, "Boy, go and feed the beggers, yonder. They have had nothing to eat since yesterday." Jesus answered, "Feed, O feed them, that they may give God the glory ere they breathe out their mortal bodies. Tarry but a little longer, boy; I have a message for them." Then he said, "John, give me a piece of gold." Then he handed it to the boy and said, "Give this to them, and say that they must buy bread and depart from here this hour, and go into Mesapotamia, and I will come to them there, if it please God, and my love go with them."

There he sat, with his head resting on my bosom, until the cry was heard from without, demanding his presence. Then he arose to his feet, and said, "Holy God, I bless thee for this rest. And you, dear brother, for bringing me where the warmth has brought back life to this body that was dying. Go with me John; diseased bodies are there, and Stephen is waiting. God's children are prepared to electrify those that are willing to become workers for God; to be glorified through his own law. A great commotion will be in our midst ere night closes in, and many will be cut down. And you, John, will flee into Caldea, and there you will remain until I come to you, which will be after many days. Fear not; I shall be cared for. God's child will take care of me, and she will remain beside me all day. Let us hasten away," he said, "and begin our work." I arose to my feet, then lay my hand in that of my brother's and assisted him to arise. Then he became electrified and stepped forth like one filled with life. A great cry was heard when the multitude saw him coming forth. Then they shouted, "Hozanna! Hozanna! He has come to bless us." Stephen shouted, "Hail Jesus of Nazareth; God's breath is upon us. Let us lay the foundation for God's glory to be established on earth, thou God of eternal life." "Amen," shouted Simon. "Hell will belch forth her furies to-day, but let God control, then all will be well." Then Jesus commanded them all to keep quiet. He knelt on the green sward and poured out his soul in prayer, and a holy calm came o'er them all. As he arose to his feet a bright ray of light fell all over him. Then he raised his left hand and said, "Bring your sick and maimed and they will be healed by God's angels bright that are in our midst." Here came a poor diseased body that was covered with leprosy. He said to him, "Stand ye there and let the angels of light bathe you all o'er with electric life, that you may be healed." He did as he was bid to do, then the apostles gathered around him, and they all became controlled, some in one way and some in another, but the power that fell upon the sick man caused him to fall to the ground. There he lay, shivering from his head to his feet, but when he arose to his feet he was healed. Then they left him as was, and stepped back and called for another. Then a child was brought that had been diseased all its life. Simon took the child in his arms and it became livid as death, but soon it gasped for breath, and fell asleep in his bosom. Then another was brought that had convulsions, and the father

said, "This child I give to thee, thou God of immensity. Then let him have his own rather than to live and suffer. My boy suffers and how can I ask God to hold him here." Then the father lay his child in the lap of Jesus. He lay one hand on his head and the other on his breast. He then fell asleep and slept on all that day and night following, and was healed. One came that had been laid low with palsey. Jesus said,"Brothers, come here." Simon and Andrew, the brothers of Peter; and Stephen and Jude, Thomas and Zachariah, all drew near. Seth, also, came beside us and said, "God's hand is upon me; I am filled with his life. Gather around the poor brother; God's electricity will heal him." Then we all stood upon our feet, and he lay in the midst. Jesus folded his arms and said, "Holy Creator, here is one of thy created. Lend thy aid that he may be healed." Then a crash was heard, but where it came from we never knew as long as we dwelt in earthy forms; but the shock caused him to spring to his feet and exclaim, "I am healed." Many were healed that day by the same law, and the law was electric life, being diffused into the bodies of the afflicted. As the sun's bright rays were shining o'er the earth, my angel brother was controlled and declared God's presence, and the presence of his angel children. He had not ceased to speak when a great commotion commenced. Many were beaten down by clubs. Some fled one way and some another. I sought the herdsman's home. The ass was already bridled and I rode away towards Caldea's borders, but ere I departed, I saw Jesus borne along like one borne on the breeze, and he disappeared beyond the hill. I heard after that he was borne beyond the reach of them all, then he fell to the earth exhausted, and lay there all night, but as morning dawned upon him he arose to his feet and journeyed onward. I continued my journey and in eight days I reached Canaxa, in Caldea's borders. There I remained one year, healing and declaring God. I then went to Selucia. There I continued my work until I heard Jesus had been in Babylonia, and in the country bordering on the river Euphrates. Here I made inquiry concerning him. The answer was, "He is among the Babelonians and they will surely put him to death, as they are heathens and he is a Hebrew." I answered, "I will go to him there and bear him away into a land of safety. He cannot die until by his death God will be glorified, and humanity may be blest." I begun my journey towards the city of hell, and reached there as the night was sitting in, and I heard by a heathen that he had gone to Mesopotamia, then I said, "Let God direct me, and if it be God's will, I shall meet my brother there." I then bound my girdle tight around my body and took a staff, and said, "I will neither sleep or rest until I can once more look upon my holy brother Jesus." That night I stopped not, but ere the sun had set upon the day following, I saw a great multitude in sight of Mesopotamia, and as I drew near I heard my name called. As I hastened forward, I saw Jesus holding out both hands to me, as he said, "God's children are starving for bread. Bar-

ley bread they have, but the bread of life they have not. Feed, O feed them, lest they go out in darkness and awake in confusion." Here light filled my soul, and I exclaimed, "Come, ye, to the great store-house of the living God, and feast your hungry souls. Hold yourselves in a condition that the dew drops of God's love may refresh you ere you wither." Then I forgot all, but when the holy ray of light left me it was dark, and I was folding my dear brother Jesus to my bosom. His head was resting upon my neck, his arms were folded around me, even as mine were about him. There we held a holy communion which filled me with love for humanity, and I said, "If my life is demanded I give it freely. But you, my dear brother, are chilled through. Where are your garments?" "Garments; I have only enough to cover me from shame," he answered. "But God's child will lead us to a place where we can rest and be made comfortable." Then he lay his hand in mine and said, "Come, brother, I will lead you where you will find rest for to-night, but where will you rest on the morrow night? God holds his own secrets; I cannot draw it from him." The spirit led us into a bye place where the beggars had rested the night before. There was dried grass and we lay down and slept. Early in the morning we arose and begun our journey toward Circesstium. There we declared God and healed the sick two months and a little more, and then we departed from there and went to Edissa. There we were made to feel God had forsaken us, as the heathens beset us wherever we went. Day after day we wandered about among the hills and ferns until a decree was issued against us, denouncing us as heretics. Then we were compelled to flee to Nisbis. There we lay the foundation for heresy to be established; holding the people by declaring God's mercies, and calling on them to flee their idols ere it was too late. Here dwelt a great many Shumites. They were kind, but feared to offend the priesthood. Many fled their idoletrous worship and declared the children of light had come to them, as they had seen the forms of men all covered o'er with light, around the Hebrew when he healed their sick and declared Abraham's God. There the aged Timothy came to us and said, "Heaven alone can control among the poor, benighted children of the Amlekites," as there were many there. Here I was divided from my brother by a price being set upon his head. He was compelled to flee, and I went to Singania. Here I healed the sick and sought to free souls that were chained and bound by heathen bigots. Here I labored until I was entirely exhausted, and I fell beneath the burden, expecting to rise no more in my earthy body. But God held control and I was raised up to contiue my labor. My garments were worn out and I was nearly naked, and I had a great desire to go back to Jerusalem, and look once more upon my father, my mother and my sisters. Here I continued to make inquiry of every wayfarer if they had seen a Hebrew, bareheaded and barefooted, healing the sick and declaring God. At last I saw one of Judea's sons and he told me

he had seen one crossing the country toward Antioch, and when he saw him he was not more than two day's journey from there. I called my followers together, and we started in that same hour. There were eight in all. Among them was Andrew and Simon, brothers of the fisherman called Peter, the aged Shumite, Timothy, and his two sons, also two from from Caldea that had followed me one year and a half. Their names were Silas and Thomas, brothers, and one boy that had followed me four years, by the name of Naum. We journeyed toward Antioch, but before we reached there we stopped at a hut and there we found Jesus and his followers, where they had sought rest for the night. But as he entered, it being dark, he did not know who had come; but when I breathed his name he sprang forward and folded his arms around me and burst into tears, as he said, "God has brought you here that you may assist in laying the foundation for his children for all coming time." "Amen," I answered; "God is here." Then Jesus knelt in prayer. We all ate and then lie down and slept; but Jesus awoke in the night filled with fever. He said, "John, lay your hand upon my head. God's child will help you, and I shall be made better." The holy breath filled me with life, and Jesus exclaimed, "I am better." Then we both slept until morning dawned upon us. Then we went forth again from that home for the last time. We were met by the way by heathen and Hebrew that were diseased. We lay hands upon them and they were healed; but ere we could reach the city the crowd was so dense we were compelled to leave the main road and enter the city through the by-lanes. But when we entered the great square we were met by the multitude that had gathered from all parts of the country. Here a mighty work was done. All of the followers were filled with life, and they declared God's presence, and the presence of his angel children. As the day wore away we were all nearly exhausted, when one of the followers exclaimed, "Hell's furies are upon us; let us flee the city." The country was in a commotion, and we sped on until we reached a brook. There we bathed our heads, faces and hands. Jesus breathed deep, and said, "Go into that home, yonder; food awaits you there; but do not tarry, lest harm falls upon the inmates." It being now dark we made our way as best we could, but when we entered there, a female accosted us and said, "I have been waiting for you. My daughter said you were coming. Now eat, then lie down and rest." "No," said Jesus; "we must flee, lest harm befalls you." I sat beside my brother at meat, and he took a cup of water and raised it above his head and said, "Holy eternal distance is my home. I long to go there and find rest. There I shall be free from heathen devices. There I shall await the hour when I shall be called back to finish up that which has been begun by my death. Then light will dispel darkness. There we shall dwell together without the fear of the cross. There we shall bless each other. There God's holy children will unite in praises to the first great cause. There God will be made man-

ifest through his children's love, one for the other, and then God will be glorified through his own creations. Then, and not until then, will the angel hosts unite in holy praises forever." When he had ceased to speak, his face changed to a livid hue, and he burst fourth in ecstacy, and shouted, "God is here, and his children are here; let us shout glory even now." Here his breath went out of him and he fell back, and I caught him ere he fell to the floor. I held him in my arms until his breath came back again, and he said, "God's child held me from death, else I should not have been here." Then he sat at the board again, he ate but a little, but he drank cup after cup of cold water. We then left that home and went forth into dark night. The country was in great commotion and we feared at every step lest we should be cut down. I said to the brethren, "Let us ask God to direct us, as we cannot discern the way." We knelt down, and in earnestness we invoked God's angel children to direct us on our way. Jesus sprang to his feet and shouted, "Here is Martha's; let us hasten there, even now." I led Jesus the rest of the way, as his feet could not bear his weight. But we soon reached a little hut built in the hillside. Jesus knocked at the door and a gentle voice answered from within, "I am here, come in dear brothers. Martha has prepared a bed for you to rest." We entered the holy, but humble home. Light was there; God was there breathing through his children. "Holy! holy! holy!" exclaimed Jesus; "I will declare thee forever, and thy children shall behold thee as thou art, eternal and forever." I looked around and there I saw Lazerus laying on his bed of dried grass. Martha was still entranced, and Jesus folded her to his bosom. "Here are God's holy children blending their lives together, and I love them both." I answered, "God's children may be divided on earth, but surely meet beyond." Then we all knelt in prayer, even before Martha's breath came back to her, and the angel spirit breathed out her soul in prayer, asking her father, God, to bless his children, here and herafter. Seth answered, "Lead, O lead, us through the darkness that is upon us, that we can find a home of rest. God's children cannot find their rest here, but in a brighter sphere." Seth answered, "I would go to my family, but how can I reach them when they are more than an hundred leagues away?" Jesus answered, "God will bear you there ere the flowers bloom again." Here Martha awoke as from a dream and looked around her and said, "How long have you been here? I knew you would come as that spirit that stands beside Jude told me so." Then she said, "She is showing him something, but darkness falls upon him, and he cannot discern." Then we all lay down and rested until the first dawn of day, then we arose, ate a piece of barley bread. Then Lazarus gave forth a holy prayer from an aching heart, knowing full well that we must die by the priesthood. Then we bade them adieu and journeyed onward toward Jerusalem.

That day we made seven leagues, and as night drew near we sought for

a place of rest. We drew near to where a band of beggers had been encamped for a time, but they had all gone and their fire had hardly ceased to burn. We scraped away the ashes from the warm earth, then spread down the dried grass they had used for their beds, then we lay down and slept comfortable all night. The day dawned upon us cold and cheerless, yet we made the best of our way to Nazareth. There we found friends among the Hebrews. We reached there about mid-afternoon. There we were made welcome; they gave us food and we rested. But who could look upon such a ragged set of human beings and not scorn them. Jesus was entirely bereft of clothes, except a buckskin shirt and a camels hair breechcloth; nothing to cover his head, arms, legs or feet, and my garments were even less than his own. My garments had been entirely worn out, and I had procured of a herdsman buck-skin enough to make me a pair of short breeches and a leathern girdle. This I procured in Caldea, but I had hoped to meet with friends in Judea that would feed and clothe me. None of my former friends came to me, but they shunned me even as if I had been their enemy. But Jesus had no hope; his parents were poor, crushed people, fleeing from place to place, and hiding inthe mountains in order to hold themselves from death. He saw the future, but I was withheld from the the fearful vision. Hope he had none. I hoped protection in my father's house. The hebrew family where we rested was astir early and we also arose and prepared for our journey. Little did we know how that family must suffer because of our stay in their home. Little did they know were were the last that they would welcome to their home. Ere we had passed out of sight of that holy spot we saw seven annointed priests enter there, and the whole family was destroyed; some in one way and some in another. When they had gone, we turned back, but what a fearful sight met our gaze. Eleven dead bodies lay in that home entirely naked. Two females were crushed to death by those brutes, and the rest were beheaded. I fainted and Iscariot bore me to the open door, but when I opened my eyes I saw a little child with its brains dashed out. "Holy God," I exclaimed; "hold these spirits from the heathen damned until they can be borne away." Jesus answered, "God forsakes not his own, but he will surely prepare the way for them to be borne hence." Then we straightened the dead bodies and covered them o'er with dried grass. Then we knelt and prayed that they might find rest.

CHAPTER II.

Again we started, and that day we reached Joppa. Here we ate, and healed many that were brought us from the country. That night we found rest with a Judean family, that had a daughter healed of a fever. But in the morning, ere day dawned, they began to bring their sick. There we were compelled to remain two days, healing the sick and declaring the presence of God's angel children. But when we found our strength giving away, they were all called together. Then Jesus was controlled, held forth one hour, and his controller bade them all depart, that the weary could rest, ere they began their journey on the morrow. Then we lay down upon the floor, and slept until the sun was rising. That day we made our way to a hill that overlooked Jerusalem. It was called Mount Hoab. There we sat down to rest. Jesus sat upon a little mound, and we all sat around him upon the ground. As he sat there, he gazed upon the old, grey wall of Jerusalem; then he folded his arms, and his head rested upon his bosom, I saw his soul was in agony. He breathed a prayer for the inhabitants there; then he burst into tears. He wept until his breath came deep, then he exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, oft would I have gathered you together, as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not listen to the voice of God's children, that come to save you from darkness, and now you must be left in the hands of heathen priestcraft, until God's changes lead you into light. Hold them, Father God, until the veil can be rent between the two spheres, then they can discern more clear light from darkness, good from evil, wisdom from folly, and heathen idolatrous worship from light eternal." As he uttered the last word, he fell back, and we all thought for a time he was dead. After a time, he opened his eyes and said, "Am I living, or am I among the dead?" Then, as he gazed upward, and saw the stars brightly shining, he said, "O, how holy thy rays are to me. I long to find rest beyond. God's mercies endure forever, from the beginning of time, without a shadow of turning, forever, eternal and forever." After Jesus had ceased to speak, we lay down to rest, and we huddled together, in order to draw warmth one from the other. The winds were cold and piercing, and we were all chilled through and through. After a time we fell asleep, but rest we could not, as fearful visions came before us. But when morning dawned upon us, we prepared to enter Jerusalem. When we entered the valley and approached the city, we were accosted by Judea's son. It was like this: "Hasten into the city. They are preparing a gallows for you, and the sooner you get there, the better."

Here the people began to gather around us; so much so, that we left the main road and went upon a hillside, bearing southward. There were a host at many from all of the country of Judea. When Jesus had been con-

trolled, and was kneeling in prayer, he was accosted by one of high blood. It was Bartholomew, and his meeting with Jesus has been related in his own history. All of that day the holy influences held control, but when night came on, we were left in the open air, and no one to say, "Come." That night we found rest again upon the cold ground, but early in the morning the people were again gathering around us. That day we entered Jerusalem, and sought the great square. There we found a multitude gathered together for the purpose of witnessing the execution of the humble Nazarene. Jesus stepped upon the platform that had been erected for his execution. There he was controlled by Stephen, the ancient seer. He denounced the Hebrews for their lack of faith in God, and the Jews for their unholy design against the frail man he then breathed upon, and he told them their city would be lain waste, and their synagogue would crumble away, and there would be none to close the doors against the beasts of the field, or their windows against the birds of the air, and the remnant of them that would be left, would be scattered, and would be wanderers on the face of the earth forever.* Then he made an expression like this: "Let any one lay hands upon this body, and God will dash him to the earth, and he will rise no more." Then one of Judea's magistrates sought to lay hands upon him, and as he raised his hand to clutch him by the hair, he fell back, breathed four times, and breathed no more. Then Stephen declared the presence of the living God and his angel children, he accused the priests of defrauding humanity of her inheritance, by holding from them knowledge which they themselves did know did belong to them. All of that day we toiled on, some in healing, others holding forth and declaring God's angels' presence in their midst. In the after part of the day there was a great commotion, and we became divided. We had sought to hold ourselves together, fearing the heathen priests.

The commotion was great, and Jesus lay breathless upon the ground, when Bartholomew exclaimed, "Let us flee these damned heathens, that would destroy the living God, if they could." He then folded Jesus to his bosom, and said, "Call them together, that they may find safety within the gates of my father's mansion." I shouted, "Come." At that moment, a fearful cry went up from the midst of the multitude, and I felt that some one of our band was being crushed to death. But all of us that had met, followed Bartholomew into his father's house. As he was passing through the great hall, one of the servants accosted him and said, "The man is dead; lay him down here." But Bartholomew heeded not, but pressed forward, and lay the poor, frail body upon his own couch, where there was displayed all of the eastern grandeur. The damask covering was embossed with threads of gold, and the curtains that were festooned around that couch were entirely

* That prophecy did come true, and the Jews are drifting about, and none says, "Come."

covered with embroidery, that had been wrought by the damsels of the court, and each had bestowed their finest piece of work. In the art of embellishing fruit and flowers bespoke their fine taste, and the perfect harmony of their colors I could not but admire, although my heart was filled with fear. As I was gazing upon the beautiful workmanship, Bartholomew drew forward the curtain, in order to shield the face of Jesus from the light, and there, within that fold, was a beautiful lamb, resting on a beautiful green turf, that had been a gift from the queen's hand, as Bartholomew had been a great favorite among them all. Ever kind and affectionate, he drew around him the flower of the court; his father one of the first council, and he an only son. Even while I was gazing upon that holy emblem, the lamb, Jesus opened his eyes, and gazed with adoration upon the same, then a sigh escaped him as he said, "The lambs of God will be slain, and the heathen priesthood will trample them beneath their feet, but God will surely control and save them from annihilation, and bear them beyond, where they will dwell together in harmony. There their holy lives will blend together, and declare the mercies of a living God, in that bright world free from care, free from fear, and free from heathen oppression. There they that lay down their life for humanity will surely find rest, and you, Bartholomew, will die, and you, dear John, will die, and you, Iscariot, come near, you too are among the martyrs that will lay down your life for freedom's cause, that must be established in coming time. Jude is already freed from his earthy body; even here, in spirit beside me, they have killed him." Even then a messenger entered and said, "Four of the followers are dead. Jude, Andrew, Simon and Silas, the herdsman's son."

Here I must remark, Caiphas had been made acquainted with the fact of his son Jude being one of the followers of the poor, despised Hebrew, first-born of Joseph, and his rage knew no bounds. He commanded them all to be caught and bound, and dragged to the gallows. The four had been caught by the heathens and dragged to the foot of the gallows. Caiphas came out and caught Jude by the throat, and pressed his knees upon the chest of the frail boy, until the blood gushed from the eyes, nose and mouth, and then, with his own hand, he drew a cord around the neck of his boy, and strangled him to death, before he was drawn up upon the gallows. The rest were drawn up, and remained until the next day. And even here, in this day, I feel to exclaim, "O thou fiend in human form, how could you crush to death thy own begotten angel boy." It is beyond my comprehension, how he could crush that beautiful flower, and trample him beneath his feet. Here I will leave the brute in God's hands.

CHAPTER III.

I will now continue my own historical facts relative to myself and those that were left in that hour when we were left still breathing, as the hour had not come. When Bartholomew's father entered the room and gazed upon that pale face of Jesus he exclaimed, "How can they crucify so beautiful a man?" Here Jesus was controlled and he conversed with the father and Bartholomew for a time, then he said, "John, come near and lie down beside me. My breath is short and my head is aching." Here I knelt beside the couch and lay my face resting against that of Jesus, and we wept together until our breath stopped, and we forgot all for a time. Whether it was from exaustion, or an influence, that caused our breath to be stayed, I never knew, but we were aroused by Bartholomew laying his hand in mine and saying, "Let us hasten away, even now, else the day will dawn upon us and we shall be cut off." I arose to my knees and asked God to assist us, and Jesus raised himself up and said, "My body is exhausted. I am unable to stand upon my feet." Bartholomew raised him up in his arms and said, "We will leave the city through the underground passage that leads directly from here beyond the city walls." Then he shouted, "Hell's damned will be here, but they will find God controls his own children." Then he darted down a long flight of steps and we followed him. When we had gone about half way he said, "I am stronger now; I can walk." He sprung to his feet and darted forward and we lost sight of him, but when we come to the opening we saw he had rolled back a stone as large as four men could have raised. I saw him no more, but according to the command that was given Bartholomew and myself, we lingered about the foot of the mountain bearing toward Tyre.

Even now when I look back to the last night we were in Jerusalem my heart aches for the people there. The inhabitants of Jerusalem were filled with fear that night, as many homes were entered by the heathen brutes that were armed with battle axes. They destroyed the men and cursed the women, and the half could not be told of that fearful night among Judea's children. But I could not break the holy command that was given through Jesus when he was controlled by his angel sister, as he called her, when she said, "John and Bartholomew will linger about the foot of the mountain, and you will remain there until I bring this body down again, in order to establish a belief on earth that will endure for all time. But he can now but begin a work that will be finished when ages have passed away. And you, John, will assist him even then." "God grant it," I said; "may it be so." Then the answer was, "Changes must be wrought among men ere God can declare himself, as he is; ever present, filling all space, and the soul of things

combine, constituting the Almighty whole, and his children a part of himself."

But when he left me in the underground passage I felt I would gladly have died for him if I could hold him from death, and I did not see him again until forty dreary days had passed away. We fled toward Tyre, and as the time had expired, I accosted a lad, the boy of one of the heathen herdsmen, and asked him if he knew anything of a Hebrew family that had a son that had been causing a great commotion in the country, and he has a price set upon his head. The boy started and said, "If that is the one you mean, he is in the city or somewhere about. I saw him myself not more than an hour and a half ago. He went into one Martha's, and there was a dead man lying there and he told him to get up, and he opened his eyes and looked around, and it frightened me half to death. I thought if he could make the dead live he could kill every one he chose, and I thought I would be off.' Bartholomew held a piece of gold in his hand and said, "Lead us to him at once and you shall have this gold all your own." He shrank back and said, "I am afraid you are a heretic." I answered, "Heresy cannot be bought with gold; it is a gift from God." When I said that, he fled from us as if we had been covered with leprosy. We hastened forward, determined to find him ere we slept. But ere morning, we reached Levi's. But who can describe it? The dead bodies of the children lay there with their brains dashed out. But when we followed the low sad moans, there sat Peter with two blasted holy beings. My own dear brother lay beside his mother on some dried grass. Her face was like marble, and Jesus was filled with fever. Bartholomew bowed his head and wept like a child. The faithful Peter sat there, his head bowed in grief, not knowing what to do. The fire had gone out and we rekindled it, and by its bright rays we could see what was there. We moved the bodies of the children into one corner, and then Jesus rose up and said, "God has brought you here. My mother will die, I fear, and I am starving for bread." I answered, "dear brother I have brought some bread with me." I gave him a little piece and he ate it. We found a gourd filled with water and he drank it nearly all. I saw Mary was breathing deep, and she was controlled by Leiah's danghter, and she said, "God holds Jesus still from death until he can be glorified through that death." I said, "Child of God do not forsake us, but remain beside us to guide and direct us." Jesus said, "Sister, come hither when you breathe out of my mother." In an instant she stood before us like a ray of light, and we all exclaimed, "Holy God be praised; his angel child is again in our midst." Her head was bowed and deep grief was settled upon her, but in a deep, calm voice she answered, "God is here." Then Jesus burst into tears and said, "Here we are in the midst of death, and you, holy child of God, are here. Do not leave us again until we can breathe with you in spirit." Her answer

was, "I have come for the last time, dear brother, and I shall not leave you again as long as you breathe in mortal form. I have been beside Mary ever since her reason left her, and when the confessors entered here I controlled her and caused them to feel she was dead. A confessor came up to her and attempted to raise her up and he saw she was cold and rigid, and he dropped her down again and said 'the damned heretic is dead this time.' Then they left, and bore away Levi's companion, and she lies dead in the hollow yonder." Mary called for drink and we gave her all she wished, and she seemed calm. After a time she asked for bread. I gave her some; she ate it and said, "How good God is to give us bread when we are an hungered, and Joseph always brought me all the barley meal we wanted, and to spare. How I do wish he would come. I have been looking for him many days. I am afraid something has happened to him." Then she gave a deep groan and fell back like one dead. Then Bartholomew laid his hand upon her forehead and said, "She is chilled all through. Let us bring her near the fire that she can be warmed." Ere they could raise her up her breath came deep and she said, "Let some water be heated in a bakepan; bathe her feet and hands but cool her head." It was done, and then she fell asleep and slept on until she was taken up for their flight. Day dawned and Martha was there, as she had left Lazarus in the care of Peter's daughter. Now the dead must be buried. Bartholomew found a spade, and beside the home he dug a grave big enough for them all. When they were all laid in the grave Jesus said, "Let me behold the burial of God's children." I raised him up, as I would a helpless child. He knelt in prayer at the head of that grave that held a faithful brother and four beautiful children. He asked his father God to bear them all away from earth and give them a home where priests and confessors could not crush them more; where the angels bright could instruct them in the holy law of creation. When he ceased to pray, he fell back, and Peter caught him up in his arms and bore him back into the tent. Again the fever came back upon him and he called for water. Martha gave him water and bathed his head, and we lay him down beside his mother. Again the sun rose bright and clear and had hardly blessed earth with its rays, when the Hebrews began to gather from all the country around. They brought with them what could be gathered up in a hurry, consisting mostly of barley meal and barley bread. They brought along with them their aged their sick, and their children. Because the confessors had declared that all of the Hebrews and heretics in the land should be laid low in the hour when it should be declared by the high priest, Caiphas, and they knew not where to go but to him that had caused the excitement, and as soon as they heard Jesus had come down from the mountains they fled to him, hoping the same power that had held him from death, would shield them also. Jesus lay crouched down beside his mother until the sun rose high, then he arose and

sought to bless them, but he fell back again. Then he called for cold water and drank freely. Then I saw an angel bright approach him and she laid her hand upon his head and breathed into his body. Then he stepped forth, fearless and strong, and he held forth an hour. Here we were all electrified, and light fell all over us. One came in our midst; he was bowed with grief, as he had been left alone for many years. This companion and his beautiful daughters were all destroyed in one night by a band of heathen confessors. He being from home, his life was spared. Alone he had walked the earth with his angel family. They were ever with him and he conversed with them hourly. He had lived in that condition more than half a century, and when he heard Jesus had come down from the mountains he sought him that he could die by his side. His name was Cornelius, and he was one hundred and four years old, therefore he was called the centurian. It had been revealed to him that Jesus must die, and all that followed him must die. And when he saw such a multitude gathering together, his heart was wrung in agony, and he exclaimed, "Holy God, these are thy children, and they will find rest with thee, thou God of immensity." Jesus called to him and said, "Brother, God will reveal to you what is best to be done, because if we remain here we shall be cut off by the heathens of Tyre; they are filled with hate against me, and they have destroyed my father and my brothers, and they will surely destroy us all together if we remain here." Cornelius then knelt in prayer and asked God to reveal to him what was best to do. He listened, and then gave answer. It is the destiny of this people to die, but they must not die here, because if they do, God will be robbed of his glory, and coming ages will not be blest by the sacrifice offered upon the altar of humanity. Make haste and begin your journey toward Jerusalem even now. I said, "Here are the feeble; what shall we do with them?" "Bear them along; let the strong assist the weak, even to the last." Then he bowed his head and said, "I give myself to thee, thou God of life eternal." Then Jesus called Bartholomew and said, "Wrap my cloak around Mary; bear her along in your arms. Judas will assist me, and Peter will lead Lazarus, and you, John, assist the children." My heart ached for my brother, as he leaned upon Judas, and I said, "Do let me assist you by taking hold of the other arm." Feeble as he was, as we bore him along, ere he reached the green slope, he became electrified, and as he sprang from us he exclaimed, "I will take care of him until night closes in, and then he will be entirely exhausted, then you must care for him, as a mighty work will be done ere the sun goes down on the morrow." As we came where the rest were sitting he shouted, "Hell's fiends are preparing to cut us off on the morrow, and unless you can be armed they will lay you all low. As night closes in, forty of you must enter the city and bring away at least two battle axes apiece. At the hour of eight, the Priests and Confessors are holding

their council, and ere they come from their council chamber, you will go to the building where they keep their battle axes and the keeper will think you are heathen. Secure the axes, then hasten without the gates, lest you should be suspected and the gates locked, then none could save you. But if you linger not you will be borne back in safety." Here a begger came and said the priests are preparing to work harm against you, and they are gathering from all the country around. Cornelius said, "Let the females and the children be kept in the centre of the multitude, and let them build a fire and get warm, but it must be extinguished ere night closes in." Then Jesus said, "Who among you that are diseased, let them come and be healed." As the sick were brought forward, then the controller said, "Gather together, ye faithful sons of God that have laid down all ye had for humanity, now make conditions to heal the sick, that you are to bear along with you, even to the end." We all formed in a circle around him, and as the sick were held before him, thus he exclaimed, "Angels of light, give us light from thy own inner light, that these poor, frail beings can be filled with life drawn from thee, thou God of light and love." They all breathed deep, and were filled with strength, and were healed from that hour. The day had changed to night, and the spirit breathed out of that body, and Jesus fell like a dead thing to the ground. I knelt beside him and raised him in my arms, and rested his head on my bosom. There I breathed upon him and sought to warm his chilled body by my own warmth. There he lay at least an hour ere he seemed to breathe at all. Then he gave a deep groan and asked for water. He drank four cups full and then sat up. He called for his mother, and Bartholomew brought her to him. Her face was crimson and her breath came thick and fast. He said, "Bring water; let me bathe her head and her reason will come back to her again." He lay his hand upon his mother's head and a power fell upon him that caused him to shudder. Then he said, "Holy father, God, assist me that my mother may look upon me and recognize her own." Mary fell back and ceased to breathe for a few moments, then she opened her eyes and said, "I have had a fearful dream, but it is all over now. But my boy is here beside me." Her voice trembled as she said, "I saw Jesus hanging on the cross, and I was kneeling at his feet." Big tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, "Yet it is not all a dream, because I did see the battle axe when it fell upon Simeon's neck. Darling boy, he cannot come to me now, earthy, again. And I did see my darling Jessie thrown into the den of wild beasts. And here is Joseph and James; they must have destroyed them, else they would not be here in spirit. And you, dear Jesus, are you still breathing in a mortal form, or are you a spirit?" She reached out her hand and lay it in that of her son's and said, "Jesus I do know you must hang on the cross, but I shall surely come to you soon. But, O, how desolate will be those hours until I can come to you."

Then she said, "Have you heard from Martha and Lazarus?" I answered, "They are here, dear Mary, and I will bring them to you, even now." "How is it," she said, "that we are here in such a crowd?" I answered, "The heathen are seeking to cut off all of God's children, every where." Then she breathed deep and said, "God's children will yet fill all earth when ages have passed away. And human sacrifices will lay the foundation for God's kingdom to be established on earth. Although it be laid in the heart's blood of the innocent, it will not crumble and pass away, but forever it must remain through all coming time." Then the holy child of God, that was controlling her, said, "My dear brother, Jesus, will come back with my father, Leiah, after many ages have passed away, and finish up what will be begun by the death of this family. And you, dear brothers, will all come back to assist us in blessing humanity; in declaring one God, and one God only. You will declare against heathen idolatrous worship among all the nations of the earth. Then, indeed, shall our father, God, be acknowledged, all in all, and we a part and portion of the Almighty whole, and after earth has been cleansed from priestcraft, and man will dare look at God's woundrous formations, and ask how is it we are bound and all else is free. Freedom will spring up with a mighty growth, made rich with warm blood, fresh from human hearts, even when humanity is offering up her sons on the altar of freedom. Even then a child shall be begotten that shall declare for you all what your mission is amongst the inhabitants of earth; what your mission is in returning back to earth again. Then humanity will receive their inheritance, and they will hold it forever and ever, as long as time rolls on." Then the holy child of God breathed out of Mary's body and left her calm.

Eight o'clock was approaching, and the band that was to enter the city begun to gather. Forty-four came forward, and Cornelius said, "May God and his angels assit you, but linger not within the gates lest you return not again." Martha and Lazarus had come, and knelt beside Mary and Jesus all the time Mary was controlled, and when she awoke from her trance she saw them there. And then she burst into tears again and said, "Holy God, I bless thee that I have looked once more upon my dear brother and sister." There they sat and conversed upon the fearful changes in that once happy family. Jesus answered, "Dear Martha, we shall all meet where those dreadful changes cannot come. No heathen bigots can come between us and our God." Even then they heard a shout go up, and Bartholomew lay at the feet of Mary four battle axes, and shouted, "Hell's damned will soon be upon us, but we will defend ourselves." Then they counted all that was able to defend the people, and they numbered four hundred and eight, all armed with battle axes. Then they held a council, and Cornelius said, "The females and children must be cared for, else they will be damned ere they die." He said, "Let them be removed into the forest, and have them

lie down and keep as quiet as possible." Jesus, and Mary, and Lazarus, were borne away with them, and our brother was borne along in our arms. Bartholomew raised Mary once more, even as a mother would raise her babe, and the friends assisted Lazarus. We lay Jesus and Mary down together, covered them over, and they both fell asleep and slept on, although there was a fearful conflict going on at the same time. As I gazed upon them I exclaimed, "Sleep on, angels will guard you until morning dawns."

When the heathens found we had entered their city, they called together all of the confessors and idolatrous worshippers. They armed themselves with what battle axes there was left, and the rest armed themselves with javalins and spears. They numbered eleven hundred. They sought to surprise us, but we were ready and waiting. Then we begun our work in earnest. I saw bright forms everywhere among the Hebrews, and I saw Leiah breathe into Bartholomew's body, and his daughter controlled Judas. When they drew near I saw Bartholomew in the midst of the confessors, and heads fell at every blow. The battle was short but fearful. Eight priests stood together and I saw Judas dart forward toward them, and ere any one could come to their rescue, he laid them all low. Then they fled us in great confusion, but Bartholomew followed them for a time, and every one that came within his reach he laid low. But when he came back, and the influence left him, he became like a child. He asked me "How many of our people were slain." I answered, "Five have been laid low and one maimed. Let us bury our dead," I said, "ere morning dawns, and not disturb the poor sufferers with this night's events, and we will gather the heathen together and count their slain." Bartholomew answered, "I believe God helped me. I was as light as a feather, and it seemed to me as if heads were flying every where." I said, "Leiah controlled you, else you could never accomplished such a mighty work." "Glory to God," he shouted; "Leiah is a holy thing, and his daughter is an angel of light." We then prepared to bury our dead. We dug a grave big enough for them all, when they were laid in their bed of rest, Cornelius knelt in prayer and asked God to bear away their spirits from confusion; then we covered them over. Then we begun to gather up the heathen, and their number was two hundred and five. Them we heaped up in a pile and covered them o'er with brush. Then Cornelius said, "Let us go to the holy children of Abraham, and if they are resting let them rest, as the children are being filled with fever, because of their sleeping on the damp ground." Then we all bathed in the brook, and then went to the poor, distressed people. Many had been reared in luxury, and such exposure was more than they could bear. Morning dawned upon them, and chilly winds blew across the country, and we knew we must begin our journey. I called to the people to arise and begin our long and tedious journey towards Jerusalem. The children were crying, and the people were chilled through and through. Mary awoke and found herself beside her boy, and she was calm

and collected. She remembered everything from the time that Jesus fled to the mountains, even to the present hour. Her children came before her, even in that desolate condition, and she looked upon them with that calm resignation that ever bespeaks a holy submission to the will of God. Jesus awoke and reached out his hand and laid it on Mary's head, and breathed a prayer for her and her family that were around them. This was his prayer: "Holy Creator, God, bear along my mother until her death shall bless humanity, and then let her breathe in spirit with her own beloved family forever in a brighter world beyond, where sorrow cannot come. Holy God, let thy children assist us and bear us along until we can bless thy children in all the earth, and faithful let us be unto thee, thou God of humanity." He then arose and said, "Assist my mother, she cannot arise; her strength has left her, and she must be borne along by the strong arms of Bartholomew and Mark, and let Peter lead Lazarus, and let Simon and Judas assist with the children. Simon, the son of Stephen, had come to us, and his beautiful sister had followed him, fearing harm would befall him. She was frail as a lily, and was an angel bright. Her love for her brother caused her to forget toil and danger as long as she could stand upon her feet. Yet as she journeyed along with us, day by day she faltered, until she could not stand upon her feet, then the brother folded her to her bosom and bore her along with holy resignation.

Ere we could start we were commanded to bring in the children that were sick, that they could be cooled of their fever by the same law that we cleansed the leper and caused the palsied man to say, "I am healed." Then we moved forward, and that day we made two leagues. As night closed in we halted on a hillside, near a brook. Here we built a fire and they baked their bread. Ere they ate, they all knelt in prayer, and then they ate and lay down to sleep. Day by day we continued in this manner, until the eleventh day, then Lazarus died in the night and we buried him in the morning. But ere that, Simon's sister had ceased to breathe, and we lay her down to rest, as a holy thing, in her earthy bed. Not one thousandth part of the suffering could be told by any recorder on earth. Among the multitude they were dying hourly, and our number was increasing hourly, and as I gazed upon them in their despair I could but exclaim, "O, thou children of holy blood, thy hopes are blasted earthy. Thou wilt all perish and be forgotton by man, but God will fold you in his bosom as holy things befitting his own kingdom of light. There you will be rewarded for all this suffering heaped upon you by heathen brutes in human form. O, ye beastly damned, God will dash you to pieces in his own due time for blasting his own created, his children. Live, O live, all ye holy things that have been created in Holland's blood. God has cleansed it for his own. That holy blood has flown in crimson streams ere this, in order to establish a belief in a living

God, and it will flow again and again until all earth is cleansed of its heathen bigots, priests and confessors, and its hypocricy and deceit. O, Holland, thou art the holy attraction for angels bright, and thy children will be scatall o'er earth, and the power of good from thee, my God, will fill their hearts and their homes until thy holy begotten will fill all earth with thy glory." Then I saw the child of God approach me, and she folded her arms about me. And then I saw deep into the future. There I saw a form, and and as I stood beside her, I said, "Are you the holy spirit that come to me when I was journeying along with my brother, Jesus, in his hour of need?" Her answer was, "John, thou wert my brother then, thou art my brother now, and we will labor together here where freedom has been established and Holland set her seal through the holy blood of Poland's sons. They fought for an enslaved people, they died for that people, and their holy blood set the seal of freedom where we will declare the presence of the hebrew family and their coming back to earth to finish up what could not be accomplished by their lives. And their death could not set the seal for the freedom of human souls. And then, dear brother John, let us lay the foundation that cannot be shaken by time; where every knee can bow, and every heart rejoice, in the fullness of God's freedom, for all of his children in every clime." My heart was beating for that holy child of God, and I exclaimed, "Let me live on earth until I have seen my earth labor rewarded, and I can bear back my angel sister to that home of light." Then I heard my brother, Jesus, call me, and I seemed to awake as from a dream. When I reached him I said, "Brother, God has unveiled the future, and I have seen earth changed, and heathen priests and confessors were chained and bound forever." "Amen," he said; "then let God direct us, if it be to the cross, and let us bow to the necessity of God's children until they can discern clearly that God has designed them for a higher and holier life beyond." Then Mary breathed deep and said, "Heaven will blend her light with earth until all becomes light, and it must be accomplished through the humble children of his own created. In the bosom of affection then they will breathe harmony instead of discord, and then, indeed, God will be made manifest through his children, and they will live to glorify the infinite that will find a resting place in their own beings, and divine inspiration will be the handmaiden that will bedeck their inner lives, and the holy angels bright will be their companions. Then death will lose its sting, and the grave its victory, and as they gaze beyond, they will robe themselves in light, and love will attract them to their own condition, and then they will all exclaim God doeth all things well for them that put their trust in him."

It being now high noon, and the poor famished children of Judea were sitting on the ground to rest. And I said to Mary, "Have you had anything to eat?" Her answer was, "I have had nothing since yesterday noon." I then said to Jesus, "Among all of this multitude there is not a piece of

bread or a spoonful of meal, and they are suffering everywhere with hunger." He bowed his head and a deep groan came welling up from his very soul, as he answered, "John, the holiest gift God gave to me I give to thee, my mother. Care for her, John, when I am gone, it is all I ask; and now, if it is possible for you to send to Joppa, bring bread for my mother. I cannot but die, but Mary must linger—it is her destiny." Bread I could not buy, but I saw a herdsman and I said to him, "Drive a bullock into the midst of the people, and let him be slain there that they may save the blood, and I will give you ten scruples in gold." He took the gold and drove the bullock into the midst of the people. They killed him there and saved the blood for the poor starving children, and then cut it up into small pieces and gave it to them all. Jesus took his piece and held it away from him and said, "This is the last morsel of food that will ever pass my lips earthy." Then he said, "Come hither my faithful followers; come let us once more sit together in the presence of Almighty God, and eat to his glory for the last time on earth." Twelve of us sat around him, and ere we tasted we all knelt in prayer. My brother's voice came deep and clear, and then he prayed, "Blend, O blend, thy bread of life with this our earthy food, and may our souls be filled with light from thee. Bless thy children, O Creator God, and in our anguish let us bow and kiss the rod, if it be for the highest good, for thee, and humanity. Let the angels bear witness this was the last morsel of food that passed the lips of any that died on the day of the crucifixion." When we reached the valley north of Joppa, and encamped, we were entirely at a loss to know what to do. The faithful followers gathered together and held a council. It was decided that we should make our way into Jerusalem, hoping the hungry Hebrews would be fed, if nothing more, and my brother said the king was once his friend, and he hoped he would save him from the cross, and the Hebrew children from starvation. That was our last hope. Frail as it was, we had none other. We knew if we remained there it was but to starve. Turn back we could not. Jerusalem was the only place for us, and there we fled. How can I go on? My heart beats when I look upon those painful hours of suffering and despair. Their hunger was cramping, and death was relieving the poor emaciated bodies that had dragged themselves along to this holy valley, where the holy Caldean children had encamped four thousands of years before, because the heathen priests had sought to cut off all of the sons of Caldea, because they did believe in a living God. Here the same springs were still gushing up fresh from the bosom of earth, for a people that were compelled to become outcasts in the land of strangers. Here the holy blood of Caldea and Judea, blended together, by the Caldeans being driven from their own kingdom, and seeking rest in this holy valley, their descendants were held for a time unmixed, but in the course of time they mixed with Judea's children, and their descendants were called Hebrews. Judea's children descended from Benja-

min, and Caldea children from Joseph. And now this holy blood that had been persecuted from time to time, as they had ever held the God of Abraham before them. And the heathen bigots had ever sought to cut off all that declared Abraham's God, and now as the anointed priests had become mighty in the land, they were determined to cut off every Hebrew, and destroy them root and branch. Eighteen hundred years ago, that was the condition of the eastern country, and what is it to-day? Answer, O ye blood of Abraham. In all the nations of the earth I find you still, and ye know not that the same influences are at work in ancient Rome. Beware! Beware! Lest the blood of Joseph and Benjamin are again compelled to flee their homes and seek rest in some distant valley or be trampled beneath the feet of heathen, idolatrous worshippers. They are already prepared to destroy all that will not bow to the idols that they hold before the poor, deluded creatures, that have been reared in the bosom of delusion, and drag out a life in fear of the Pope and Priest, and not say our Father and our God is here in our midst. And I, John, have watched those changes and know its meaning.

After we had decided what to do, we knelt in prayer, and then a holy calm came over us, and we said, one to the other, we will enter Jerusalem, and there we shall find rest, even if it be death. I shouted, "Holy children of Abraham, we are going home." I did know my brother would be hung on the cross. I did know I must die, and I did know we should find rest beyond God's ether blue, and my soul was filled with that light drawn from eternal distance. And I declared God's presence, and the presence of his angel children, even as I declare now the presence of God's angel children, here on earth. They are the Hebrew family, Joseph and his family, and the faithful followers of their first born, Jesus. Who dares point the finger of scorn at that holy angel brother, and declare he is an illegitimate begotten; he has not eternal life within him, and God will not hold him guiltless that dares to seek to cast a stain on the holiest thing he ever created, through the holy blending of two hearts that beat in holy adoration to their God, and holy love one for the other. Live, O live, ye children of the living God, and declare his ever presence, and the presence of his angel children in spirit, and you, child of God, in Abraham's blood, are my sister, and I am thy brother, because you have been faithful to us, in laying down our histories, and may Almighty God baptize you with his holy spirit, and may you find rest in the bosom of the angel band that you have blessed by inscribing for them, truths they have borne along for more than eighteen hundred years. They belonged to humanity, and they could not lay them down until they could find some one through which they could breathe their whole life, as it was, that they could be known as they were, as they are, men and women in the past, in the present, and in the future, God's own and not heathen bigots. It has been declared by my brother, Jesus, why he returned to

earth after his absence from here of seventeen hundred and twenty-four years and eleven months, that he could finish up what had been begun by his death, that was, to destroy idolatrous worship, and that God could be glorified through his own created children. Holy Creator, God, blend thy life with those that hold these pages before them, that they may fully understand my declaration of what I saw, and heard, and know, relative to Joseph and Mary, and their first born, Jesus. His life and his death was demanded by humanity, and they still demand another human sacrifice in order they may believe. God must be glorified through his children.

When we were preparing to begin our last day's journey, and I had assisted my brother to his feet, Seth came to me and said, "There is a Jewish chariot come, and the man made inquiry for you." I said, "It is my father and my sister." At that moment my sister alighted and came near. I saw she was bowed with grief, and her heart was breaking. "Holy God," I exclaimed, "how came you here in the midst of death and despair?" Her answer was, "Dear brother, John, do go home with us; father is waiting for you." I folded her to my bosom, and I longed to die there in her holy embrace. All she could say was, "John, dear John, do go home with us." Her heart was beating fearfully as I gave her answer, "Sister, God's demand is upon me. I must die for declaring God's presence and the presence of his children in spirit." Then she said, "If you do not go, dear John, my father's heart will break, and my mother will mourn away her life for her son, and how can we, your sisters, live without you?" I said to her, "Look dear sister, look! Where can I go? If I go home you will all be cut off, and if I flee, where can I flee? Every country is filled with priests and confessors, and they would not rest until I was laid low. Go back to my father and say to him that ere eight days he will be cut off by these fiends of darkness, that I am about to lay down my life to destroy. But ere it can be accomplished humanity must suffer by these brutes in human form, and you, my dear sister, and the four that are at home, as well as my dear mother, will be crushed to death by the heathen brutes that are even now filling Jerusalem. My father will be called into council, and ere he returns you will all be damned by the brutes that will enter your home, and when he returns you will all be dead." I said, "My father foresaw it, and his heart is filled with despair. He does know the Jews will be cut off, but God will hold enough of his true and faithful to savour all earth, and a mighty power will make conditions for us to return to earth and leave light enough to bless all people, in all climes, if they will be blessed by truth bereft of fiction. Now go, dear sister, and say to my father I cannot come to him now, but I will be beside him when the battle axe falls upon him, and then I will bear him away, with his family, into a holier condition than earth can ever give him more." My sister wept as if her heart would break, and said, "My father will die, my mother will die, and we must all die, for you, dear broth

er, being a heretic. Leave this rabble, John, and if we must die, let us die together." "No, dear sister," I said, "that cannot be. I must lay down all I have for my brother and the holy cause of freeing humanity from the dark stain of heathen idolatrous worship." Here my sister bowed her head and said, "John, God will hold you in his bosom forever, while many will be cast out into darkness. I will go back to my father and tell him all." As she was entering the chariot my father saw a band of confessors drawing nigh, and he was compelled to haste back to the city.

I did follow my brother until he hung upon the cross. There he called me and said, "John, come hither." I drew as near as I could, on the account of the guard that was about him, and then he said, "Do care for my mother, and God will bless you forever." That was after Mary was dragged away, but I answered, "I will care for Mary." I sought her among the Hebrews, but she was no where to be found. I made inquiry, and was told she was dragged away by four confessors, beyond the hill. Then I knew she was beyond my reach, as in that direction they were cutting off all that attempted to escape. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The heathen brutes had begun their work of death. Heads were being cut off everywhere. After I had looked for Mary, and could not find her, I made my way again toward the cross, that I could look once more on that holy brother. He had called for water, and as Judas was about to hold it to his lips, I saw the cup dashed from his hand by an anointed priest. Then my brother said, "As you dash that cup from me, Almighty God will dash you to pieces, in his own due time." And as I found I could do nothing more, I fled in the confusion, and sought the forest, and I attempted to cross the border country, bearing toward the Caspian sea, but on the fourth day I was beheaded by a confessor that had followed me from Jerusalem. Here, I may add, my father was beheaded, and my mother and five sisters were damned, and died at the hand of the confessors.

Here I will close my earth history, in a part, but had I given all that could have been given, relative to this matter, I should have inscribed many a chapter where I have left it a blank. Here I would say, farewell friends of humanity. If I were not commanded to make crooked ways straight, then I should not return to you. I have been called John the Evangelist, but so far as any evangelical doctrines, I never knew ought of them. Then how can you call me what I never knew aught of, as there was nothing of that sort when I walked the earth, unless you make the application because I was a dispenser of the Jewish doctrines. I acknowledge I was educated to that belief, and so far as my being a baptist, I never knew ought of such an ism until I returned to earth in eighteen hundred and twelve, and I do deny baptizing any. But I do know I was baptized by the spirit of the living God, and it fills my whole being. And my life has been dedicated to the glory of God, in seeking to bless his children, and I would have my

works declare me as I am. A human history declares that I am blood kin to the holy man, Jesus. I acknowledge him my brother, in spirit, but not by blood. His father's blood was full Hebrew; his mother's blood was Hebrew, through Sodom's daughters. My father and mother's blood was full Judea's blood, even direct from Benjamin's children.

When I was beheaded I was thirty-seven years and two months and twenty-eight days. Here I have been near fifty-six years and three days, hoping to finish up for humanity that which was given by my life and death, and bear testimony of him who died for truth's sake. And if humanity is to be blessed by my coming, then I will say, give God the glory for the good that has been done through his humble created child, John. But now, as I am about to say farewell, I would bring before you God's humble scribe, that has light you know not of, and you cannot comprehend the glory of God that is about her, as her days are devoted to holy revelations, and the holy angels are her companions. How is man to comprehend her but by the light that is breathed upon her, and she gives it light by inscribing it in life lines that can never die. My father, my mother, and my angel sisters call me, and I must go to them. And you, dear sister, may you be held from the blasting hate and jealousy of those that would gladly destroy the body, and trample you beneath their feet, if they could obtain the diamonds within, because they do all know you have gifts they have not, neither can they have in this life, or the life beyond. Live, O live, until humanity may be blessed by your holy inscriptions, that shall live when you cease to be in mortal form. When your journey is ended, I will come and bear you beyond the reach of humanity. There will be a home prepared for thee, where you will draw light from eternal light, forever, eternal and forever. Your days have been days of toil, and humanity has been blessed by thee, by being healed of disease, hearts freed from care, and light has dawned upon them, that they could discern their way more clear. Behold the glory of God through his works. His flocks and herds cover Mount Hoab. The stars give light by night, and the sun bespeaks his glory by day. And here, in the presence of God's children, I must bid you farewell, here, hereafter, forever, eternal and forever. I am your brother, you are my sister. I am your friend and brother, John, the humble man that fled his home and become a beggar among men, that God could be acknowledged by his own created children, in every country and in every clime, and that God's angel children may breathe comfort to their friends still in earth forms. But how can I address thee, O men in priestly robes, that are teaching that which they do not believe, in order to chain human souls to heathen devices, that have been held by the crafty priesthood, that they may live in ease and have all of their desires gratified, and that they can hold humanity in darkness, because they know full well if they teach them the true knowledge, they will rise and say, earn your bread or starve; your are our brother man

and nothing more. Now live as a brother and we will treat you as a brother, else we will hurl you from us as a filthy thing, then you will know how you have dealt with us. Become honest citizens, and live according to the law of the living God, and not command the child to bring their last penny to fill your coffers, when they need it for bread. Light alone will free the people, and for that purpose I am here, dwelling among men, and it is for that purpose I have a demand upon children of light in every country of the inhabitable globe. Light, holy has been thy rays from creation's dawn, and when it finds a resting place in the human mind, God is glorified through his own creations, and the inner life blends with the Almighty whole. Angel brothers, God is here. Let us swear to defend the helpless, care for the needy, and light the dark passage of humanity to a brighter world beyond. In the holy of holies I will meet them. There we will kneel upon the square, and draw each line by the compass, forever, eternal and forever. Holy light, I bow before thee and ask for thy rays divine to find a resting place in every human mind, here, hereafter, eternal and forever, is the humble prayer of John, the friend and brother of the humble man called Jesus of Nazareth. Friends and brothers, farewell forever earthy.

October 26, 1870.

I, John, feel a duty due humanity, which if I leave without laying down my whole burden, earth may demand my presence again, but when I am freed I would be free forever.

NOTES ON HISTORY AS IT HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH JUDEA'S BLOOD.

Josephus was a partial historian. In the first place he gave but the fair side of Judea's doings and sayings, and his hate against the Hebrews knew no bounds, and as for the heretics, he would have destroyed them all if he could, and among the rest he had a fearful hate against Jesus, as he felt he had deluded me with heresy, and for that he persecuted the Hebrews with more deadly hatred than before. In his history of Judea's children did he give any account of the heathen priests destroying Judea's fairest flowers, that bloomed upon her borders? No! He withheld that from his works, yet he was cognizent of it all. His knowledge was clear relative to the laws of the land, yet he gave it but in part. And now a partial historian is to be criticised by facts that did exist, and must now be made plain. Josephus declares that Judea's kings were holy people. If holiness consists in drunkenness and debauchery, then they were holy. He declares the country was filled with light. If heathen idolatrous worship was light, then we have nothing to say; and when the anointed priests had a right to enter the homes of the Hebrews, and slay the men for naught but being Hebrews, and crushing their females with their brute desires, then bid defiance to Judea's

king and council, holding themselves in condition to do battle if they were in the least disturbed. Did the council ever dare condemn a heathen unless he was first handed over to the priesthood, and they give him over to have the laws enforced? How was it with Caiphas and the king's home? Does Josephus declare that he, Caiphas, diseased the king's concubines and damned his daughters, and even diseased the queen, and she died with that disease? Does he declare that the heathen priests alone, gave in marriage, even Judea's children, and if he chose to hold the damsel that had been united to the one of her choice, for days in his chamber, before he gave her up to her husband, that crushed husband dared not ask a question why it was so, and if he could receive her to his bosom alive, he would receive her and hold his peace; and if a priest or confessor demanded his wife in after time, he dare not cross the threshold of his own home until they had departed, and if his companion bore children, and among them were holy daughters, dare he say aught against the heathen confessors holding them at their will and pleasure? No, he dare not, knowing full well it would be his doom to die, even if he were Judean, Hebrew or heretic. These things did exist in all of the land, but does Josephus declare aught of it? No! No! No! But he writes all that could reflect credit for Judea's inhabitance, therefore I must say he is a partial historian, for history imbodies the whole, whether good or evil, and here I am declaring what I know to be facts, and nothing more. I have held these facts for ages; they belong to humanity, and I shall leave them in their hands, and they can do with them what they choose.

Freed, O freed, holy God, I am forever, and could I but unchain human souls, that are bound to heathen devices that are cursing God's created, even in this age, and in this holy land of freedom. Arise, O ye holy sons and daughters. Children of light dare ask Almighty God if he has forged chains for the spirit when the body is free. Look, O Look ye, to the life beyond, and if you discern clearly, you will see that all bespeaks freedom, unless you bind yourselves. Even if you are bound here, who is to unbind you hereafter? None! None! They that have enslaved you are enslaved themselves, and ages on ages may pass away, and none will say to you, arise, there is light beyond; a home for thee and all humanity that ask, and ask aright. Breathless, I gaze into the future, and see what I never saw before. Mighty changes among earth's inhabitants. Holy children will be born that will attract holy lights around them, and that light will surely reach every heart and every home in all the earth. Then priestcraft, no matter under what name it may come, will smolder in ashes because the holy blending with the angel world will surely lead them, and lead them aright, and teach the childen of men to ask for knowledge. And who will teach them but the souls that are freed from earth. Then there will surely

be one glad song go welling up fo the first great cause. Hozanna! Hozanna! Glory to God and good will to man, forever and eternally. Holy God, I will praise thee for letting me behold the future ere I pass beyond to my home of rest. This hour will be held before me as a comforter, when I cannot watch earth and its changes. But I know it will be fufilled, and God's glory will fill all time, all space, and he will be glorified through his children, even here on earth. John, once the Jewish dispenser, and now a servant of Almighty God.

CHAPTER IV.

TESTIMONY OF BARTHOLOMEW.

EXTRACTS OF BARTHOLOMEW, THE APOSTLE OF THE HUMBLE NAZARENE.

I have come back to earth determined to give facts concerning my journeying around the country with the first born of Joseph and Mary, Jesus of Nazareth, as he was called then, and the same application is given him now. But another name was hurled at him, in derision, by a priest in a catholic council, when they were discussing the subject whether to hold him before the people as an idol, or whether they should hurl him from them as a despised thing. One priest arose and said, "He is a Christ and he ought to be cut off from all church creeds, and his records ought to be brought together and burned, as he is a controller in hell, else he would not have done what he did when a priest aimed a blow at his head, and ere he could direct the blow his armed dropped down by his side, and he could not raise it. Then the crazy fool shouted, 'Holy Creator, God, thy electric law has saved me from death,' and now do you think that such an unworthy man ought to be held as an idol, when he cursed all idols, priests and confessors? And now, if you hold him as an idol, under the name of Jesus of Nazareth I will flee you forever." Then another priest arose to his feet and said, "As the priest hates the name of Jesus of Nazareth we will call him the Christ, and if he is the controller in hell, he will have enough to do in order to hold the affected heathens that are becoming so numerous that they must be held by fear." Then the one that had addressed them before, sprang to his feet and said, "Excellent. Then we will have a Christ, and make the affected fools afraid to hold themselves away from confession. Even the true worshippers at the Holy Catholic Church have dared to deny their daughters being held after confession, and if we are denied that comfort what are we to do? Then we are not allowed to marry, what shall be done? Heretofore the

priest had a right to hold all the females he had a desire for, and the faithful followers were ever ready to bring their daughters, as well as their wives, whenever we wanted them, and there were no questions asked if we saw fit to detain them for days. And children were ever being begotten by us, and none asked why they had them to support, and whenever we could find one that was intelligent, we could take them at our will and pleasure, and educate him for a priest. But in despite of our efforts, we are loosing ground daily, and if something is not done to hold them in fear, we shall be compelled to live as other men live, with one female, and that we could never endure. But they shall bow to the law of Moses, and come to us when we desire them." Then an aged priest arose and said, "We were compelled to do what we did do, form ourselves into a body, as the crazy heretics had scattered their ideas among the heathens relative to females being held by anointed priests and confessors, and they were fools enough to hold themselves from confession until the priests were compelled to force them, by a decree, to come to their relief. And now we must have an idol they all do know did live, and if you want Jesus we will have him, but if you want John then we will have him. It matters not which, as John scattered heresy, even as much as the crazy fool of a Hebrew, the first born of Joseph and Mary. Now choose which shall be held before the faithful followers of Moses. He was a priest and he begat an hundred and forty-four children, and he was never bound to any. His concubines were ever ready at his will and pleasure. and as we bow to him as a director, let us share the pleasure of his life, even as he did, and if we can hold control over the heathen people let us give them an idol, one they all know did live, that we can be comforted, even as Moses was comforted. Then the council remained in session four days, ere they could decide what was best to do for an idol. As they knew Jesus had become more notorious than John, among the heathen, by his many acts, which could not be denied, they came to the conclusion it was better to take the humble child of Joseph and Mary as their idol, under the name of christ, which is, when truly translated from the heathen dialect, a controller in hell. Now, here I am to defend my brother, lest he should be accused of being the instigator of such a heathen plot as being held between Almighty God and his children, as mediator. Does God ask man to assist him in his wondrous formations, and in holding his myriads of worlds in harmony, one with the other? Then how is it that the heathen bigots still chain and hold control of the human mind, and cause ideality to bow to priestcraft, hypocrisy, deceit and hell? Hell is ignorance, and ignorance lays the foundation for the ambitious to chain and bind the lesser mind, and these are the souls that are chained and bound by the crafty priesthood. And what are your isms to-day but the devices of crafty man, in order he may live in ease and splendor, while the humble laborer can toil on from

is asleep." I asked him if I could go home to-morrow. "We will talk about it." The doctors and lawyers still called for strong drink, but I dropped down beside the King exhausted. I heard him call for another of his servants to come and serve his guests. I saw Leiah ; he folded me to his bosom, and I knew no more until I found myself in my own bed, and the sun was high. I arose and thought how Caiphas had struck me. I said aloud, "I am going home." It was the first time I was ever struck in my life. The King sent for me and said, "boy, you are not happy here." I answered, "the children are good and kind to me, and you are a good King, but Caiphas struck me, and I must go home to my father and mother." The King answered, "I will see your father and mother, and we will discuss the subject." "All is well," I said, then I went back to the children.

Days, weeks and months passed by, and I heard no more of the feast, but one day as I was cleaning the King's mantle, I heard Caiphas say, "if heresy is not put a stop to, we shall all be compelled to flee the country." I said, "flee hell, and you are safe" Leiah breathed upon me; I heard the words, but I could not suppress them. Caiphas started as if he had been hit with lightning. He exclaimed, "this Hebrew boy will damn us all if he is petted so much by you all here." I answered again, "Holy, eternal distance is his home, and God will bear him away from you all before flowers bloom again." "See," said Caiphas, "he is filled with heresy, and he shall be burned alive if I hear any more of it." I was filled with fear, and after Caiphas had gone I said "Good King, can I go home ?" He answered, "your father is a hard working man, and you will make one more, but if you will remain in my home with my children I will do all I can for you, and in due time you shall be educated according to the Jewish ritual in order to become a controller in the rites of Judeaism." I answered, "Caiphas will hold control until he destroys all of your beautiful daughters, because he has already damned the oldest one, and she is in her thirteenth year." The King gave a deep groan as he said, "the priesthood will destroy me and mine." My heart ached, for I knew he would drag out a miserable existence in constant fear of being destroyed." He then said, "call the chamberlain, he will change your clothes for some that are befitting your condition in life, but they shall be new and clean. Here, dear boy, is an hundred pieces of silver, carry it to your father that he can educate you." "Farewell, good King," I said, "God bless you." I then fled that home of infamy, drunkenness, priests and hell.

When I said farewell to the children, they began to cry and said, "stop, Jesus, we have a cloak for you, and we have wrought your name with threads of gold." I took it, threw it over my shoulders, and hurried away. I, too, was filled with grief for the children.

CHAPTER IX.

Mary met me and folded me to her bosom as she said, "Holy God, I praise thee that thou hast brought back my boy, a holy thing, from that den of pollution." I answered, "Mary, I am what I was when I entered there, but I am older and have seen a great deal of iniquity." The children all gathered around me and I said, "you are happy in your humble life, may God keep you there." Martha and Lazarus both exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear Jesus, how glad we are you have come." When Joseph came home he blest me over and over again, and said, "Holy, Eternal God has held you, else you could never have come back to me a holy thing from that den of debauchery and drunkenness."

The hour came for prayer, and a holy calm fell over us ; that home was lighted up by angels, and I heard a hymn chanted by that holy band. After prayers were ended, Martha said, "I feel heaven is here with her holy children." I arose to my feet and was controlled, and said, "there is to be a great excitement in court ; the boy will be borne there, but fear not, I will surely care for him and bring him back again ; his life is held by God for his eternal glory." Then I heard a voice which said, "Holy, Eternal God, hold him from being dashed to pieces, even there."

Now two months passed away in a holy calm, and we began to feel that the destiny described for Mary might not prove true, when a great commotion commenced in court ; It was from the hellish conduct of Caiphas among the Kings concubines. He had diseased them all ; the King was also diseased, and the court decided that Caiphas should be made accountable for the misery he had caused. Our holy calm was broken by Leiah controlling me and bearing me in their midst. The council were discussing the affair, and in their earnestness they forgot the night was wearing away. Even while I was sleeping my controller bore me in their midst at the eleventh hour. He held me there until the day dawned in the east, and still they forgot the hour concerning the earthly and heavenly conditions of God's wondrous works, and the King asked how it would be if the anointed priests were left to control the court altogether ? Leiah answered, "they would drag you and your family down to death and hell as they have already begun to do, and your kingdom would become one vast field of drunkenness, debauchery and crime, and hell would control forever ; but let God control and priests and confessors will flee the land." After he had ceased to speak he bore me back again, and when I awoke at early dawn I was lying beside my brother James. He slept on while I conversed with my controller. He told me he had a work to do among the doctors and lawyers, then he would bear us all back again to our mountain home. "It will cause a great excitement," he said, "and a price will again be set upon your head."

she still lingered near to comfort him by her holy influence. As the sun had ceased to shine, and darkness was covering the earth, a messenger arrived from my father. He declared my father was waiting at the gates, and would not be comforted until I should come to him. I said to him, "God's command is upon me, and I must obey. Also say to him I will be at home on the morrow, ere the dark mantle covers the earth, and I will bring with me an angel band that will bless him. Go now, and hasten back with bread, I hunger." He hastened away and soon returned with bread. I went to Jesus and said, "You fed us with the bread of life, and I will feed you with barley bread." He answered, "God bless you, dear brother, I am starving for bread, even now, but I forgot my hunger when God's child folded me to her bosom, but in the bosom of John I am blessed." I saw when the influence left him, he fell to the earth, and John knelt beside him, raised him up, and held him in his arms, and when I came to him with bread, his head rested upon John's bosom. I said, "Who is this angel beside you?" He answered, "It is Leiah's daughter." Then I left him and hastened away and found rest with a Hebrew family beyond the hill. At early dawn I hastened back to the poor humble children of God, and we entered the city, fasting all that day. The humble Nazarene was controlled, healing the sick and declaring God. The day wore away and there was a great commotion among the people, and four of the faithful followers had been borne away by the order of Caiphas, and hung upon a gallows that had been prepared to hang Jesus upon, and as I saw the heathens approaching I caught Jesus up in my arms and fled into my father's house, it being near by. As I entered there, the servant accosted me, and said, "The man you have in your arms is dead," but I hastened along and lay him upon my own couch, a poor, blasted thing. Eight of the desciples followed me into the house and closed the gates after them. After Jesus had lain there for a time I accosted him thus, "How is it Leiah's daughter shares your destiny?" He answered, "Her father was once king of ancient Arabia, and he took an oath that he would free earth of heathen idolatrous worship, and his daughter is seeking to redeem him from that oath, and they have controlled in all of the nations of the earth, declaring one God, and one God only, that is why they have held me from my childhood hours, even to the present, she has been beside me leading and guiding me through the many changes I been borne, else I could not have borne my burden until the hour comes for my death, to establish truths for all coming time." I then asked him who would finish up what would be begun by his life and death. He replied, "God's angel children, that are leading and guiding me to-day, will return back to earth after a time, and prepare the way for me to breathe truths for humanity that can never die. Then all coming ages will receive the light and walk therein." I had this conversation with my holy brother in my father's home, in the presence of John and Judas, also my father and mother. My mother wept

all the time he was speaking. Then he turned to her and said, "O, woman, thou art blessed with a home and friends, while my mother is an outcast and a beggar, with hardly garments enough to shield her from shame, while her feet are ofttimes sore and bleeding, while she has been driven about the country with a price set upon the heads of her family, and always upon the head of her first born. Why? Because they declared the God of Abraham and sought to worship in spirit and in truth." Then my father bowed his head and said, "I have but one son. He is to lay down his life for life eternal in a brighter world beyond." I answered, "Amen! Glory to God! I have been blessed by my fathers's answer to the earnest desire of my heart." Then Jesus bowed his head, and I saw a holy influence breathing her life into that frail body, even while he lay upon my couch. She breathed a prayer for my father and mother, and said, "Your boy will come to you after he has finished his earth labor, and will remain beside you until he can bear you beyond, and there you will remain together, but he will return to the earth, when ages have passed away, and finish up what will be begun. His death is but one of the many that are demanded by humanity to appease their unholy demand of an individual God. But when he breathes out of that earthy body he will bless you both by preparing a place for you, and it cannot be long, as you both are like the declining sun, that must set ere it can rise in a brighter and a holier condition. And you, my dear brother Bartholomew, will dwell in the holy of holies, beside my father, as he lay the foundation of God's brotherhood ages ago." I robed him for his labor, and his garments were prepared by a holier hand than mine. As I knelt with the holy breath of him that lay at my feet, his head was there that had contained the inner man. The arms were there that obeyed the inner life, but the rest of the bones we bore away in our own light, and lay them to rest in the * * * * on the * * * * * * * * where none but Almighty God, my brother and myself ever knew. My father saw us kneeling there, but where he never knew. I led him through the dark passage, he asked me not whither. I traced a holy word in the air and he breathed it, and nothing more, and the holy word he breathed was * * * * * * * Then my father breathed aloud and said, "The holy light from beyond eternal light fills my soul with love for my brother, and I could die for my brother, if need be." Then I said, "Behold, dear father, the hand that traced those lines is at rest. Father, God draws his own lines, and none can pass it, but light from thine own inner light. Dear father," I said, "will fill this * * * * with light, and then you will discern more clear the lines that one traced in empty air. Now breathe a prayer, dear brother Bartholomew, breathe a prayer that I, with you, may share the holy life beyond God's ether blue, there in the holy of holies you will find that holy breath that come to me when I was breathing a prayer

that my father would be blessed, here, hereafter, forever, eternal and forever, in that holy retreat." We brought our emblems denoting our readiness to begin our labor for humanity. The labor did begin among my own people—Arabia's children—when my father was crowned king over a holy people. God's children were there. He with them did share God's holy love from eternal distance brought. That his own created could attract light from eternal light, and be blessed eternal and forever. I then arose to my feet filled with astonishment that such intelligence should come from that poor, humble man—one I was aware had never been initiated into the order of freemasonry, and I knelt beside him and said, "Brother, lay your palm in mine." A gentle pressure bespoke the holy breath within, of the holy daughter of Leiah breathing through that angel form. I then said, "How is it your father was held from falling?" Her answer was, "Light come to him and led him forward." "Where did light lead him?" I asked. "Into the inner chamber, where his brother bade him enter," she answered. "What did he do there?" I asked. "I robed him in garments befitting his condition as a faithful worker and a true brother, and the holy breath was there and led him into the holy of holies. There we knelt in prayer for God's faithful children everywhere. There we begun a work for coming ages, ere earth changes could prepare the way; ere earth's children could breathe that holy name in empty air." Here I knelt beside my brother and folded him to my bosom, as the holiest thing I had ever known. Even while the angel daughter of Leiah held control the influence breathed out of him. Even while I held that frail body in my arms, he dropped like one dead, and I lay him back on my pillow. Here John came forward and lay down beside him, and rested his cheek upon that of Jesus, and they both fell asleep. The spirit that had controlled Jesus breathed upon Judas and I asked how it was, "that inspiration could hold earth from heathen idolatrous worship?" He answered, "Knowledge from the living God alone can give light to the inhabitants of earth, and that alone will free them from darkness and fear. Fear of beholding God's glory as it is made manifest through his works, then we, with holy, eternal distance, may share holy revelations from his angel children that are preparing the way that we may share the light from eternal light, that is shining everywhere, filling all time, all space. God is there. Holy, Almighty, as thou art, we are but of thee a part, and thou doth live in every human heart, and let us find a place in every angel breath, then earth will blossom like a rose, and Jehovah God will be glorified through his own, his own beloved children." Then she added, "The hour is nigh for you to depart from here, but God will lead you through darkness into light beyond."

Then she breathed out of that body, and Judas sat down beside me and said, "My heart is beating with love for God and the human family," and then I replied, "Here on earth my labor, but the future I cannot discern.

God holds his own secrets, but I do know I shall soon leave earth and go home. There is my father and my mother, and I their only son. No sister God ever gave to me in my earth home, but Leiah's daughter is my sister and my friend. For her I would give God the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Since then, time has rolled away into the ocean of eternal past, and upon its mighty surging waves I have been brought back to earth to work for humanity still. Where could I have lain down my burden if freedom had not set her seal and prepared the way for me? The inner chamber called her sons. They knelt in prayer; the holy breath gave answer, "God is here; you must be free." Then the holy champion of liberty rose to his feet and exclaimed, "We must be free." Here the line was drawn and the holy of holies set her seal.

CHAPTER V.

Friends of earth I am a spirit, even as I am a friend and brother to you all. I am Bartholomew, once Grand Chapter Master Worker in the order of holy brother, Hiram, in the temple that held his emblem, and it was kept bright and shining while I breathed in mortal form, but when I had ceased to be earthy, that holy chapter was blotted, and that holy emblem was trampled beneath the feet of darkness and heathen anointed priests, and we were compelled to leave that sacred spot, although in spirit, because their influence guarded every entrance, and forbade our presence. But the grand Archbishop of us all snatched my brother's emblem away from hell's devices, and I find it resting in every faithful brother's heart that has been led by eternal light. Farewell to you, my faithful brothers, I would die for you, if need be. Farewell. I have my duty now to fulfil for all coming time, and I must go on. Light from thee, my God, from thee that I may bless humanity. I must begin where I left my home and fled to the foot of the mountain, where I remained among the rocks and crags, awaiting the hour that my brother should come down and be hung upon the cross. Forty days I lingered there in that desolate country, where naught but here and there a herdsman's hut, and they the most ignorant of God's human beings. John fled with me and remained beside me as long as I breathed in my earthy body. I bore away with me gold, and I would go by night and buy barley bread enough to last us three and four days. John fell sick, and I bathed him o'er and o'er with cold water, until his fever had subsided, and then I took my coat and wrapped around him and he fell asleep, and when he awoke he breathed deep, and Leiah's daughter controlled him, and her first

expression was, "Holy God, assist these, thy children, ere it is too late. Hold them from death that they may assist my brother on his journey to Jerusalem, where it is decreed that he must be borne—where he must be offered up a human sacrifice for the dark, benighted children of earth, that are falling in darkness, because there are none to hold the light His light must be extinguished earthy, in order that humanity may seek to light their tapers from eternal light. Holy, eternal God, assist them that they may not fall in darkness until they scatter light all over earth." I then said, "Cannot his death upon the cross be avoided, and cannot we take him and flee into Caldea?" Her answer was, "If you would rob God of his glory, flee with my angel brother. But if you do, an hundred ages may pass away ere another can be found that will accomplish the good for humanity, as the crucifixion of my brother, Jesus. His life has been holy; his death will be holy, and his influence will be holy. That will be left behind; but his death will not be held in the memory of any if you drag him away. He is a poor, bruised lamb, and must soon lay down his earthy body. Let God be glorified thro' his death, although it be a death of agony." Then the spirit breathed out into its own electric condition, and John slept on for hours.

There I recorded what had been given through my brother, John, as I had done from the first hour I met my brother on the hillside. Leiah's daughter came an sat down beside me and said, "Brother it is decreed you must die, and you will find a home beyond, and in my father's house there are many mansions, where they can dwell alone or with those they love. I am to dwell in my father's home, where God's children will all find rest, and you, dear brother, will be among the blessed." Then she said, "My dear Jesus calls me, I must hasten to him, as he is suffering fearfully with his head. I will hush him to sleep, then I can cool his head, and he will find rest for a time, but his rest is not here, but in a brighter, holier sphere." Then she arose and bowed her head and said, "Farewell, dear brother, I will come again at early dawn." John awoke in the night and said, "Where is she that breathed upon me? Her breath filled me with light, and I forgot my fear, and now I am well." We both arose at early dawn and watched for that ray of light. She came, but sorrow held control. As she drew near I said, "How is it concerning my brother?" Her answer was, "He is now making his way down the mountains, and I would have you reach there ere the day dawns upon the poor sufferers that are gathering from all parts of the country. There the fiends have done their work, and death is there. Mary is there, but unable to raise from the ground, and her boy, Jesus, lays beside her, two bruised angels that God will soon take to himself, and I would that they should live until humanity could be blessed by their deaths, and God be glorified."

His death will set the seal that cannot be broken, until many ages shall pass away. Then he himself will break the seal, that all humanity can be-

hold him as he is, a holy man, a friend and brother to all that will receive him as he is. Here another ray of light came before us; it caused us to feel that God's holiest angels bright were permitted to bless the cause we had espoused, the freedom of human souls. His eyes were dark and piercing, his beard was light and flowing, but a deep and holy accent, as from the air, and it was thus: "Prepare ye the way, make your paths straight. God's kingdom must be established on earth, among his children, but where are we to begin our work, but among the true and faithful. And you, Bartholomew, are my brother, and I have a demand upon you." Here he held before me an emblem, and I knew its meaning. I answered, "I am already bedecked with garments befitting my labor." Here another came. I knew by his appearance, he was of ancient date; his hair was silvered with age, and his beard was white as snow, and flowed o'er his bosom. He addressed me thus: "Brother, God's hand is upon you all. Let us finish the work that is before us, that is to lay the corner stone of a temple dedicated to Freedom. The lamb will be slain, and his blood will cement every crevice, and every age will add to the structure, until it is finished; but every block will be cemented with blood, until it is finished, and the key-stone finds its resting place, and God's sons can enter through the great archway, that leads to the holy of holies. Then all nations will be blessed, and freedom will be established in every land, and among all nations of the earth. Then God will be glorified here, among his own created, his own begotten children." Then I answered, "So mote it be." Then they left me, and I never saw them again, until my brother fell like one dead, after being controlled, the second day after he came down from the mountain. I then sat down beside John, and he said, "How holy this place is to me. Am I still on earth, or in a holier condition?" I answered, "You are here beside me, and your earth labor is not yet ended."

This was as the sun was setting. His coming to Tyre begot a great commotion among the heathen priests and confessors, as he had last been seen in Jerusalem. The priests and confessors had declared throughout the country that he must have been fed by the devil, else he would have starved to death in the mountains, and the poor deluded creatures believed them, and when the heathens heard he was near them, they all sought to destroy him, and all of the Hebrews in that country fell by the battle ax, that did not flee their homes. And where should they flee, but to the hillside, where the poor persecuted children of God were gathering together. As we drew near the city, we heard groans and shrieks everywhere, and John breathed a prayer to Almighty God for the poor crushed Hebrews, that were dying by the brute acts that were heaped upon them by the priests and confessors, even in their own homes. "Holy Creator God," I shouted, "when will thy changes stay the tide of death, that is heaped upon thy holiest created chil-

dren, the poor despised Hebrews, and the heathen damned be held from cursing all earth." The holy child of Leiah answered, "Light alone can chain and bind the fiends of hell. Light alone can dispell darkness. and light will yet hold control of earth, when ages shall have passed away, when priests and confessors are chained in darkness, and none to give answer. Thou can not control. Why? Because eternal distance will shed its rays of light into every human mind. Then the human sacrificed in all the ages of the past will shout, Hosanna, Hosanna, Holy Creator God, thine own created will give thee the glory, forever and forever. Freedom, my God, forever for thine own will go welling up from every fireside, and every heart will acknowledge their Father and their God."

John awoke and said, "Let us hasten away as fast as we can, for death is everywhere." At that moment a door was burst open, and eight priests came out of a Hebrew hut. We stepped behind the home, and they went away in great glee. John said, "Let us behold the works of the damned, ere we hasten on." We entered that home. Three females lay there, entirely dead, and one in the agonies of death, and two boys and an aged man with his head cleft. Then God's child breathed upon John again, and said, "Hasten away, brothers, high on the hillside; Jesus is there, entirely exhausted, and I fear he will die, unless you impart to him your own life strength." I answered, "All I have I give to thee, my God, and my brother, and who could gainsay it."

My heart bled when I entered the tent, and saw him laying there. When I raised him in my arms, and folded him to my bosom, I saw he was burning with fever, and I called on God's children to assist me, lest he should die. Here the same holy spirit came beside me, and I accosted her thus: "Holy angel of light, daughter of my brother Leiah, here I am, in darkness. Who will light my way?" "Almighty God alone can hold you from darkness," she answered, "until he can bear you away from the fearful commotion around you, and the holy thing you hold in your bosom breathes out of that earthy body. Then you will draw light from eternal light, that will never lead you astray. There you will dwell beside him, where discord cannot enter, and death can never come. There the angels will chant a hymn, that will cause you to forget all care, and there your soul will find rest. My father will be there, and I shall be there. With the true and faithful we will share, when this labor will be ended, rest. Dear brother, rest is a boon we all long to find. There we shall rest until God calls us back, in order to finish up what has been begun. But O, my brother, look humanity, humanity. Bitter must be your anguish, and fearful must be your travail, ere the mighty changes can be brought forth, ere the angel world can blend with earth's children, and bless them with the knowledge of immortality. Angel brother," she said, addressing Jesus, "I am beside you, and I will stay beside you as long as you ask my presence." "Amen," he said, "then

you will never leave me again, until I can breathe out of my mortal body, and in the bosom of my God, we will find rest together. There we shall not hunger for barley bread, but the bread of life will be freely distributed among God's children, that have suffered for truth's sake. There I shall find rest; there I shall be blessed." Here I lay him down beside his mother, and the same spirit knelt beside him, soothing him with her holy influence, and he fell asleep. I went out among the poor suffering Hebrews, and my heart ached when I saw so many gathering together, not knowing what to do. They all huddled together, expecting hourly that the priest, and confessors would fall upon them, and cut them to pieces. The aged, the sick, and the children suffered the most, and their suffering could not be relieved, as there was nothing to shield them from the bleak winds. But the sun arose bright and clear; that gave them hope.

The family of Levi was brought out for burial. They had all been destroyed by the priests in the early part of the night. When they were all lain in their earthy bed, then Cornelius said, "Let God's children baptize this family for eternal life." I went to the bed where Mary and Jesus lay, on the bed of dried grass. I said, "God's children are lain in their narrow house." Then he said, "Raise me up, that I may look upon them." I bore him out in my arms, and after he had offered up a prayer to almighty God for the living, not the dead, he fell down like one dead. I raised him up, bore him back, and lay him down beside his mother. Then I covered over that Hebrew family, and began my work for the sick and suffering. But I dare not attempt to describe the suffering of that people, from that time until we reached Jerusalem. Humanity, could you comprehend what toil, what suffering, what agony and sacrifices have been made, that you may live holy, and die filled with faith in Jehovah God, you would surely flee hypocrisy, deceit and hell, and chose the better part, and give answer, "God doeth all things well." And you, that has dared to trace these lines for me, may you live until earth acknowledges you as the holy revelator of the Hebrew family, and the only one that dared breathe their angel presence, fearless of derision, fearless of the hand of man being raised against you. As long as the holy band of Hebrews lead, guide and direct you, you are free from earth's contaminating influences. When earth's demands are satisfied, I shall be beside you, in order you may be freed from earth, and freed forever. Changeless and eternal will be my friendship for thee, through all eternity. I am your friend and your brother, here, hereafter, forever, eternal and forever, Bartholomew, once Grand Chapter in the Holy of Holies, where I was robed for my labor by my brother Hiram's influences.

Now here I am made to feel that there was wisdom in it all. I am aware humanity will look upon these lines and doubt my dictating for a humble female to trace in life-lines that cannot die. If these are not my ideas, an-

swer and tell me whose they are. I have held them for ages, and now I lay them before you without money and without price. Here I am what I am, nothing but a spirit, and you will soon be as I am, bereft of an earthy form. Then you will see me as I am, if you come where I am, and know me as I am, nothing but a man. The Catholics have given me a name. That name I deny. I am not a saint, I am a man. And now may God cleanse you from all evil, and fill you with good, is the prayer of a friend of humanity. I am Bartholomew, once lawgiver in Jerusalem. Farewell, and farewell forever earthy. But still I must add, hold, hold these records sacred. They are a gift from Almighty God to his children, and if they read, and understand, they will be made happy by knowing the angels are around them, breathing from their inmost life, comfort they cannot draw from earth conditions. Draw a line between yourselves and those who have laid down all they have earthy, that you may be made happy by receiving truth bereft of fiction, and that you may know who to worship in spirit and in truth, that is your Father and your God. Let none come between you and eternal light, then you will discern clearly your way, and God will be glorified through his own works, his children. Flee, O flee, the heathen priests. No matter how they may be clothed, they are covered o'er with hypocrisy and deceit. They all know I am declaring the truth, and they will seek to destroy my records, but that cannot be, as my faithful brothers dare not deny me. If they do, I will hold them accountable for defrauding humanity, and they shall be made accountable for the utter destruction of God's faithful children that have dared to acknowledge God's angel children's presence that come in your presence in time to give you warning ere it is too late. But, Beware! Beware! Beware! Now I can say I will fold them to my bosom in the holy of holies beyond the ether blue, for God is there, and his faithful children will be there.

Yours in the bonds of brotherly love.

BARTHOLOMEW.

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHT FROM THE PAST, BY THE AGED CENTURIAN, CORNELIUS.

DRAWN BY THE REVELATOR, NOV. 4TH, 1870.

My history is before me, and I will ask God to direct me in drawing facts from the past, even as they were when I walked the earth. My name

is Cornelius. I was born in the holy blood of Caldea. My mother died when she gave me birth. My father knelt beside the dead body and said, "Holy God, she is thine; my boy is thine, and I am thine, forever." He held me in his bosom, and bathed me with tears, as he exclaimed, "Holy Father, God, I will lay my boy upon the altar of humanity, that he may live for thy glory in this life, and then he will find rest in his mother's bosom, among the angel band that bore her away." This was related to me by an aged herdsman, when I had grown to manhood. After my mother was buried, my father took me in his arms and bore me away among the herdsmen, at the foot of the mountain called Helem. There I was reared by my father, and there he taught me God's mercies to his children. There I was reared in a humble home, and the glory of God filled our hearts, and we were blessed. When I reached my eighteenth year I married a herdsman's daughter by the name of Seiloa. She blessed our home, and my father called her the comforter. She bore me ten children—five boys and five girls, and as they grew up around me, I felt God had blessed me above all men. I was oftimes called to go to the lowlands with cattle, that they could be exchanged for garments and for bread. But in these journeys I was compelled to see and learn many a bitter lesson, that filled my heart with anguish, to know how the heathen priests and confessors were crushing to death the fairest flowers of Judea, by their brute natures, and, and in many cases there were whole families diseased by these fiends, from the grandmothers down to the children, and they must all die, as there was none to bring them relief. Then as I would draw near my home, my heart would beat with joy, hoping they, my loved ones, were so far away from these damning influences, they would grow to men and women, to bless father and mother. But destiny had ordered otherwise. My daughters were fair and comely; my sons were brave, but brute force lay them all low. It being in chill autumn, and I started for the lowlands with my fatted cattle, one boy accompanied me, while the rest were left to tend the herds at home. As I bade them farewell, my heart nearly burst with anguish, and darkness seemed to fall around me, and I asked God to give me light to guide me on my my way, but with sorrow I turned from that humble home, not knowing what a fearful change would be wrought ere my return, and I knew twenty days must pass away ere I could come back again. As I had disposed of my cattle, all but the oxen that bore the burden, and was returning home, and as night came on and my oxen were grazing, I laid down, and my boy said, "Father, sleep, and I will care for the oxen." As he went a little way from me, I heard him at prayer, and in the fulness of his soul he forgot he was in a heathen country, where none dare breathe the holy name of their father, God. He prayed long and loud for those he had left behind, and even while his voice went forth in adoration, I heard a crash. I called and

got no answer. I hastened toward him, and as I groped my way, with no voice to direct me, I fell over the dead body of that holy child, and as I lay my hand upon the body I saw the head was entirely gone. I knew the devils were at work, and I fled, leaving the dead body of my boy and my cattle in the hands of heathen confessors. Then I made my way toward my home, and in eight days I reached there. But, O, how can I go on? God help me, else I cannot go on, and live over again that fearful scene that comes before me. Daughter, may the angels assist you in catching my ideas, and giving them life again, by inscribing them for an old man that bore his burden as best he could, for God and humanity. One that is willing still to pass through the heart-rending scenes in order that God's children, in the present and the future, can know how they are blessed, being born in freedom's holy bosom, where they can shout glory to God, and not fear the cruel oppression of priestcraft, and where their sons and daughters can grow up around them, to bless them in their declining years.

CHAPTER VII.

Here I must exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" As I drew near my home, all seemed still and deathlike—all but the lowing of the cattle that had been pent up for days. How long I knew not, but a dreadful effluvia swept over me and I knew death was there. I darted forward and, O, what a fearful scene met my sight. There I stood alone with my God and my dead. There were my four boys beheaded; and there lay my angel wife and my beautiful daughters, all dead, as they had been left by the damned in priestly robes. Who can feel for me as I stood there, a blasted man, doomed to drag out a life in lonliness and despair? There I knelt down by my companion, and prayed that God would give me that angel spirit to lead me on my way, and my holy family to bless me, and to assist me in blessing others. When I had asked God to assist me, then a holy calm filled my soul. I then wrapped those bodies that were so dear to me in blankets and bore them away, one by one, until they were all lain side by side in their earthy bed. But ere I could cover them over, I fell to the earth and forgot, for a season, all that had befallen me. I must have lain there for hours, for as I breathed into consciousness, the day had passed away, and the bright stars were shining around me. At first, I could not comprehend why I was there, but all came back before me, and again I lost my breath, and I did not awake again until the day dawned and the bright sun shed its rays upon earth, then I arose to my feet and

exclaimed, "Father, God, thy hand is upon me, yet I would give thee all glory, as it belongs to thee, and thee alone." I then gathered green bows and spread them over the dead bodies of my family. I then turned away and left them there all that day, but the day following I went back and covered them over, knowing it was the last I could do for them earthy. I then cared for my flocks and herds, and there I dwelt alone thirty-two years. Then I was blessed by a band of Hebrews. They were the first that had visited my humble home. They were the persecuted family of Joseph and Mary. They bore along with them four children. Their first born was a poor, frail boy. Joseph asked if they could lay him down to rest, as they had come a long way, and his strength gave out. I raised him up in my arms, to lay him on my bed, and he gave a deep groan. Joseph gave answer, "My dear Jesus has a curve on the spine, and when he gets so weary he suffers much." But he had no sooner lain down than he fell asleep and did not awake again until we were kneeling in prayer, ere we retired to rest. Even while Joseph was breathing forth praises to God, he crept noiseless from his bed and knelt beside his father, and as Joseph had ceased in prayer, Jesus shouted, "Holy Creator God, the children of Cornelius are here in the home of their father, and his companion is even now folding her arms around her husband's neck. Look, brother, look. Five boys and five girls God gave to thee, and they are thine still." I did look, and indeed there were all of my children, just as I had left them when I went to the lowlands with my cattle, and my wife lay her hand in mine and said, "Cornelius, God's mercies endure forever." But from that hour I could see and converse with them, even as if they had been beside me with their earth bodies. All of Joseph's family remained with me two days, being they were weary and foot sore, and their burdens were heavy, as their first born had a price set upon his head, and then they were fleeing into the mountains, fearing he would be cut off. They bade me adieu, and went high into the mountains, among the highest cliffs, and there they dwelt for four years ere I saw them again, except Joseph. He would come, sometimes, and rest with me when he was going up the mountains with his barley meal, that he would earn in the lowlands, as he was a carpenter, and his family had nothing to eat but what he bore up the mountains steep on his back. They were a holy family from the least to the greatest. But when they came to me again their first born was not with them, as he had been borne away by an angel, and they were going to meet him, there in Judea's borders. As we were sitting around the fire, a ray of light came before us, and breathed into the life of Jessie, a frail little boy. As she offered up a prayer to Almighty God for that family, my home was filled with lights, and for a time we forgot earth held us. But ere she ceased she exclaimed, "Friends, beloved, God is here. His children are here, and may God's angel children bless their father for-

ever, and may light from eternal light fill each beating heart, until each one can answer God's will be done." Then he breathed deeper than before, and another influence called on eternal light to lead us all aright, that humanity should be blessed by the humble family that was before him, and that truths should be held for coming ages, as the time would come when these facts must be brought forward, and be declared before the children of men. When ages should pass away, there would be a great diversity of opinions among men, and there would be a demand upon all that had knowledge concerning the boy, Jesus, would be called upon to bear testimony concerning the same, as heathen idolatrous worshippers would hold control in various forms until light from the past will be called for, in order that God can be acknowledged, not by delegation, but by his immediate presence among his own created children, and that one would be born in the order of creation that could decipher all languages, and breathe from every beating heart around her, and leave on record facts relative to the changes that has raised man in the scale of progression, where he will ask God's holy influence divine to feed the human mind, fresh from the great storehouse of knowledge divine, then naught can come between the Creator and his created, and the children of men will break the chains of heathen priestcraft, and will become free, as God's angels are free, to drink from the holy fountain of life divine, and be blessed. Then, and not until then, will humanity feast upon the wondrous works of God, and feast their souls upon the bread of life, and give answer God is here. And then you, Cornelius, will be called upon to bear testimony concerning that which you have seen and known in your earth life, relative to Joseph and his first born, Jesus." Then he said, "Come, daughter, let us hasten away, as the faithful Jesus awaits our coming. There is a work to do." After the influences had gone I asked Joseph how long those spirits had been with his family. He answered, "I have not been cognizant of their presence only since Jesus was born, but they may have been with me all of my life, aught I know, as sometimes they allude to things that happened in my boyhood days." While we were conversing, I heard a sweet voice chanting a hymn. I knew it was my wife's voice. Jessie had sit down beside Mary, and resting his head in her lap, he was fast asleep, and I saw my wife folding that darling boy to her bosom, and breathing her own life through the boy. "Seiloa, dear Seiloa," I said, "cannot you breathe that hymn to me when I am alone?" She answered, "God's laws cannot be broken, but if I had this little body I could sing you and him both asleep at a time." She answered, "Darling Jessie, frail thou art, yet so bright within, yet thou art a holy treasure, all so free from care and sin. Darling Mary, God has blessed you with these children, four, yet thy number is not completed. Thou wilt surely bear one more. Five diamonds bright are around thee shining. They will comfort thee, dear sister, when earthy cares are

o'er." The sun was rising high, and Joseph was asking Mary if they should not begin their journey. Mary answered, "If it be God's will, I will go" Then they bade me farewell and hastened down the hillside. That family did not come to me again before they sought their mountain home. Again I had removed to another country, bearing eastward, but their first born came to me there, a poor, crushed angel boy, and I cared for him until his feet were healed and his burnt back was cooled. He awoke one morning, at the dawn of day, and shouted, "Cornelius, a holy breath is here and bids me arise and haste away, declaring there is a work to do ere the closing of another day. No form I see. I read it there—a holy name written in empty air." He then breathed deep, and his breath was light, and it filled my soul with light that has never gone out until this day. Me thinks I see him now standing there, all covered o're with a hallow of brightness that cannot find comparison. There in the home of an old man, with no companions but his God and his angel children. "Farewell," he said, "I bear this child away, but he will come to you four times more before he is hung upon the cross. There you will breathe out of your mortal form, bowed down with years and care. There you will join the angel band and ever with them share, until you will be commanded to come back to earth and bear testimony for ages, even then unborn. Amen." I answered, "My feet begin to totter, and gladly will I hasten on to meet my loved ones that await my coming. Joyous will be our meeting. Friends, loved friends, are there." The answer was, "Brother, do not forget your duty in your joy to go home. Humanity has a demand upon you, and she must be appeased. You must be laid upon the altar of human sacrifices, but you will be but one of the many." Then the spirit said, "Give the boy a piece of barley bread. He will have no more, at least for four days." I then prepared the bread and he went away. I did not hear from him again until a beggar came to my home and said that Antioch had been thrown into great commotion by a Hebrew boy declaring the Jews were to be cut off by the heathen priests, but they did not heed him, but when the hour did come, sure enough, more than two thousand were destroyed in one night, and they had been looking everywhere for the Hebrew boy, and he was no where to be found. I then answered, "He is in the hands of Almighty God, and they cannot destroy him until his death will bring light to the human mind. Then he will be hung upon the cross, by the order of the priesthood." The poor beggar bowed his head and said, "He healed me when I was sick, and he filled my soul with love to God and his holy children, and I would die for him if I could." That poor, humbled soul remained with me for a season, and then went away and died in his own kingdom.

Years passed away, and I heard no more of the boy, Jesus. He had changed from a boy to a man. I had herded my cattle and entered my

home, and knelt in prayer, and as I prayed my soul was so filled with inspiration that I lost my breath, and when I awoke a holy form was kneeling beside me, bathing my face with his cool, electric hand, then I said, "God be praised, I am looking upon that holy face—the face of a holy angel, bright, although a man." He then raised his hands and said, "God commands you to arise and prepare food for the poor famished body." I then brought bread and milk, but he ate but a little Then he gave thanks to God for holding him from death, and giving him a place to lie down and rest. Early the next morning he awoke, and I heard him conversing earnestly with some one beside him. He gave answer like this, "Lead me home to my mother. Let me find rest beside her, and in the bosom of my family. God will give me strength and courage to go forth again and declare his ever presence." Then he listened and gave answer, "Holy God direct me in all things while I dwell in this frail body, even if I am led to the cross. Assist me, O angel sister, to say all is well." Then he arose and bathed, and went out upon the hillside. There he communed with his father, and his God, at least an hour, then he came in and said, "Cornelius, your family are filled with holy adoration to God for being freed from heathen priests and confessors, as they have just returned from the fearful destruction of a Hebrew family." I saw them coming and waited to hear what they had to say. "The herdsman beyond the brook has been beheaded; his wife and four daughters have been damned, but a little daughter, about eight years, is still breathing, and a little boy one year and a half old, lies there nearly frightened to death. But the fiends are plundering the home, but as soon as they are gone you may go and bring the children away, if their brains are not dashed out ere they go away." When we had ate our bread and drank our milk Jesus' head dropped and he fell forward. I raised him in my arms, but he was as rigid as a stiffened corpse. After a time he gave a deep groan and burst into tears. Then his body relaxed and he sat up. Then he said, "I saw them dash out the brains of the boy, and they saught to damn the daughter and she died in their hands. But the manner of her death," he said, "is too damning to relate, and it was that that caused me to become rigid as death. When they are gone," he said, "we will go and bury the dead and comfort the frightened spirits." He remained with me all of that day, but as the sun was going down he said, "They have all gone and we will go and bury the dead, and my angel sister will remain with them for a time until they can become reconciled to the destiny that has fallen upon them." He ate a little piece of bread, and then stepped forth strong for his labor. He took the spade and I followed him, as best I could, but ere I reached there, he had a grave dug nearly large enough for them all. When he had finished he lay down upon cool ground, and big drops of prespiration coursed down his face. After a little time, he arose and said, "We will now bury God's children, that the

spirits may not be distressed by seeing them decay above ground." We brought the father first, then the mother and the children, as they were born. When it was done, Jesus said, "Side by side they sleep in death, and in spirit may they not be divided." When the grave was filled with dirt, and carefully rounded up by his own hand, then he knelt and prayed that God would bear away his children to a brighter world beyond, as they were united in one band, and none left in mortal form that need their care. Then he said, "Friends, beloved, call on God's angel children to direct you. They will come to your aid and guide you onward to a haven of rest." After he had ceased to speak I saw an angel of light fold her arms around him and breathe her life into his life, then he arose to his feet and poured forth words of consolation to them all, then said, "My father is coming with a band of angels. They will care for those freed spirits. Now come, Cornelius, I will bear my brother to your home. There you will hasten, as he must be cared for." Then he darted away from me, and when I reached my home he was laying across my bed, and there were no signs of life about him but the warmth of the flesh. But breathe he did not I prepared some warm hysup and held it to his lips. He then gasped for breath. Soon he drank a little, and then his breath came back, and he fell asleep. I sat beside him all of that night, and now and then a deep sigh escaped him. His back was fearfully inflamed by the exertions of digging the grave and lifting the dead bodies. In the night he asked me if I would bathe his back in cold water. After I had bathed it with my hand, I wet a doe skin and lay it on, then he fell into a sweet rest sleep, and he slept on until the sun was an hour high.

I had prepared some food; it was a piece of beef and corn bread. As he raised up, he said, "God bless you, Cornelius, I have been dreaming of broiled beef." He then arose and bathed, but the back was sore, and hurt, him to move; but ere he tasted food, he knelt and thanked his father God for his care and protection in the hour of his greatest need. But as we sat down to eat, I saw he could hardly raise his cup to his lips. After a few moments, he raised his hand and said, "Holy Creator God, assist me, else I perish, even now." Soon a flush came to his cheek, and he said, "Heaven bless you, how glad I am you have come. How is my father and my mother, and how are my brothers?" Then he waited a reply. Then he turned to me, and said, "My father is at home, awaiting my coming; my mother will be anxiously looking for me after two days, but I fear I cannot reach there so soon; but God is mighty. and if it be his will, I shall reach there at the end of three days." All of that day he lay on my bed, and from time to time, I would bathe his back, and early the next morning he arose, and said, "I must begin my journey, as it is a long way, and I fear I shall not reach there in time to see my father." He bade me adieu, and

said, "If it please God, I shall come back to you again, but as I am directed, so I must go."

PROVIDENCE, June 25, 1870.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FOR ALL COMING TIME.

The sweet breath of angels filled the home of the old man, and as he beheld his loved ones around him in his earthy dwelling, his soul looked forward to that abode of rest and peace, where sorrow could not come. His form was bowed, his hair was white as the snow-capped mountains, yet his faith in a living God changed not, and when the holy man of Nazareth entered his home, he felt that God's holiest children bore him onward, and his soul was filled with joy.—*Remarks by Stephen.*

Here I am again, before the living, and not the dead. Daughter, the command of God is still upon you, to assist the aged Centurian, and bear him along in his statement concerning the holiest thing he ever knew in mortal form. From the time the son of Joseph left me, my health gradually gave away, and I felt I must go home. But as the warm breezes again swept over the land, my home was again blessed with the humble man in beggar's rags. He had been from home nearly a year, and his garments hung about him in tattered rags. His limbs were bare, but about the chest was still hanging a worn-out coat of camel's hair, and about his loins a doe-skin, which served as a breech cloth. As he entered my home, I could but exclaim, "Has God forgotten his own?" As I made that expression, a deep groan came welling up from the inmost depth of his soul, and tears rolled down his cheeks, as he exclaimed, "Holy Creator God, forgive thy children if they murmur against thy will, as heavy crosses are upon us, and crosses are before us, and thou, O God, alone can assist us."

His breath came deep, and the same form of light that had ever followed him, folded her arms around him, and breathed her life into his own. Then she said, "Brother Cornelius, we have brought him here from the jaws of death. The Amlekite Priests are seeking for him in all parts of Armenia. We have brought him here before you, bruised and bleeding, torn and tattered, and you must feed him, else he will die ere we can reach a place of safety. The spies are on every hill, and in every valley. A heavier price is set upon his head, than has ever been offered before. Two hundred shekels in gold has been offered by the High Priest for him, alive, and one

hundred for his head. But God will hold him from them, until his death shall bring light to the human mind. But that holy light will be covered o'er, until many ages shall pass away, then it will burst forth in all of its splendor, and fill all earth with the glory of Almighty God. Then the infinite creator will be acknowledged, and all of earth's idols will crumble away, and find rest among things that were. And you, Cornelius, will be called upon to declare Jesus, as he is, a man, frail, but mighty in the hands of God's children; humble in his own opinion, but exalted in the opinion of the angel band that will bless him forever." She continued, "Friend, beloved, bathe him o'er with cool water; he is filled with fever. Cool his head and back. Prepare for him a little barley gruel, that he may drink, and live. Five days and five nights have passed away, and not a morsel of food has passed his lips. Farewell, brother," she said, "I must go away now, and leave him in your hands, and in the hands of his God. His father is in danger, as a confessor is climbing the mountain, hoping to destroy the family, but I will return to you, as soon as the family is safe. My father will assist me, and we will crush him to death, that would destroy the faithful."

Then she lay him upon the bed, and breathed out of him, with scarcely a breath of life remaining within him. I prepared the gruel; he drank a little. Then I bathed him over and over. At length he began to breathe deep, and in a hushed voice he exclaimed, "Glory to God, the family is safe, and the wicked fiend is where he cannot disturb them any more." He breathed out of his body, and did not return for at least half an hour. But he returned, and said, "Give God the glory, my father is saved, my mother is blessed, and my brother beheld God's glory, and I am made to feel God's hand is in my being here. Life," he said, "what is it to me now? I long to go away with my angel sister, and her father, and be at rest; but I will not murmur as long as they are beside me, but will answer, 'God's will, not mine, be done.'"

At that time he remained with me two days, but on the third day, as the sun began to soften earth with its mellow rays, he arose from his bed, and as he knelt in prayer, he called on God to direct him. His head was bowed, and bitter anguish filled his soul. The future had been held before him. The death of his family, and his mother's grief, and his own helpless body hanging upon the cross, was more than he could bear. His heart beat fearfully, and I saw he would fall. I knelt beside him, and folded him to my bosom, and there we wept together. until tears could come no longer to our relief. His head dropped upon my bosom, and we both fell to the floor together, two lifeless bodies, but not dead.

Again our home was filled with light, and many an angel heart was beating there for the old man, that had lived out all earthy ties, and for him in the morning of life, that was to be called away. Why? Because his soul was filled with love for God's created, and he knew his life and his death

would but lay the foundation for God to be acknowledged on earth. How can I go on? From this, every hour was marked with anguish, until he breathed out of his earthy body. The hour drew near, when the frail bark was to launch forth again upon the human tide of confusion; but O, how my heart ached when he lay his hand in mine, and said, "Cornelius, I cannot come to you again, but you will come to me when my cup is full and running over, and there we will die together, if it be God's will." "Leave, O leave me," I said, "the future is before me. I cannot breathe with you beside me, as our destinies are linked together." "Farewell," he said, "I go."

After he had gone, I lay down upon my bed, and fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake for a day and a half. When I awoke, my cattle were lowing, and hunger was upon me. I arose, and turned my cattle loose, and said, "I leave you in the hands of your creator, you are nothing more to me." Then I ate some bread and meat, prepared a little bundle, took my staff, and went forth into the midst of heathen brutes. But my heart beat for that home, where I had dwelled so long, where God had blessed me with my loved family, and where the hand of destiny had been lain heavy upon my head, and it was still leading me back again, to look once more upon the green earthy mound, where all of my earthy treasures, but one, lie buried. "Sweet forgetfulness," I exclaimed, "has my dear family forgot their fearful doom?"

At that moment, my companion lay her hand in mine, and said, "Let us forget all but God's mercies, in holding us from darkness, and bearing us onward until you, dear Cornelius, have finished your work, and are ready to go home with us, and be at rest." Then she added, "It will not be long, it will not be long. Have courage, we shall not leave you again." But there I knelt, upon the greensward, and prayed for all of the human family. My companion said, "You must go toward Tyre. The journey is long, and your steps are slow. You will be needed to guide the multitude of the oppressed children in the blood of Abraham and Jacob." I answered, "All I can do, I will do. Let God direct." Then again I went on my journey, knowing God was there. Many a weary month I journeyed onward. This was one year and two months before the crucifixion. During this time, I lived by begging; sometimes I had food, sometimes I had none for a whole day, and sometimes longer. But life lengthened out, and I lingered still.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MY EARTH LIFE.

Here again I am overwhelmed with the realities of that age, where heathen anointed priests held control, and they were filling earth with disease, and damning all of God's children with their brute desires. Here I feel to relate a scene that came before me, ere I reached Tyre. All of that day I had been oppressed, but as night came on, I was accosted by a band of confessors. They had with them two females. One faltered, and she could hardly stand upon her feet, and she shouted to them, "Lightning flashes are around you, and if you do not let us go, as we are, Almighty God will dash you to pieces."

Her face was like a diamond bright, and I saw a form beside her, and I knew its power. Her eyes closed; then a crash was heard in the elements, and the confessors were all lain low. Then she approached me, and said, "Brother, lay your hand in mine. If you are left here, they will destroy you; as you are an old man, they will think you have attracted this power to you, that they may be held from carrying out their brute desires." Then she called to the other damsel, and said, "Hasten, O hasten, as the electric power will pass away, and they will search us out."

Her voice was like that of Leiah's daughter, and I said, "Can you tell me aught of Jesus?" She said, "He is coming down from the mountains, even now, and he will need your aid, and I would assist you onward. I sought you, that you could make the best of your way, bearing northward. But do not enter the city, lest you may be beaten down by the heathen, that are determined to destroy every Hebrew in the land. Lead these poor daughters of Judea, until they can find friends that will protect them." Then she said, "Farewell, brother, I must hasten back to my brother. He is feeble, and he falters by the way. He will reach the lowlands at nightfall, but a fearful destiny is before him." "Holy daughter of Leiah," I said, "can he live until he is hung upon the cross?" Her answer was, "God alone can answer." Then the damsel awoke and looked around her, with fear, and said, "I have had a fearful dream, and I am so glad I have awoke." I said, "Seek your friends, lest you should again be dragged away."

As I sat down to rest, I saw, far beyond me, the dark domes of Tyre, that den of fiends, and I saw I could not reach there until the day following. But I journeyed on, until I met a herdsman. He said, "Don't enter the city; if you do, you will be beheaded. That crazy heretic is there, and they are determined to cut him off." I said, "God will care for him." He answered, "I am thinking you are a heretic, and they will surely destroy you."

I was compelled to lie down to rest, and I slept on until morning. Then

I went down the hillside, and came to Levi's tent, where Jesus and his mother both lay sick. I sat down beside the door, and my heart bled to see so many gathering together like lambs for the slaughter, and no one to save them. I could not gain courage to enter the tent, and look upon the poor, blasted angels there. I knelt in prayer, and even while I prayed, the holy Jesus tottered forward, and knelt beside me. As I ceased in prayer, he exclaimed, "Holy brother, God has led you here, that you may direct us in this, our hour of need." Fearless, I called on God to direct us, and got answer, "Gather together all of the sick and maimed, that they can bear their burdens. Then leave this hillside, and go to the valley beyond. There you will get directions what next to do." John breathed a prayer, and then Jesus said, "Bring all our sick, that they may be healed." Jesus became electrified, and stepped forth like one that knew no fear. His face was like chiseled marble, and he commanded their diseases to depart in the name of Almighty God, and all were healed in that hour. But when the power left him, he fell like one dead. I shouted, "Glory to God, thou art in our midst. Direct, and we will follow." I heard a voice say, "Hasten away, even now." Jesus said, "Bear away the aged and the children, and I will follow." Then, as I looked, I saw him breathing in the bosom of an angel, and John folded his arms around him and said, "Two holy things together. O, that I could breathe out of my body, even here." I heard no more, but tottered along as best I could.

That night we held a council, and I saw there was to be a mighty conflict. I directed them how to arm themselves with the battle axes, in order they could defend the females and children, and that Jesus could be borne along, that God could be glorified through his death. That night there was a fearful battle, but the days following were damp and chilly. Death was among them every hour. Hardship and exposure filled them with fever. Jesus was borne along in the bosom of his brother. Life had become a burden to him, and he drooped and fell. But as the eighth day dawned upon us he was controlled, and declared we should all be cut off unless we prepared for battle. He then called his followers around him, and said, "Bear this body along with you, that he may live to fulfil the design of Almighty God, in his creation." He would die in a few days as he is, but would God be glorified by that death, or would humanity be blessed? He then shouted, "Prepare ye the way. The heathen damned are preparing to cut you off. Bring all of the females in the centre, and let the children be cared for, and you will cut them down ere they can destroy the innocent babes or damn the mothers." He said, "Bare them into the valley, that you can see the enemy ere they fall upon you." Then the influence left him and he fell down like a crushed flower. I saw John fold him to his bosom and weep over him, as a mother would weep over a dying babe. They were all

borne into the valley and sat down. Filled with fear, sick and dying were these mothers, kneeling around their dying children. Children clinging to their dying mothers, and hunger fell heavy upon them, and night closed in with fearful darkness. Hushed, they all awaited the hour, knowing the hour would come, as it had been prophesied. As the day had begun to dawn there was heard a fearful cry, and one of the men fell dead by a blow from a battle axe, severing his head from his body. Then they all rushed forward, and dead bodies were falling everywhere. They fought an hour and a half. The ground was strewn with the dead, and blood run down the hillside in streams. As the sun rose higher, and still higher, more awful became the scene. I sat down beside Jesus, and his head rested upon my bosom. There he breathed a prayer to his father, God, for the poor Hebrews. Then his head dropped, and he fell asleep, even while the battle was raging. "Holy brother," I said, "thy angel friends are holding you from the bitter anguish of the present, but thy heart will learn its own anguish soon enough." My heart beat when I heard the cry go up from the multitude, "Death to the heathens. Glory to God, they are fleeing from us." John came and knelt down beside Jesus, and rested his cheek upon the forehead of his brother, and said, "Darling brother, I am beside thee." John has left the scene of confusion, and I have brought him here to tell you all. I controlled John before the battle commenced, and I lay low twenty-one with these hands. My father controlled Bartholomew, and he must have slain more than me, as he controlled one that had more vital strength than my brother John Then Leiah's daughter left John and he fell down beside me. Jesus lay his hand upon his head and smoothed back his hair, and said, "Holy brother, God's angel children love thee, even as I love thee." They gathered up their dead, and counted the heathen slain. Their own was four killed and one maimed, and the heathen numbered two hundred and more. A part of that day was passed in burying their dead, but the heathens were heaped in a pile and brush was thrown upon them and set on fire. Then we moved to another valley. I felt we all must die, and I encouraged them to hasten on toward Jerusalem, that we could find rest. I will pass over the remaining part of that journey, and come to the last scene, as my heart is aching and I cannot go on, and I know another heart doth ache, even as my own. But I will spare her that anguish, as she has lived it over and over again, in entering into the soul sympathies of those that bring their records before her. But among the many that read these pages o're can never know the aching heart that traced these lines for me, and my brother's; God alone can reward you for the bitter tears you have shed for the suffering of others. And who can ever know the weary hours you have passed, with a beating heart for coming ages, that they may be free from priestcraft and deception. Live, daughter, as thou art living, for God's glory and the free-

dom of the human family. My hour has come for me to say farewell, earthy, yet I linger still beside her that has freed me from my earth burden, that has brought me back to finish up that which belongs to me to do. Humanities demand was upon me, but who but her that was born to read the holy breath in empty air, could, with God's angel children, share their burdens, and trace the lines recorded there, and may I ever with her humble spirit share, in that bright world where my own beloved family are awaiting my coming.

But now I must go back, once more, to those scenes that rent my heart, leaving many things untold. Out of pity to her that is scribing for me, I will now hasten to the hour of my dissolution. I entered Jerusalem with the many. I tottered along, and sat down beside others, on the square. There I sat, hardly knowing where I was, until I heard them say, "They have nailed Jesus to the cross, and are raising him up." That gave me a shock, and I arose to my feet, and passed out of the gates. I followed the many, and when I came in sight of him, my limbs refused to bear me longer. I fell to the earth, but after a time I arose, and drew near him. I heard his bitter groans, and bitter grief broke my heart, and I exclaimed, "Holy Creator, God, the lamb is slain. Receive him in thy bosom, the bosom of thy love." At that moment an anointed priest raised his battle axe, and as it fell upon my neck a mist came over me, and I knew no more until I was freed from mortal clay. Here I am beside the blood of Abraham, and I would ask God to bless her, here and hereafter. Daughter, now I can say I am going home. May I ask God to hasten the hour for you to come me? I will prepare for thee a home—a home of rest. I will be thy father still, as God is father of us all. Hope is bright before thee, still, but it will fade away, earthy, but it will grow brighter, as the shores of a brighter world come before thee, and I will meet thee there. Now, daughter, receive the blessing of an old man, one hundred and four years old, in his earthy body. Humanity must know angels are thy companions, and they must acknowledge that Jesus has again walked the earth. Farewell, friend of us all. I am Cornelius, and none other. Farewell.

CHAPTER X.

TESTIMONY OF STEPHEN.

Lines bearing date Nov. 5, 1870.

Stephen's holy spirit comes before me, in the presence of God's children, that suffered martyrdom for the cause of truth, that ages yet to come may

know that angels did walk the earth, ages on ages ago, and that his own life history may substantiate the attempt that was made by the holy breaths, that had once existed in earthy forms, to give light to those in mortal form.

Also to teach man that God has not forgotten his own, through the changes that have been wrought, in order that his own created could draw light from beyond, causing man to be humbled in the presence of him that begot those mighty creations.

Now here I am, in the presence of the angel band that sought earth, that humanity may know that there is a hereafter and that the bread of life eternal is knowledge. This I have given, in order the reader may know I do believe in one God, whose mercies endure forever. Stephen, thy holy breath is upon me, and I submit myself to thee, and I will write thy own history, fresh from thy own inner life.

OLIVE G. PETTIS.

Then pray for me, O friend of humanity, that I may draw strength from thee. Pray for me, O ye angels of light, that I may write my own earth destiny, filled with sorrow and holy affection of my family. Bright and joyous were my early days, until I reached two years and a half. At that time my father was called to Jerusalem, on the account of a disturbance between the priesthood and Judea's children, that were dwelling in Messopotamia. He being chief ruler of that country, was called upon to redress their wrongs. They had been sorely oppressed by the priesthood, as they had entered their country, and borne away their females, and held them until they were released by death.

My mother had slept her last sleep, and left behind five beautiful daughters. Her last request of my father was to guard her beloved children against the wicked devices of heathen priests and confessors, and her wish was that I should be educated according to the Jewish doctrines. Then she folded her arms about me, and as she folded me to her bosom, I felt her relax her hold, and she was dead.

Great grief filled our home, and small as I was, I felt I had lost what could never be given back to me again. But ere one month had passed away my father was compelled to go to Jerusalem, and ere he started his family gathered around him in despair, fearing harm would befal him, as there was a great commotion among the heathens. When he bade them farewell they all wept bitterly. They all knew his journey lay through a country where none but heathens dwelt, and their fear for him caused them to forget their own danger. Four days passed away in a holy calm, but the fifth day brought us news that my father had been beset, and beaten to death,

by the heathen confessors, and that same band of confessors were making their way toward Mesopotamia, and they would reach there ere the night closed in. Fear fell upon us all. My sisters could not flee, for where should they go, but to the humble in life? My eldest sister said, "Let us kneel in prayer, and ask God to assist us, in this our hour of sorrow." There we all knelt in prayer for the last time on earth. They then prepared bread, and said, "Let us go the herdsman, they may defend us." My youngest sister took me by the hand, and we started towards the herdsman's home that belonged to my father, it being about one league distant, but ere we reached there we were called upon to stop, but we fled as fast as we could. I fell in the ferns, and crept away from the path, and lay down by a cluster of bushes. There I lay, with my little heart a beating, until night shielded me from observation, then I crept out and followed the little foot path that led to the herdsman's home. I asked for my sisters, but they had not seen or heard from them. There I remained until I became a man. But when I was about fourteen, a wayfarer called upon the herdsman for rest, and he remained with us all night, and in the evening their conversation turned upon the oppression of the heathen priests and confessors. "After a time," he added, "I left the court of Jerusalem because there was so much drunkenness and debauchery I could not remain. But the immediate cause of my fleeing them, was this: The High Priest, Caiphas, sent forth the confessors, with the command that they should bring in twenty damsels, and they must all be Hebrew and Caldea's children, as there was to be a great feast, and the priests would be there from all parts of the country, and they would call for females to finish up their entertainment. But," he continued, "they brought in five damsels, all of one family. They were Caldea's daughters, so frail, but, O, how beautiful. They were fearfully frightened, and wept continually." When he had related thus far, I crept close to his side, and it did seem as if my heart would burst with hope and fear. He did not observe me, and he continued, "When they were brought before the King, he said, 'Give them all to me. I love the fair haired damsels of Caldea. Give them to me; I will keep them all my own.' Then Caiphas answered, 'They have been brought here for the priesthood, and none may demand them until after the feast.' Josephus being present, said, 'Caldea's daughters are beautiful, but they are too frail to be held by the priests. If they are, they will surely die.' Then Caiphas arose to his feet and said, 'If you dare hold those damsels from the anointed priests, Pontias Pilate, I will bring forward your favorite concubines, and your two eldest daughters, to supply their place. And you, Josephus, if you dare hold those damsels from us, I will command you to be beheaded before the morrow noon.' But Josephus made one more attempt like this. 'These damsels will be crushed to death, ere the day dawns upon you, and you, Caiphas, will be accountable

for their death.' Then Caiphas answered, 'I will take the fairest of them all, and hold her from all others.' Then he turned to me, and said, "Here, chamberlain, take these damsels to their chambers, where the concubines have been carried out.' As I conducted them along, and was compelled to close the door upon them, one after another, I felt I was assisting in the destroying of the holiest things that God had ever created, but when I come to the youngest of them all, I held her little hand in mine, while her bitter grief rent my heart, as she said, "Lead me to my sisters, and I will die there, if you wish me to.' I turned away, knowing full well her doom. Tears would flow, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge the same. But when I looked upon her again, her head was bowed, and she said, 'My mother is here, how glad I am you have come.' Then I led her into the room and closed the door, but I have never forgot that holy face, and when I looked upon that boy, I thought he looked like her." Here he gave a deep sigh, and I dared not breathe. He began again, "That night the priests had a drunken feast, and ere morning dawned, the two youngest were dead." I heard no more—I saw no more, but I fell, fainting, at his feet. He raised me up and bathed my head, and ere I could open my eyes, I heard him say, "How much he looks now as that sweet flower of Caldea looked when I was compelled to close the door upon her, that was not opened again, but to admit the anointed priests, that crushed her to death, and I do not think she could be more than eleven years old." Here I gave a shriek, and he said, "What can this mean?" The herdsman answered, "You are relating the destruction of his own dear sisters, and it is more than he can endure, as he has always hoped they would come back again." Then I said, "Tell all. I can no more than die. I cannot breathe. Do tell me, is there not one living?" "There is," he said; "have courage, the one that Caiphas held as his own, lived and bore a beautiful boy, so like his mother, and they call him Jude, but I have not seen them for a long time, as I fled the court about the time the beautiful damsels of Caldea were brought there, but I inquire whenever I can." "No tidings," I said, "of the others?" I said, "Are they living, or are they dead? Tell me, O, tell me, else I cannot live." Then he answered, "Ere the sun sat on the following day, the priests entered their rooms, and they both found relief in death." Then I heard no more, but lay like one dead all of that night, and a part of the next day. Then the herdsman's children came to me and said, "We will be your sisters, and love you even as your own." Filled with grief, as I was, I turned to that family and found relief.

I continued with the good herdsman until I was twenty-one, then I was betrothed and wedded to the fairest of them all, my beautiful Hagar. Here my heart ceases its beating. How can I go on, yet for the sake of my angel loved ones, I will suffer again the agony and despair I suffered in my earth

career. According to the laws of that country, none could be lawfully married but by an anointed priest, and he had a right to hold the bride as long as he chose, after he had pronounced her the wife of another. And as I led my beautiful Hagar before the priest, my heart beat as I saw he looked upon her, with hell burning in every expression. Yet he performed the ceremony, and pronounced her mine. He reached out his hand and said, "Come, damsel, I desire you, and your husband can go away and prepare for your coming." At that moment my beautiful bride fell, fainting, to the floor, for she did know her doom was sealed. I said, "O, give her to me; I will feed and clothe the heathens, and I will toil for you." I had stooped down to raise her up, and he bade me be gone, as he called to a confessor and said, "Care for this Hebrew; I will care for the damsel. Go, now," he said, "or I will have you beheaded in this hour." And as I stepped back the priest threw his arm about my angel loved one, and bore her from my sight. Holy God, I cannot tell any one what I suffered when I went back, alone, to the home of my father, that I had prepared for my loved one. Day after day passed away, and I saw none that could give me tidings of my Hagar, and I was in despair. Five days passed away, and as the sun was going down, I saw a drooping form nearing my home. At first I thought it was a begger, but as I caught a glimpse of her face I saw it was indeed my bride, but O, how changed. She could hardly support her weight upon her feet. Her garments were torn, and her beautiful hair was hanging in disorder about her face and shoulders. I flew to her, folded her to my bosom, and we wept together. I bore her into our home, prepared food for her, as she was nearly famished, and as we were sitting together, and the twilight was setting around us, a confessor came to the door, and said, "I should like to have a night's lodging here." I answered, "I am not prepared to entertain you." As he saw my wife he said, "I must have the bride tonight." I answered, "She has been held by the priest, and she is nearly dead even now." Then he said, "Give her me eight days, and I will never trouble you again." He stepped forward, and was about to lay hands upon my wife. I caught up a billet of wood and felled him to the floor, then I beat him to death. I dragged him from my house, dug a hole and tumbled him in, then covered him over, stamped down the earth, that none could see where he lay. There in that home I dwelt until God had blessed me with nine children—three boys and six girls. But when my youngest boy was five, and my youngest daughter eight, God called my Hagar, and I lay her in her earthy bed to rest. This being in the autumn, when the next summer came I was compelled to go to Antioch, with a load of hides, to exchange for garments for my family. When my oxen were ready, and awaited my coming, I entered my home, and said, "God must care for you while I am away, as a strange fear falls upon me, as the heathens are in a great commotion con-

cerning a Hebrew that has a price set upon his head, and they are determined to crucify him, as they do their worst felons." My eldest daughter asked, "What has he done?" I answered, "He has declared the ever presence of God and his angel children" She answered, "What a pity he should die for that. I see my mother daily." I answered, "Breathe it not, daughter, outside of your home, lest you should be accused of heresy" Then I knelt in their midst, and prayed that my beloved family should be kept from harm, and that the angels would direct them. But, as I bowed my head, no answer came to me. I then bade them farewell, and hastened away. Something seemed to say, "Fearful is the destiny of your family, ere you come back again."

I reached Antioch, after eight days, exchanged my hides and started back, hoping to find my family even as I had left them. Day after day wore away, and at last I came in sight of my home. I heard the cattle lowing, and a strange feeling came over me, and my home seemed so silent. I flew to the door, and as I pushed it open, I staggered back, being nearly suffocated with the effluvia of the dead. But I gained courage, and looked in. There lay my first born, across the doorway, beheaded. Near him lay my fourth born, with his feet toward the brother, also beheaded, and there in the corner of that room, where I had bid farewell to my children, lay my darling boy—my last gift from God—with his brains drashed out. "Holy God," I said, "you gave me those holy children to bless me, and you have taken them back in thy mercy, but where, O, where are my daughters? Who can tell me?" Then I went to the shed, where the cattle had apparently been fastened for days. I let them loose, but nothing more could I learn from my absent daughters. There I rested my head upon the fence, and asked God to direct me. But no kind voice greeted me with, "Dear father has come home." There I lingered until I saw a Hebrew boy approaching me. I said to him, "My boys are dead, but who can tell me of my daughters?" He replied like this: "Eight days ago a band of Hindoo priests and confessors passed through this country, that was going to Judea, that they could be at the crucifiction of a heretic, which would be as soon as they could catch him." I said, "O tell me of my daughters. God will care for his own." He answered, carelessly, "They went all through this country, and there is not a female left alive for leagues around, that is over five years old, and when I saw them coming with their battle axes I run away, as fast as I could, and hid in the ferns yonder, and as I lay there, I heard females screaming, but I did not dare look to see who they were. But I heard one say, 'Those Hebrew damsels are beautiful to look upon.' Another answered, 'You may look upon their beauty to-day, but to-morrow you would turn from them.' As I lay still, I heard their groans and shrieks, all night, and I think you will find them in the forest, beyond the ferns."

The boy said, "Let us go and see. I guess the heathen priests are all gone before now." "No," I said, "God help me, I will first bury my dead, that lie in a state of decay, then if any are alive I can bring them here." Then I opened the door, that the air could circulate, ere I dare enter my once happy home. There I dug a grave, large enough for them all, then I took my first born, and wrapped him in a blanket, and lay him in his cold, damp bed. Then the next, a sweet youth of nineteen, I lay him beside his brother. But when I entered my home for my darling boy, and looked upon that once sweet, sunny face, bruised and blackened, my courage gave way, and I fell to the floor. And as I lay there, gasping for breath, a hand was lain in mine, and I heard a sweet voice say, "Brother, God is here. Arise, and bury your dead." I arose to my feet, and approached my boy, raised him in my arms, and bore him away, and lay him beside his brothers. Then I lay dried grass upon them, and filled the grave with dirt. Then I fell upon that grave and said, "Come back to me, O, ye angels bright, then I will give your spirits into the hands of your father, God, but the bodies I claim as my own." Then I sought the forest, alone, as the boy had fled me. I followed the path until I entered a ravine.

CHAPTER XI.

Holy child of God assist me, I cannot breathe. Pray for me, friend of humanity—holy revelator of facts for us all. Friend, ask your own inner life, if you could look upon your own five daughters, stripped of their garments, knowing they had been crushed to death, and live? Answer me, and let all coming ages know if you could look upon that sight and live. (Answer. No! No! I could not live in my mental body, but I should be compelled to exist in spirit, if I would or no. As I have been commanded to answer, so I have answered. From my own inner life I breathe it, and I am sure there are not but a few mothers but would answer the same.—*Scribe.*) There, as I gazed upon the five, my heart answered, "There is one more." As I looked around, I saw another naked body laying upon the ground. near a brook. As I turned toward her, I heard a deep groan, and I knew that life was there. I knelt beside her, as I heard her say, "God has heard my prayer. Father has come ere I died." There she lay with one hand upon her heart, the other reaching toward the running water. Her pale cheek rested upon the damp earth, her eyes were closed, but the heart still beat. I called her by name, and her eyelids unclosed, and she said, "Father, an angel held me from death, and here she is beside me. Her face is

like diamond brightness, but her eyes and hair are dark and beautiful. She sat beside me all night, and she said you were coming." "Darling Ketubah," I shouted, "do not die—I am all alone. Breathe for me, my daughter, and I will bless God forever. I will raise you in my arms, and bear you to your home, and if it please God, you will live for me and humanity." I raised her in my arms, and as I was bearing her along, her breath came deep, and she begun like this: "Father, I must have slept a long time, but when I awoke I found myself beside the brook, and when I looked, I saw that Holy angel beside me." And she lay her hand on my head, and I could breathe free, as her arms had been folded around my neck; but now she released her hold, and I thought she was dying. I sat down by the way, and still held her in my bosom. She gave a deep groan, and then began by saying, "The cruel priests have destroyed all of your family, brother. The boys attempted to hold the door against them, but they forced an entrance, and dashed them to the floor. Then they hurled the little boy against the house and he fell dead. Then they caught up thy daughters, and fled into the forest. There you found them, as the fiends left them—dead. When they were all gone, I drew near, and saw that life was left in this body. She had fainted, and I controlled her, and bore her to the brook, where I bathed her face and head with her own hands. When I found I could hold the body no longer, I lay it down where you found it. I still cared for her, as I did know you would be alone. But God's children have need of your care and protection, and when you have done all there is to be done for your loved ones, I will bear you to them that are in trouble. Beset as they are, aid they must have. You will go toward Antioch, there you will find the true and faithful, that are laboring to lay the foundation for anointed priests and confessors to be chained and bound forever. Yet ages on ages must roll away, ere they can lay the chief corner stone for the great temple of truth to be reared that will endure forever. Then, and not until then, will that faithful band of God's children behold the reward of their labors. But now they are toiling, and sweating drops of blood, because the hand of the taskmasters are upon them, that is heathen damned in priestly robes, but when a holy band can be freed from the oppressive, ignorant, benighted souls, that would chain the infinite if he was in their power. When light can be diffused throughout the earth, then, and not until then, can the Infinite Father be recognized by his own children. When the child can say I am thine, my father, then earth will release all of her faithful martyrs, and they will find rest in the bosom of his love, and the fountain of God's love will flow into every angel breast, that will flow o'er all of their conscious life, and they will be blessed. Yet ages on ages must pass away ere you, Stephen, will be called back to finish up your labor, and the keystone finds its resting place through freedom's seal, which can never be broken. But you, my brother, will hasten away to the humble Nazarene, and assist in bearing him along, until he is hung upon the cross. There you

will breathe out your life at the foot of the cross. Then you will be borne away to your family, but the hour will surely come, when earth will demand you again. And now, brother, go and bury your dead. I must go to the holy lamb that is to be slain. Farewell."

As I bent down I saw the face of my daughter was livid in death. "Holy God," I said, "she has left me forever." No answer came back, but that sweet voice was hushed forever. I then bore her into my home, and lay her upon her own couch. There I knelt beside her, and asked God to direct me. Then I left her, and went back into the forest. There I dug a grave, large enough for my five holy bodies. Them I claimed as my own, knowing full well God had extracted the life he gave, but to bless me. When I had prepared the bed, I knelt beside my Saloam, and said, "Thy father will raise thee up, and lay you where you cannot again be crushed by heathen brutes. Flowers will bloom upon thy grave, daughter, and angels will guard each unfolding bud. Thou wert all good, and God will care for you." Then I raised the decaying body in my arms, and lay it in the bed prepared for them all. Again I seek my dead, and stoop o'er the body of my Hildah. "Love beamed in thy eye, daughter, and a smile upon thy lip ever blessed thy father. When he was weary, it gave him rest, and now, daughter, I will rest thee from fear, and God will rest thee from care" I raised her up, and lay her down by her sister, as they used to lie, in their own bed. Another I will raise up from the damp earth, straighten her limbs in the last resting place of five angels. "Sweet shall be thy repose, daughter, my fair haired Leona. Sweet flower of spring, your father's heart was filled with love for thee, the hour you breathed earth's air. Thirteen summers gladdened this heart, that is now broken. Thou did'st plant flowers, they bloomed, but thou wert the fairest of them all, and thy sweet voice was sweeter to me than the aroma of the lilly, but thou hast been crushed beneath fiends in human form. I will lay you beside thy sisters, and you will forget all."

Now friend, pray for me, in the holy name of Jehovah God, ere I can gain courage and strength enough to live over again, the agony I suffered in laying away my beloved Serah. Holy God, assist me. My heart bleeds anew, as I kneel beside the mother's darling angel. "Loved one, thou did'st find rest in thy mother's holy bosom, and I will lay thee down beside thy sisters, and thou hast fallen asleep—a sleep that knows no wakening. Thy mother's bosom will rest the spirit, even while I kneel beside the mortal form. Darling Serah, I will cover you over for the last time, then I will seek him that is to lay down all he has for coming ages, through his being hung upon the cross. I shall come to you in a home where anointed priests cannot come and crush my little lamb again. Farewell, my sweet earth flower, I must launch upon the turbid waters, that will bear me to you. But you cannot bless me again in earthy form—in spirit, you will be mine."

Then I covered them over with dried leaves, that the damp earth should not fall upon their sweet faces, and God gave me strength to fill that grave. Then I fell upon it, and wept, until my breath went out. How long I lay there, I know not, but when my breath came back, and I arose to my feet, the stars were shining. I could but exclaim, "Darling loved ones, I leave you in the hands of my father God, while I will seek to bless his children."

I went back to my desolate home. There lay my daughter, cold in death. I knelt beside her, and rested my face upon her cold forehead. There I dedicated myself to humanity, and made oath that I would assist in slaying the dragon, that had robbed me of my holy gifts, that God had given me, to bless me. There I knelt, asking aid of God to assist me, and his angel children, to lead me home. Day did dawn, and a holy light was around me, and an angel hand was lain in mine, as she said, "Come, brother, I will assist you in your last labor for your family, that you may hasten away to those that still linger in earth forms." She led me to where my boys were sleeping, as she said, "Beside her brothers she will sleep, in their earthy condition, while they will all find rest in a higher condition than earth can give them—a house not made with hands, eternal, he'd in God's own law, free from the wicked devices of children of darkness."

There I dug a grave, and bore out my child, and covered her over, Again I fell to the earth, and could not rise in my own strength. But when I awoke, day and night had passed away, and the morning star shed its rays upon my bed, and I was laying there as in days gone by. How I came there, I know not. I said, "O, what a fearful dream came over me." But I soon saw I was alone with the living, and not the dead, as my family were all aroued me in spirit, and my companion asked me what they should do I said, "God's angel children will come and bear you away to a home bereft of fear, and I will meet you there."

I then arose from my bed, prepared barley bread, and at high noon I began my journey toward Judea's borders.

CHAPTER XII.

Who among you have courage to follow a heart-broken traveller on his way? Let him come with me, as I am journeying along desolate and alone.

The first night threw her dark mantle around me ere I was aware of it, as I had been lost in thought. When I could not discern the way, I crept beneath a hedge of ferns. There I lay, and communed with my God and his angel children. There I beheld the future, and I did know I must die.

"Glory to God," I said, "I am going to dwell with my angel family in a brighter world beyond, among God's angels bright, that have been borne away from earth, to a brighter sphere. There we shall dwell together for ages, praising God and blessing each other. But a change will come, and I shall be brought back to earth again." But I could not see beyond the bright light, that was filling all earth. Then I fell asleep, and forgot my vision, and my broken heart forgot its anguish for a time. As the sun was rising, I awoke, and hastened on my way, led by the angel that came to me when I was in despair.

Seven days I journeyed on, until I reached Chaledon. There I found him I sought, in the home of a Hebrew. As I drew near, that holy light led me until we reached the threshold. Then she left me, and folded the holy Jesus in her own light, as she said, "Come in, *Stephen, you are welcome here."

But, as I entered, I saw many sitting upon the floor, some in rags, some in decent garments. There I saw God made manifest through his children —a power I could not comprehend at that time. But I did see bright forms everywhere around us. Jesus knelt down, still in the embrace of that holy ray of light. A form was there; I knew it was God's child that was bearing the burden for us all, as best she could, and her prayer was this: "Father of immensity, hold thy children from doubting thy ever presence, and thy many mercies. Weary though they may be, yet thou will surely give them rest. In thy own wisdom they are held from death, that coming ages may be held from darkness, death and despair. And may these angels of light bear them along, that through their lives and their deaths they may bless humanity, and give thee the glory, holy, eternal light, from which we draw our life, our all." Then she breathed away from him, and he looked around, and said, "Another has come, to be lain upon the altar of human sacrifice. O, my God, bind up his broken heart, that he may breathe out of his earth condition, filled with hope, filled with love for thee and humanity." "Amen," I answered, "I am ready now to do my work for the poor, benighted children of humanity."

Then we ate, and lay down to rest, but early in the morning we started for Antioch. But ere we reached there, we were met by a confessor, and he said, "You are going to be hung, and I shall be back in time to assist in the work." He flew past us; armed as he was, he seemed to fear us. We entered Antioch, and there were many gathered from all parts of the country. Sick and suffering as they were, they shouted, "He is coming, he will heal us." There we formed ourselves in a circle, in the centre of the square. Jesus said, "Bring forth your sick, one at a time, and God will heal all that can be healed through the natural law, and none other." I became filled with life. As I breathed deep, I was filled with electricity. Many were

* Stephen, the Caldean, not the father of Simon. He was Judea's blood.

healed, but others went away, filled with a disease that God could not reach through his own breath, electric life. But ere night closed in upon us, we sought for a place of rest. I left them, and went beyond the hill, and the confessors saw me, and they sought to lay hands upon me. I was compelled to flee into the forest, bearing toward Tyre, as the holy controller of Jesus, Leiah, had declared that we should be scattered, but we must meet east of Tyre, as after many days he would bring us together, to finish up our labor and go home.

For days I wandered about in the forest, until hunger compelled me to seek a herdsman's hut, and ask for bread. But the time did come when we were brought together, by the same hand that had held us from death.

There was a great commotion among the heathens. I accosted a lad, and asked him the cause of it. He answered, "The crazy man has come down from the mountains, and they are going to crucify him." I hastened away from him, and followed the by-places, until I came to a green slope. There I saw a great multitude gathering together from every direction.

As I drew near, I saw Jesus was controlled, and I heard him say, "Gather together all of the feeble in one band, that they may draw strength from almighty strength, that they may live long enough for God to be glorified through their death, and they be prepared for a brighter sphere, and may they be baptised by the breath of Jehovah God, even here, that they may seek to learn their way to heaven, beyond earth, where they may find rest."

The holy brother then lay down, like one that could not rise again. His mother knelt beside him, and folded his arms around him, and burst into tears, as she said, "Joseph, take him to thyself, even now. He, my last, my loved one, I give to thee, thou life of all life, and I will seek him in thy bosom, my God." I raised him up as he breathed one word, "Mother." Then he fell back again. John and Bartholomew came forward, and said, "Let us bear him away beside the fire, that he may be made more comfortable, and you, Stephen, assist Mary, and we will cover them o'er, and let them rest." "Rest," said Mary; "where will my beloved Jesus rest, but in a holier condition than earth can give?" All of the histories give facts concerning the journey from Tyre to Jerusalem, and my testimony could but add one more line to the records of despair that was made manifest through the suffering of the Hebrews and Caldeans, also some of Judea's children. There came in their midst a heathen confessor, by the name of Mathew. We commanded him to go back, but he declared he feared to go, as they would accuse him of heresy. Jesus' breath came deep, and he said, "Hold him here, because, if he goes away, he will return with a battle axe." Then we held our peace. He remained quiet until the eight day; then he sought to lead us beyond a hill. Jesus turned to us, and said, "Beware, lest you fall." Then we kept on our way, but ere morning dawned upon us we were thrown into confusion, by a battle axe being thrown into our midst. Mathew

held his way along with us, until we entered Jerusalem, and there he was beheaded, being found among the heretics. Here I must give answer to the teachings of to-day. Mathew is held, through priestly devices, as a holy thing, and a book, bearing his name, has long been held before the benighted children of earth. How could he keep records, when he could not have read his own name, had it been held before him. Here we will give him credit, all that is his due, and nothing more. He was an anointed confessor, and he was a brute, and his own history, given by himself, will be found in a book called "Sayings and Doings of Anointed Priests and Confessors." Then coming ages will know whether to hold him as a saint, or hurl him from them, as a filthy thing. When he saw he could not deceive the holy breath that was there, he remained quiet until he was seen by the enraged priesthood. They dragged him away, and beheaded him, ere Jesus was crucified. Here I need not attempt to give relative to the sufferings of that holy, but despised, people. Crushed earthy, but lived in spirit, filled with light, filled with love, filled with God.

From the time I came to them, I did all I could to aleviate their much suffering. I did see Jesus raised up, after he was nailed to the cross. I did see his mother kneel at the foot of the cross. I did see her dragged away by her hair, by confessors, commanded by the High Priest, Caiphas, and my head was struck off in the same hour.

Conclusion.—I have finished my work for thee, O humanity, but ere I bid you a last farewell, I will kneel in humble prayer, before my father, God, and ask his aid in holding his own created from the dark, benighted souls, dwelling in mortal forms, robed in priestly garbs, that are working evil instead of good; holding themselves before humanity as holy things, that they may be looked upon as chosen instruments to lead and guide God's children home; that God may find that which he had lost. Nothing is lost. God forgets not his own, wherever their destiny may be cast. He breathes upon him, and in his own time blesses his own created.

Prayer.—Filled with life from thy life—filled with light from thee—I would leave earth's children all I have to give—my blessing. Lead, O, lead thy humble revelator into the green pastures of thy love, beside the still waters of thy many mercies. Bedeck her with holy garments, and may their many folds sparkle with diamonds, denoting good acts, by blessing the poor and needy, and soothing the aching heart, when it is beating in fear. Grant her, O my God, a life filled with thy own light, that she may aid those in darkness, that they may behold thee, as thou art, filled with wisdom, filled with light, filled with love for those that seek to feed the lesser mind. And may the life-line be drawn full by thy own hand, that she may assist us in finishing up our earth labor, and free us from the demand that is upon us,

held by humanities necessities, and when the hour comes for her to sleep her last sleep, earthy, may my family be blessed by a freed spirit, fill d with light, filled with faith, and filled with love for thee, O, my God and humanity. Then my angel loved ones will chant a hymn to welcome the weary servant of you all home to rest. These holy blessings we would ask of thee, father, God. Now farewell, humanity. Farewell, my dear friend and sister. I will come to you when God extracts his own from materiality, and assist in bearing you away beyond the reach of man. Farewell.

CHAPTER XIII.

TESTIMONY OF JUDE.

DECEMBER 23, 1870.

Light falls around me, bright faces come before me, and I catch their sweet accents as they breathe upon me. Voices from the deep past call me. I will again answer, I am ready to breathe for you, my dear brother. I am ready to suffer with you, and bear your burden, that your sorrows may be lightened, even while you live over again the grief that fell upon you in youth, the suffering of manhood, and the agony of a fearful death.—*Scribe.*

Here I declare myself Jude, the son of Caiphas, the High Priest. As I am to lay down my earth history, I will write them before you, child of destiny, revelator for God's children that were drawn into the whirlpool of confusion, concerning light being attracted to earth through the holy Hebrew family, and they declared the presence of a living God, and the presence of his angel children. The first I recollect distinctly was, when I was about four years old, being called into the chamber, where the king's children were at play. One of the children said, "Look, Jude, see what a fine caretaker we have got. See what pretty blue eyes he has got, and fine wavy hair, and he is so kind to us." At that moment he raised his eyes to mine, and I loved him from that moment. At that time I was permitted to remain there at least half an hour, then I was called to go to my mother. I saw she had been weeping. I did not ask why, but I said, "O, what a pretty caretaker the king's children have. I wish he could come here." She answered, "That cannot be. Your father says you must never go into his presence again." From that time I used to cry to go and see the pretty Hebrew, until I was told he did not care for the children, but he had become

chamberlain. Day by day I looked upon him, but was not permitted to speak to him. Then, after a time, he was gone, I never knew where. I was told after, he was the one that caused so much commotion in court. There I dwelt, in my mother's chamber, until I was fourteen years old. I had a little apartment, adjoining my mother's, where I slept. Ere I left my mother I do know she had three children born, as I heard them cry, and then their voices would be hushed. But I did see one of them lying on the foot of my mother's bed, and it was a dark purple. I asked my mother whose baby that was. She made no reply, but covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. Soon a man came in and carried it away. This happened when I was a little boy, not more than five years old. It had always been the custom to take a boy from his mother's chamber at fourteen, to be educated, and as my time drew near, my mother seemed filled with grief, and would sit beside me for hours and hold my hand in hers. One day she seemed uncommonly ill, and I sat beside her as she lay upon her couch. She reached her hand to me, as she said, "My dear boy, your father has told me you are to go from here ere the sun goes down, and I feel it my duty to tell you why I am here, and why Caiphas is your father. I know I can never look upon you again, after you leave me, as your father intends you for an anointed priest, and I cannot live until you have finished your education. But I would have you know I am not here by my consent. Now listen, dear Jude, to the words of a dying mother, and hereafter, if you can assist the poor, crushed damsels of Caldea, and hold them from being destroyed, remember that is your mother's blood, and she will soon go to her own. My father was chief ruler in Mesapotamia, and he was fearfully affected by the heathen priests dragging away, and destroying, Caldea's daughters, and he started to go to Jerusalem, hoping the king could assist in repelling the invaders. But ere he could reach there, he was beset by a band of confessors, and destroyed, and we heard of it the day a band of confessors came and bore away my four sisters and myself. I had a little brother; his name was Stephen; named for his grandfather. If he is living or dead, I know not. I am relating my history, that you can tell him the fate of his sisters, if you should ever see him. I do know he was not destroyed when we were borne away. Say to him his eldest sister died ere morning dawned upon her, in this house, and in this room where I am now dying, the first night after we were brought here; and the one next to her died ere the sun rose, and the two youngest angel sisters were left alone until their sisters died, and then they were crushed to death, ere night fell upon them. And say to him, his third sister lived to suffer more than a thousand deaths could be brought about by natures laws, but she will soon be beyond the reach of drunken priests, and will find rest in the bosom of her own beloved family." Then she ceased to speak. I saw big tears roll down her

cheeks, but she soon continued, "They will make you one of them. They will make you one of them, my darling boy."

My soul was wrung in agony, and I said within myself, "I will live to avenge my mother's wrongs." Then I lay down beside my mother, and folded my arms around her, and she seemed dearer to me than ever before. There we both wept until my mother fainted, and I could not breathe. At that moment Caiphas opened the door, and stood there like one frozen to death. But when he had recovered his surprise, he was like a fiend incarnate. He caught me by my arm, and hurled me from my mother, as he said, "I will teach you better acts than hugging you mother in her bed. They are waiting to carry you to Antioch. Now be gone." There I left my mother, dead as I supposed, but I learned after, that she lived one year and a half, a poor heart-broken woman, calling for her boy. When I was told how she mourned for me, I longed to die to go to her, although I had been educated for a priest, and was accepted by the high priest in all things but one, and that was so foreign to my nature I abhored the mention of it. That was, I must hold forty different females, ere I could be anointed and take the oath that was demanded. The hour did come when I was to be borne back to the court, and with an aching heart I begun my journey, knowing full well my angel mother would not be there to cheer me. When I reached there, Caiphas was away, and I sought the room where my mother lived and died. I closed the door and fastened it, then I knelt down beside the bed and poured out my whole soul in pleading for my mother to come to me. Ere I ceased my devotion, a light form flitted past me, and I shouted aloud, "Holy God, give me my mother." That was the first time in my life I had ever breathed that holy word, and it frightened me. My mother had taught it me, in a gentle whisper, but we never breathed it aloud. There my mother had taught me of a father God and his angel children being ever present. But my father never suspected his boy was being taught heresy, when he intended him for an anointed priest. Even while I knelt there with my God and my angel loved one, a loud knock was heard at the door, and there I bowed my head and asked God to direct me. Then I arose and opened the door, and the chamberlain gave a message thus: "Caiphas demands your immediate presence in the king's chamber." I obeyed, and as I came before the king, I greeted him. Then I turned to Caiphas. He reached his hand to me, and I lay my palm in his, and he begun like this: "You are now prepared to finish your education, and the sooner you begin the better." I bowed my head, and said, "I am ready to obey my father." Then he said, "You can begin this day and hold one female, and to-morrow you can hold four, and as soon as you have held forty you shall be anointed, and become one of us." I was frightened, because I saw he was in earnest. There I stood, but could not answer. As I had been reared in seclusion, I

hardly comprehended his meaning, yet I was filled with fear. The king said. "Don't frighten the boy; he is a frail youth." Caiphas answered, "Meat, strong drink, and females, will make him hardy." His harsh expressions caused me to shudder, and I could hardly breathe. Then he said, "I will call the fairest damsel in court, and she will bless you." "No," I said, "I do not wish her to come. I am feeble, and I cannot obey you in that respect, but obey you in all things I can." Then my father raised his hand and felled me to the floor. I arose to my feet, and exclaimed, "God help me." Then he hurled me from him, and my head struck against the doorway, and the blood streamed down my face. Then the king said, "Caiphas, you must not kill the boy in my chamber, and I feel you are hasty. You have been drinking strong drink. Go away, lie down and sleep. Leave the boy to me, and I will see what I can do with him." Caiphas saw the blood, and he knew he had been hasty, and he left the room without an answer. As soon as he was gone, the king said, "Go and bathe. I will call the chamberlain, and have you cared for." The wound was dressed, then the king said, "Come here, Jude; you are a frail youth, and I fear Caiphas will kill you." There I knelt beside the king, and his kindness caused me to forget my fear. I said, "O, king, let me go into the highlands until I become stronger, then I will try and obey my father." "No," said the king, "I cannot give my consent, lest Caiphas will seek you out, and destroy you." "Then let me go without your consent." The king said, "I am not accountable," and he said to the chamberlain, "Bring a herdsman's suit, even now." He brought it, and I robed myself, then knelt before the king, and said, "God bless you, good king. I will pray for you when I am away." The king covered his face with his hands, and wept, as he replied, "My mother taught me to believe in God's mercies, while my father would have destroyed us both, if he had have known it. Here boy, take this, you may need it," he said, as he gave me a handful of gold. "I shall say to Caiphas you have gone into the country to get strength, in order to fulfil his wishes, but if you do not return he will send his spies everywhere to bring you back." I answered, "God will direct me, and my angel mother will lead me. Farewell, good king, I shall not forget your kindness as long as I walk the earth." Then I fled the court, not knowing where to go, but I made my way toward the highlands. Day after day, I journeyed along, until I found myself in a desert country. Night came on, and I was alone. There I sat down and fell asleep. I dreamed I saw my mother, and said, "Jude, God cares for his own, and he will bring an angel bright to lead and guide you on." I awoke, and light fell all around me, and a sweet voice breathed my name, and said, "God is here, and you will be lead to a place of rest." Then she said, "Come, brother, come let us hasten away; my brother is waiting for us. He will lead you to his home, there you will find friends and comfort.

He is now beyond the cliff; we will meet him there." She lay her hand in mine, then I lost sight of her, and as she breathed her life into my life, I become strong and sped away, my feet hardly touching the ground. Ere I reached the cliff, I began to falter, then the same voice said, "Yet a little farther, and we shall meet my brother." The earth again seemed to pass beneath my feet, until we stood upon the highest crag. There I saw a poor, frail man kneeling in prayer. The bright form seemed to leave me, drew near the humble man, and knelt beside him. As I drew near, I heard him say, "Holy creator, God, I praise thee that you have brought back my angel sister, and him that is to die for truth's sake." Then he arose to his feet and drew near me, as he said, "God bless you, dear brother, I will lead you to my mother. She will give you food, and you will find rest beside me until you are called forth to begin your work. He then laid his hand in mine, and the other in that of his angel friend, and we glided along, higher and still higher up the mountain, bearing northward. But ere the dark night closed in upon us, we reached a humble cot, and as my brother knocked at the door, a female opened it and as she held the torch in her hand, I thought she was the most beautiful female I had ever looked upon. She folded her boy to her bosom, and said, "I am blessed, I am blessed. Holy God, I will praise thee forever." He answered, "Dear mother, God alone has held me from death, and brought me back to you again." Then he said, "Mother, I have brought you a poor child of destiny, bruised and broken, but not utterly destroyed. Prepare him some food, as God's child says he has had nothing to eat for two days and a half." Then the holy child of Mary breathed deep, and I saw he was in the embrace of an angel. Then he said, "Mary, I have brought him as I promised, and another one beside him. Make him comfortable. I must take him away in a few days, but my brother must remain beside you until Leiah comes for him, but when he goes down from the mountain home, he will never return here again." Mary asked, "Am I never to see him again after he leaves me?" The angel angel answered, "You will go to him, but he cannot come here again." I asked, "Can I never again look upon my friend and sister after my brother is taken from here?" She answered, "I am your sister, and I shall come to you in your hour of need. I shall go with you into Caldea, and shall not leave you until you are safe beside my brother, John. You will labor with him until Jesus is called forth again to finish up his earth labor for the present age. I will then come to you, Jude, and lead you to him, that you can assist him in healing the sick, and declaring God, that the inhabitants of earth may know who to worship in spirit and in truth." My brother's breath again come deep, and as the influence left him, he opened his eyes and looked around, and said, "A holy calm has come over me that I never knew before. I am freed from care—I am freed from weariness—I am freed

from hunger. God's bread has filled me full. Glory to God, now I am ready to finish up all there is for me to do, and go home."

CHAPTER XIV.

Again I enter the holy room where the angel band are ever ready to trace the electric lines, that I may trace them in life lines that can never die. That holy calm is here. I feel the angel presence. Rays of light are around me. God's breath is upon my brow, and I can behold earth filled with light, drawn from eternal light, and my humble prayer shall ever be, nearer to thee, my God, may humanity be, through the light from thee, thou God of immensity, until every soul can feel thy breath, and every child of thine shall say there is no death. Then I shall feel my labor has been rewarded, through thy holy influence, tracing lines filled with life, filled with light, filled with God's love for his own. My soul is full of the light that is around me, and I, too, feel to exclaim, "I am going home—my sun must set ere long, but it will rise again.—*Scribe.*

My brother ate but a little, then we laid down to rest. After they were all at rest, I could but exclaim, "Happy children of poverty, thou art blessed in thy slumbers, fearing not thou art to be dragged from your beds, and be dragged about by the drunken priests, as the poor females are in the home I have fled from, where devils revel in drunkenness and debauchery, through the dark hours of night, and where the fairest earth flowers are being constantly blasted by those brutes in priestly robes, and when the poor slaves are dragged out dead in the morning, others are brought in to supply their places. (I dare not declare what I know, as none of the present age could believe the depravity in a heathen court,) but what I have seen I do know, and my heart aches, even now, for the blasted angels I have left behind, and if they could be freed, I would lay down my life for their freedom." As I breathed the last word, I felt a gentle touch, and I saw my mother kneeling beside me. A deep drawn sigh escaped her, as she breathed her life into my own, then I saw all of her past sufferings, and holy God, I could have damned the king, the priests, and the courtiers, when another breath drew near, which seemed to say, "Veil those fearful scenes you have passed, dear sister, and look beyond. A home awaits you there, and you will be at rest, but thy boy will become a human sacrifice for his angel mother, and then you will both be free." My own breath came back, and I fell asleep. Early in the morning the good Mary was astir, and she pre-

pared the barley bread, but before we ate, Jesus said, "This is Mary's feeble brother, and Martha, her only sister. They were compelled to flee with my family, else they would have been cut off years ago. Here are my brothers. This is James; he prepares the fuel, and assists my mother, while my father is in the lowlands earning bread for his family. Jessie is a feeble boy, but he is holy to us all, as God's child can breathe through him as easy as she can through me, and we are oftimes caused to exclaim, 'we are blessed above all men, even in this desolate spot. This is our darling Simeon, the joy of every heart.' That day passed away, and I forgot my sorrow. Day by day passed away, but as the sun was setting, Joseph came up the mountain with a bag of barley meal upon his back, and when he had greeted his family, and rested, he said, "There is a great commotion in the lowlands respecting a youth, and by the description it must be you. Caiphas has offered two hundred scruples in gold to any one that will bring you to him, as he is determined to behead you on the great square." I answered, "God held me that I could die for his glory, and I fear not the battle axe" Then they all ate their bread, knelt in prayer, and their humble cot was filled with light, and I was entranced by an influence then I did not know, but after, I learned it was the controller of Jesus. He declared I must begin my journey at early dawn, and must bend my course south by east, leave the desert on the left, there he will find a smooth country, that he can journey nights, and lie in the ferns by day. Bear away bread, for he will have nothing to eat for at least eight days, but what he carries with him. Then he will come to the border country of Caldea. There leave the herdsman's country, and go directly toward Babylonia. But ere he reaches there, he will meet with John and his followers. He will remain with them until Jesus comes to them in Caldea. There he will remain until John is called back to Antioch. There he will meet with Jesus, as he will be compelled to flee Caldea, with a price upon his head, and he will not leave him again, until he is dragged away by Caiphas, and hung upon the gallows, that will be prepared to hang Jesus upon, when he enters Jerusalem. Mark the route for him, Joseph, that he may not be cut off, but let him be held until his death may be recorded among those that will be brought back to earth, to declare what they know concerning the Hebrew family and their first born, Jesus. Give him those characters on the bark. He can read it all, and comprehend its meaning." I awoke, and Joseph handed me the bark. I went away alone, and read it, and as I looked upon it my heart beat, and I said, "I am doomed. I must die by him that gave me life. I lay the bark down beside me, and burst into tears. Jesus sought me. He came and knelt beside me. He asked God to assist us, then he folded his arms around me, and wept until his breath went out of him. Joseph called. I gave answer, "Jesus is dead." He hastened to us, and there lay his first born in my arms, and his breath

had gone out of him. Joseph raised him in his arms, and bore him back to his home, and when he entered there, Lazarus said, "He is not dead, but is entranced." They lay him on his bed, and he lay there all night. But at early dawn he awoke, and said, "I have been to Caldea, and fearful was the strife between the Hivites and Caldean's, and many in the holy blood of Jacob have been borne away into captivity. I also saw John. He was nearly famished. I knelt beside him, and asked God to hold him until he could labor beside me, in order that his life could be linked with mine forever." He arose and bathed. They all knelt in prayer, then he laid his hand in mine, and said, "Come, brother, I will bear you company to the foot of the mountain, then I will return." Mary had the bread prepared, and as she handed it to me, I said, "God bless you, Mary. I had a mother once that loved her boy, and I long to meet her where we can dwell together, and bless each other." I then bade them my last farewell, earthy, and hastened away with Jesus. That night I reached the foot of the mountain. I began to feel the desolation of my future life, as it came before me. There we sat down upon a little bank, and I begun like this, "O, destiny, what hast thou in store for me? Am I to be blasted, earthy, while in the spring time of life? Or am I to be borne along on the turbid ocean of humanity, until I am dashed upon its hidden shoals, and lost forever?" Jesus covered his face with his hands, and a deep groan came welling up from the very depth of his soul, as he gave answer, "Humanity holds thy destiny and mine. Their demand is upon us, dear brother, and you and I must die." I replied, "Cannot we flee to some country, where we are not known, and there be freed from the persecution of the priesthood?" Then, ere he gave answer, he knelt in prayer, and exclaimed, "Holy Almighty, creator God, lead and guide thy own created children, in thy own wisdom, and we will obey thee, come life or come death." Then he bowed his head, and received answer, "My children, thou belongest to humanity. Their demands are upon you, will lay down your lives upon her altar. That will but begin a work for me and mine. Earth will change, ages must pass away, ere I can be known among my own. I came to them, they knew me not, but the time will come when they will know me, as I am the life of all things. Then the earth will become my kingdom, and I shall live in the hearts of my children." "Amen," answered Jesus, and I answered, "Amen." Then he arose to his feet, and I said, "Who was it that gave you that message?" He answered, "I saw naught, I heard naught, but the soul of all created things gave answer, and that ever bespeaks the truth that cannot change, because God changes not, even from the beginning." He then stepped up to me, and folded me to his bosom, and said, "God will surely deal with us according to the demand that is upon us." My heart beat for my brother, and I wept upon his bosom. He rested his face upon my forehead, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. There we knelt, in that holy embrace, asking God to give us strength to en-

dure to the end. Even while our hearts were breaking, an angel of light drew near, and clasped her arms around us, and we both exclaimed, as in one breath, "God is here. His angel children are here." Then we heard, as from the inmost depths of that light, "Prepare ye the way. Make your paths straight." Here another form appeared, and said, "Arise, O, ye sons of men. Waste not your time in useless lamentations. You, Jude, must go a little farther toward the desert, and there you will find a place to rest until the morrow eve. Then speed on your way, as directed. And you, Jesus, make your way up the mountains, as the night is very dark, and a storm is gathering." Then the holy daughter of Leiah answered, "Dear father, I will bear him up the mountain, and I will reach his home ere Mary extinguishes the taper." Then I turned to Jesus, and said, "God bless you, dear brother. My prayers shall be for your safety. Farewell." As he turned to go, I saw he was electrified, and as he passed from my sight, I turned and made my way toward the desert. I found a place, in the thick ferns, where I could lie down and rest. There I remained until the evening following, and then I went on my way. I journeyed on, as directed, until I reached the border country of Caldea. Then I inquired if a Hebrew had been in that part of the country, holding forth. The tiller of the ground answered, "Do you mean him that has renounced Judeaism, and embraced heresy?" "It is him," I said, "and I would find him." He said, "Friend, I am afraid you are being deceived, as many more have been, by that poor, deluded man. I am thinking he is one of the poor, crazy men, that know not what he says, and I am afraid of being affected. But you can find him in Cunnaxa, as I heard by a beggar, that came directly from there." I then said, "God bless you, brother," and went on my way. Night closed in upon me, ere I could reach there, and I lay down to rest. I saw my mother, and she said, "Dear Jude, thy bed is hard, but God will give you a holy place of rest, ere long. Then your head will be easy, and your heart will beat free for God and humanity." Then I slept until early dawn, and I reached Cunnaxa ere noon. There I saw a multitude gathered in a valley, and that holy man of God was breathing upon them light, drawn from eternal light, and they bowed their heads in acknowledgement of the blessings bestowed upon them, through the faithful John. When he said, "God bless you all," and sat down upon the ground, then I made my way to him. He reached out his hand, and said, "Welcome, brother. I knew you was a coming. My sister told me you would be here at noon, and you would assist me in my labor." I answered, "God's command is upon me, and I must obey." There I remained beside John, declaring God's presence, and his wondrous formations, healing the sick, living with the beggars, and the poor families that gave us a welcome to their humble fare, oftimes sleeping on the ground, with the bright stars o'er us, and the angel chant to cheer us, and to hush us to sleep

One year and two months had passed away, when there was a great com-

motion among the people, and it was rumored about that there was a crazy Hebrew coming, and he was much more crazy than the Jew, and he had commanded the man to walk that had laid on his bed for a long time, and could no use his feet, and he was cured by the crazy man saying, "Disease, depart from him." But he had fled the country, as the priests were going to behead him. But when they came for him, he was gone. But he went to Assyria, and when he reached Siazuros he begun a work in that heathen land, that can never be forgotten. There he healed the man that had been blind from birth, by putting clay balls upon his eyes, being wet with his own spit. There he hurled the crutches from the beggar, and commanded him to walk. There he raised the ruler's son, that had been entranced for hours. There his garments were stripped from him, by a confessor, and he was compelled to walk the streets, all of one day, entirely naked. There he commanded the damsels to flee the priests and confessors, else they would become diseased, and all die. There he declared the presence of Jehovah God and his angel children, then the priests declared he should die. Then he was compelled to flee, and he fled to Messopotamia. There, in a place called Singany, he met John and his followers. I had then been with John two months, and Andrew and Simon came with him. When he reached us, it was being about the middle of the day. We were holding the people by declaring God's children would come in their midst, ere the sun went down. When they saw them coming, they shouted, "Hail, the children of God are coming in our midst." There we laid the foundation for that people to be denounced as heretics by the Hindoo priests, and after we left them they were destroyed by hundreds, but enough heretic ideas were left to savor that people, even to this day. John was compelled to flee by night, and Jesus was borne away, by his controller, toward Antioch. I followed John, as Jesus had been taken away from us when we were asleep. But he did not go direct to Antioch at that time, but he fell in with the Shumites. There he healed the Caldean woman, with an issue of blood, and she and her son followed him to Chaledon. There John and his followers met him. There was done a work that has been handed down, concerning the poor scarlet woman being held from death. It has been said that seven devils were cast out of one poor, frail creature, that could hardly stand upon her feet. Had that history been recorded by children of light, they would have said she had been crushed by anointed priests and confessors. O, humanity, how you have been misled, by false accounts being handed down to you through the Catholic churches. God's children can be no longer misled by their mistification.

Ere we left Messapotamia, John was entranced, and begun like this, "Jesus has fled the country, and you must follow him to Antioch. But you will meet him at Chaledon. There you will do the last work you will do in Antioch. And you Jude will enter Jerusalem for the last time. There

you will be destroyed by the man who calls himself your father. But John will flee the kingdom, and await the destiny of my brother, Jesus, as he is to be borne along until the hour comes for God to be glorified by that death.' "Amen," I said, "then I shall meet my mother and my sisters." "Who is thy sister," the spirit answered, "but her that has led and comforted you, and will bear you away from confusion. That is a sister in spirit, but not because she was created in the same blood. Thy earthy sisters will be held from thee for ages, but you will return and gather them from the earthy influences, fold them in thy bosom, and bear them away." I then saw my mother, and her face bespoke fear. She breathed upon Iscariot, and said, "Jude, the furies control Caiphas, and he is determined to destroy you, but God will hold you until you reach Jerusalem." "All is well," I said, then she left me. Then at early dawn we began our journey. Many a weary day we journeyed onward. Barefooted and hungry we made our way across the country. My friends saw I was drooping, and assisted me along. When we reached Chaledon, we entered a humble home, and there sat a aged female. We asked her if she could direct us to a Hebrew family, where the man Jesus had friends. She answered, "I am Mary's cousin, and her boy will be here when the night closes in. Will you come in and wait his coming?" She made us feel she was a mother to us all. She prepared food for us. We ate, then sat down and rested. The sun went down, and night was closing in around us, when we heard voices approaching the house. But ere they entered I heard Jesus say, "God's children await us." When they enentered there, they exclaimed, "God's angels await our coming." The lights were not lit, but we sat there quiet, that we should not disturb any. Jesus entered first, and said, "Glory to God, here we shall find rest for to-night but the morn will dawn upon us, with its many cares." My heart beat. I longed to fold my brother to my bosom. When he entered he did not discern who was there, but when the light was lit, he came forward, and said, "God bless you, dear brother." He then saw John. He folded him to his bosom, and bathed him with his tears. They held each other in that embrace until they sank to the floor together. I was so much affected I could not refrain from weeping. After a time Jesus knelt in our midst, and while his prayer went up to Almighty God, they were nearly all entranced. Then a holy hymn was chanted by us all, and the angels repeated the chorus. It was like this, "We will bear them away from sorrow, we will bear them home to thee." After the evening devotions, we prepared to rest, but ere we went to sleep, we heard a fearful crash, and then all was still. When the morning dawned, we arose, ate, and prepared for our days labor. Antioch was one league and a half from Chaledon, but here and there along the way we were accosted by the poor, diseased creatures. We would lay hands upon them, that God could heal them through his own law—the law of electric life. Then we would give them our blessing, and ask God to

bless them also. Many were healed that day, and went away rejoicing. One came to us that was cursed with leprosy. We gathered around him, and invoked the powers of life. He was so filled with electricity, that his hair sparkled, and he was felled to the ground, like one dead. But when he arose to his feet, Jesus commanded him to bathe in the river Jordan every day, and he should be healed. But ere night closed in, there was a great commotion among the people, and many were beaten to death by clubs, in the hands of confessors, and we were compelled to flee. We begun our way, bearing toward Jerusalem. I had been away from the rest, and sat down behind a hedge to rest. I heard a band of anointed priests coming along the main road. As they were in earnest conversation, I listened. One said, "We are losing ground, daily, by the damned heresy that is filling the land, and heresy must be destroyed. But that rabble has left Antioch, and where they have gone, we do not know. But the old heretic woman confessed, before I struck off her head, that they were going toward Jerusalem, but if they have gone there Caiphas will care for them, and if he reaches his son Jude, he will crush him to death." Then they passed by, but as soon as the had gone from sight, I hastened back to my brothers, that were lying down to rest in the bushes. Jesus answered, "We will remain here until night covers earth with her dark mantle, then we will enter the main road, and then we can reach Cana ere morning dawned, and there we could remain with an aged Hebrew until night again. Then we could follow the main road, and our journey would be much easier. But if we traveled by day, we must follow the foot of the mountains and the forests." Then we continued on our way, until the eleventh day. Then we espied the dark old city. Seemingly it lay at our feet. Jesus sat down, and gazed upon it, and there he read his destiny. After he had finished, he rested his head upon his hands, and burst into tears. Then he said, "I shall enter that city to-morrow, but not for the last time. Once more I shall be borne back, and then I shall find rest. There I shall finish my labor, and go beyond. There I shall find rest until I am called back to finish up that which cannot be done in the present age. Mighty changes will be brought about, ere I again breathe earth air." We then breathed a prayer for Judea's children, asking God to give them light. We arose early, even while the stars were shining, and bent our steps toward the doomed city, where I was to die. I fell upon my face, and in the bitterness of my soul, I asked God to take me to himself, even then, but die I could not. That day we could not enter the city, as a great multitude came to us. There was a poor, sick Hebrew boy. Jesus called the boy, and said, "Come hither." He folded his arms around him, and said, "God calls you to his own bosom. There you will be healed in spirit, but the body will rest in the bosom of earth." The boy's head dropped upon Jesus' shoulder, and was dead. That night we slept upon the ground, but the next day we entered the city.

All of that day we healed the sick, and declared the presence of Almighty God. But in the after part of the day, the priests gathered together, and dashed upon us. I was but a little way from John. They caught me, and he fled them. They felled me to the ground, then caught me by the hair, and dragged me toward the gallows, that was erected on the great square. Caiphas met them, and said, "Give me the damned fool. I will finish him." He then jerked me backward, and fell upon me, with both knees upon my chest. The breath went out of me, and the blood flowed from my mouth, nose and ears, yet I could hear. I heard him say, "Give me the cord. Let me damn him, and destroy him." He drew the cord so tight that no blood could flow down from my head, and my eyes were pressed out upon my cheeks. He then threw the cord over the gallows, and drew me up. Then he went back among the poor, helpless creatures, that could not get away. My body was left there, with three others, until the day following, that they could look on the fool of a heretic.

I am here before my friend, in earth form, asking to be remembered when earth holds her no longer. Then may I meet her, as my friend and sister, where parting is no more. Holy, eternal, as thou art my father and my God, we are but of thee, a part, and may we never more divided be, in heaven, in earth, through all eternity. Now farewell, frail humanity. I have done my duty by you all, in declaring facts, as they were when I walked the earth. And now farewell, and farewell forever. I am Jude, the son of the brute, Caiphas. And you that have assisted me in my history will surely find rest. After a few more suns have risen and set upon earth your sun will set, dear sister, forever earthy, but we will hail thy coming to a higher condition, where we shall all seek to bless you, even as you have blessed us.

CHAPTER XV.

THOMAS THE APOSTLE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

I was a Caldean by birth, and my father laid off his earthy body when I was but a little boy. My mother was a frail woman, and her child could be nothing but a feeble thing. As my father had been a tiller of the ground, all the care was left upon my mother. Thus I grew up beside the holiest woman God ever gave to man. Her teachings were ever full of wisdom, and the love of the living God was ever before her. We always knelt in

prayer before we went to rest, and ere we began our labor for the day. Even when I was sick, and restless, she would say, "May God's angels care for my dear boy. He is all I have, earthy, to comfort me. He is a holy thing, and the light he attracts blesses me. His body is frail, it is true, but his soul is filled with knowledge that comforts me." Then I said to my mother, "God's command is upon me, but I cannot discern clearly what it may be." Then she answered, "Let heaven direct you, my dear boy, then all is well." There I remained, beside that angel mother, until my fifteenth year. About that time the Shumites entered Caldea's borders, and as my home was near their kingdom, and their invading army bore away all of the males, except the aged and infants, as bondsmen, while the females were left to care for themselves and their helpless friends. I fell into the hands of a hard task master. After a time he saw I was too frail to toil beside those that were strong and hardy. Then he called me to him, and said, "Here, boy, you can go and care for my children, as they need some one, and I think you can do that." Thus I entered the home of my master, and become as one of the family. Seven children were around me, and I sought to interest them in all things I had learned. One year and a half had passed away, when there was a great commotion among the inhabitants. A heretic had come in their midst, and they knew not from whence he came, but he declared God's presence, and the presence of his angel children, and he had also laid hands upon the sick, and they were healed. Here I was permitted to go out with the children, and look upon him. And as I stood there, filled with holy adoration to God, a feeling came over me. I could not comprehend its meaning. I gazed upon him, and my soul was filled with holy love for that angel of light, that breathed in mortal form. His face was the most beautiful I had ever looked upon. His eyes were blue, like the ether; his hair was light and wavy; his beard was flowing; his garments were coarse and worn, but all the outer covering was lost when I gazed upon that sweet, holy face, so calm, yet care had set her seal there. As I was enwrapped in his expressions, he raised his hands, and said, "Who among you are ready to be baptized by the spirit of the living God, and receive the gift of healing the sick?" I drew near him, as he said, "Holy brother, thou art of Caldea's blood." I bowed my head, my breath came deep, and I forgot all, until I heard my master say, "Heal my boy, that lies sick of a fever, and he shall be free." But after we entered that home, a power fell upon me again, and I fell asleep. But when I awoke, the boy had arose from his bed, and declared himself healed. From that hour, we left the Shumites, and made our way toward Caldea. How my heart beat, when I thought of my mother and our home. Day by day we journeyed onward, and at night we would lie down and rest in the homes of the tillers of the earth. Sometimes we were not permitted to enter the homes of any of them. We would lie down

upon the ground and rest until morning. But on the sixth day, ere we arose to our feet, I heard my brother, Jesus, say, "Holy angel sister, care for Thomas. He is a feeble boy, but the power of God through him is mighty." I then saw a form, and as she drew near me, I felt so calm, and as she breathed upon me, I saw her clearly. Her face was like a diamond bright. Her hair was dark, and hung loose upon her shoulders, and her eyes were black, and her garments were nothing but light. Here another form appeared. He said, "How is it you are not on your journey?" Then the spirit answered, "Death father, they were weary, and I felt they ought to rest as long as they could, in order they may endure the day's toil." Then her hand was laid in mine, and I forgot all, until I found myself kneeling beside my mother, and she was in a swoon, upon the floor of my own home. I bathed her temples, but she gave no signs of life. Then I called to Jesus, and said, "Assist me; I fear my mother will breathe no more." He came near, and laid one hand upon her head, and the other upon her heart, and said, "Assist us, Holy Creator God, in this, our labor." He had no sooner said that, than she opened her eyes, and her breath came back. Then she arose to her feet, and folded me to her bosom.

All that day we all saw, and conversed with the holy band that filled our home. After my mother arose to her feet, and fear had left me, then my strength gave away, and I fell to the floor utterly exhausted. Jesus said to my mother, "Your boy is dying for food." She answered, "Bread I have none; milk I have none, but I will go to the herdsman, he will give me some." But Jesus said, "Remain here. I have a work to do there." He went away, but ere he returned, a bullock and a calf were driven to my mother's home, and left there. The man gave no answer when I asked him why he had brought them, but went away. After a time Jesus returned, but fearfully exhausted, and laid down. A man came to the door, and said, "Is there something I can do to earn food, as I am an hungered, and none have aught to share." Jesus answered, "Go slay the calf, even now, as we are all fasting, because there is nothing to eat." He then fell asleep, while the beggar slew the calf, and my mother prepared the meat. Here they began to gather around our home. Those that had followed us from the Hivite country, forty at least, were there, ere my mother could feed her own. Then the meat was all prepared, and they were all fed. When they were filled, my brother said, "Gather up all of the fragments, break the bones and prepare a broth, as there is a band of poor, half famished beggars drawing near." It was done, but ere it was prepared, twenty famished creatures called for food. Jesus arose, and came out in their midst, and said, "Holy Infinite God, feed these, thy children, with the bread of life, lest they perish, here and hereafter. Hold them from darkness, and bathe them o'er with eternal light." Then the food was set before them, and they sat down

upon the ground, ate, and they were comforted. Then I said, "Go away, now, we need rest." They all withdrew upon the hillside, and remained there until the morning dawned upon them on the following day. But that night I found comfort in my home, that I had not known in a long time. Many lingered near all of that day, and the day following. Among the many were found four, that could receive the power for healing. Those we gathered together, and all that were sick were healed, and among the rest my mother. She had been afflicted with a bleeding tumor, but it was then then called an issue of blood. Jesus laid his hands upon her, and the power was so mighty, that it felled her to the floor, and in a short time she arose to her feet, and exclaimed, "God has healed me." Then Jesus answered, "Give God the glory for his mighty wonders." On the fourth morning, ere the day dawned, we were awakened by a mighty crash. My brother Jesus was controlled, and said, "Arise, and prepare for a journey. The heathen priests will be here ere the sun rises." I attempted to rise, but there was a power upon me. A gentle hand was laid in mine, and I saw that holy daughter of Leiah kneeling beside me, and she said, "Arise, son of Caldea, and follow my brother to Antioch." I answered, "Who will care for my mother?" "She will go with you, else she will be cut off. Haste, O haste. The fiends will be here in less than an hour." I then called, and said, "Let us hasten away." We began our journey, and as we climed the highest hill, toward the desert, we sat down to rest, and as I turned to look once more on the home of my childhood, I saw a band of priests, with their flowing garments, coming out of our home. "Look," I said to my mother and brother; "our home is polluted by hell's children, and we can never enter there again." My brother Jesus breathed deep, and said, "Children of Caldea, thy home is beyond. There you will find rest, and not before. There God's children will dwell together, and live but to bless others, even as they would be blessed. There God will direct us into his own kingdom, the home of the blessed." He then made an expression like this, "Come, God's child, assist us on our long journey, less we fall by the way, and darkness falls around us." Then he became filled with light, so much so, that his hair seemed to sparkle with electric sparks. Then he raised his hands, and declared himself to be Zadock. Then he continued, "I have come that I may direct you on your way. The priests will follow you. Make your way into the ferns below, and make your way, as best you may, toward the desert." I said, "Are you the Zadock that died in Judea's borders?" He answered, "I breathed out of that frail body, because the sight that was brought before me was greater than I could bear. I saw the beautiful children of the damsel destroyed, one after another, until the first born of the holy pair was brought before me, hanging upon the cross, writhing in agony. Then my breath went out, and I breathed no more in that earth body, but from that hour I have sought

to hold them from destruction, and assist in bearing their burdens, and the hour draws near, that I must look upon the real body, hanging upon the cross. His father is already doomed, and James cannot escape. Jessie is made to feel death is before him, and the line is drawn for Simeon—he cannot pass it—and angel Mary, thy heart is bruised, but it must break." He then said, "Hasten away; there is no time to spare. They are already upon your track." We all arose, and hastened forward. We reached the ferns, ere they caught sight of us, and ere night closed, we had gained the desert. Frail as my mother was, her strength was sufficient for the hour. We lay down that night to rest, upon the cold, damp earth, it being the coldest part of the season, but we slept, while the angels bright held their forms around us, and we felt God was there. Then, when the morning dawned upon us, we arose, and shook the dew-drops from our garments, and knelt in holy adoration to our father God, for his mercies. All of that day we held our way across the desert, but as night drew near, we all sat down exhausted, as we had nothing to eat from the time we left our home. After we had remained quiet for a time, my mother began to chant a hymn, one I had never heard breathed before. It was like this:

"Children, thou art led and guided from the dark benighted land,
God will surely be thy shepherd, and lead you, through this holy man,
That was born to live and suffer, because it was his God's command.
Friends, beloved, do not falter, you will find a home beyond,
Where there is no grief or sorrow, and where death can never come.
There we shall meet each other, in a happy band.
Hasten forward, do not linger upon this desert strand,
Lest the tide should turn against you, and you could not reach the better land.
Hasten forward, my dear children, we shall meet you there,
In a home that now is waiting, a home upon the morning star."

Then we all bowed our heads, and said, "God will surely lead us on, until we reach Chaledon." Then we all arose to our feet, and went forward. Jesus exclaimed, "God is here. There is a light a little beyond, at the edge of the desert." We all gained courage, and when we reached the hut, we were bade come in, by an aged man. He was kneeling beside his humble bed of dried grass, but more humble was the soul that was asking for light. When we entered, he did not rise from his humble position, but he breathed from the fulness of his inner life, and said, "Holy Creator God, lead and direct thy children, that they may establish truth on earth, that the glory may be given to thee. Thou God of immensity, hold them from the heathen fiends, that would destroy them, until thy kingdom may be established on earth, that humanity may be free. Blessed are they that are willing to lay down their lives for truth's sake, as thy feeble children know not where to go. Lead them, O thou angels of light, through the dark valley of death,

and receive them in thy own homes beyond." Then he said, God's breath is upon me. I behold the future. There are to be hundreds of human beings offered up on the altar of humanity, and you, dear children, are among the slain." Then we all answered, "God's will be done." Then he said, "Bow to the crosses that are before you, and bear them onward as long as strength is given you to endure. That is all thou canst do." Then he arose to his feet, and said, "You are all an hungered." Jesus answered, "We have fasted two days and two nights, but God has held us from death, and brought us here." After we had ate our bread, we lay down and slept. We arose at early dawn, and bade farewell to the holy man of God, and went on our way. All of that day we continued on the desert. The sun was hot at midday, but as night came on, the winds grew chilly. We scooped away the sand with our hands. There we sat down and covered o'er our feet, as they were blistered and bruised. Then we lay down and slept. Holy hearts were beating around us. I dreamed I was in a world of light, and all that were there were filled with holy love, one for the other, and above all their voices, went out in praise to the first great cause, and an answer came back to them, "All is well." As I looked around, I saw my father, and I said, "Dear father, I am beside you." He looked at me, and said, "Thomas, your earth labor is not ended. You must go back and finish up all that can be done in this age, then you will come to me, and remain until you are called back to finish up that which has been begun for humanity." There we lay until the sun's warm rays fell upon us. Then I awoke, and said, "Mother, father is here." My mother burst into tears, as she said, "Lead, O, lead us home." Then Jesus answered, "Behold God's children are around us, and here is my angel sister. She says my father and his family have reached Tyre, and have found shelter in a home that has been held for them. I am thirsty," he said, "but we cannot get water until we cross the desert, and that will be as the sun goes out of sight." All that day we suffered fearfully with thirst, but ere darkness fell around us, we came to a clear, cool fountain, that had blessed thousands of famished travelers. After we left Anatho, we shaped our course towards Palmyra. There we remained two days, with a Hebrew family. When we had rested, we bade them adieu, and sought Chaledon. When we entered the home of the aged Hebrew woman, Jesus lay down, utterly exhausted. But the good woman prepared him a bed, and bathed him with cool water. While he rested, she prepared gruel. He drank, and then fell asleep. My mother, also, found rest beneath that shelter. There were others that came along with us, but they remained by themselves, but they were all made welcome in that humble home. Two days passed away, ere Jesus was able to rise, and begin his work. When he awoke on the third day, he said, "The time has come that I must be hurled away into confusion, but God alone can bring me back."

One came to us from Judea, that had been healed by Jesus, as he passed through that country long before. His name was Simon, the son of Stephen, the tanner. He followed us until Jesus was hung upon the cross, but his family were all cut off, but one sister. She had fled, with her brother, ere the fiends entered that home, and destroyed all that were there, the father being from home at the time. But when he returned, and gazed upon the destruction of his family, he was heart broken, and he sought his only son, Simon, and his beautiful daughter. She drooped and died, but he lived until the twelfth day after that persecuted people left Tyre for Jerusalem.

Again I will go on with my own life. We left that home as the sun was rising, but ere we could reach the city, we were followed by many. Some were healed, while others were bidden to go away, that were filled with a disease that could not be reached by the laying on of hands. We did enter Antioch, and none sought to drive us away all of that day, but faint and exhausted we fled them all, and hastened away that we could rest. When we reached the Hebrew's home we were made to feel that John and his followers had come to assist us in our labor. Night was settling around us, as the sweet voice of Leiah's daughter said, "God's children await your coming." When we entered there, we found them all resting, but the holy rays of light that were there, filled us full of praises to our father God, for his many mercies. They were nearly all entranced by the power that filled that home. The next morning we all entered Antioch, and Jesus was controlled all the day. His control on that day could never be defined. His band were around him, but other elements were brought to bear upon him, blending with their own. Holy, indeed, were those hours to us all, as we forgot everything but God's children, that were chained and bound in heathen bondage. Hundreds were heard to say that day, "God is here." Even those that never breathed that name before, were heard to breathe it o'er and o'er. Faith grew in that day from a little grain to a mighty tree, and that tree will yet fill all earth with its green branches, and the human family will dwell beneath its shade. He labored until night closed in upon us, and then he shouted, "Come, brothers, let us flee this multitude, and find rest in the home of the heretic." We all gathered around him, knowing full well that when his influences left him, he would be a helpless thing. Here he breathed deep, and fell down like one dead. John raised him in his arms, and bore him away, out of the city. There we sat down beside a brook, and bathed his head, in order to cool it, and we warmed his feet and hands with our own life. After an hour or more, his breath came back, and he burst into tears. He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. When he could articulate, he said, "A fearful vision came over me. I saw my family, all of my family, in the hands of the heathen priests and confessors, and they were being dragged about. Fear fell upon me, and my breath went out."

How my heart ached for that poor, frail man, who had breathed life into hundreds that day, and there he sat, crouched down upon the earth, bathing his head in the brook. After a time he arose to his feet, and said, "Let us make our way to the only shelter there is for us to lie down and rest." We assisted him for a time, but the full breeze fell upon him, gave him strength, and he sped on faster than any of us, and when we reached the home of the heretic, his breath came full and free, while all the rest were nearly exhausted. But when he had ate, he knelt in prayer, and then we lie down to rest, for the last time, in that humble home. But ere we went away, Jesus lay his hand on the head of Mary's cousin, as he said, "Thou hast blessed God's children, and he will take you to himself before two days." My mother had already gone with a band of helpless creatures, that had started for Mesapotamia. When we reached Antioch, there was a great commotion. The Jews were determined to drive us away, and the heathens were determined to cut us off. Night had begun to cast her dark shadows over earth, when a fearful clamor was heard from without the gates. Jesus shouted, "Gather together, ye faithful children of God. Let us flee the heathen brutes that would destroy us. Flee beyond the brook; there we shall find the rulers home. There we can eat and drink, then we will find a place to rest." We all fled out of the same gates, where the heathens had entered. While the work of destruction was going on among the poor, helpless creatures, we were fleeing from the city. We reached the home of the good ruler, and his daughter had been entranced for hours that day, and told her people to prepare a supper for the poor laborers, that would be there in early evening. We did enter there, and were made welcome. We ate, and hastened away. That night we slept under the blue canopy of the living God, that was ever ready to bless us. Held as we had been, we felt God's hand would lead us on until the hour came for us to bless all coming time with our death, that we were sure must come when our work was done. Yet we did not shrink from our duty in establishing truth, that God would be glorified, through his children that acknowledged him ever near. We entered the Assyrian desert, that we could make our way toward Jerusalem, feeling we must begin a work there, that could never die. We followed the course that was marked out for us, and the next day we reached Emessa. Then we went to Helispolis, but we did not enter the cities, because we feared the inhabitants. But day after day we journeyed on, until we reached Jerusalem, and as we entered that city, we felt that the people would be blessed, but not saved from the priests and confessors. We entered that city in the morning, and a mighty work was done that day in healing the sick, and declaring God. That night we were compelled to flee for our lives, as the priests and battle axes were to be seen everywhere, cutting down the Judean children, and four of the faithful followers of John and Jesus were hung on the great square, by order of the High Priest, Caiphas. I must

acknowledge myself unable to say how I was borne out of the city, but this I do know, I lost my breath, and when I awoke I was lying beneath a green hemlock. We had been told, at early dawn, that we should be scattered, and we must make our way toward Tyre, and there remain until Jesus was brought to us, after many days. I saw a boy and I asked him how far I was from Jerusalem. He answered. "A league and a half. Are you going there?" He said, "If you are, you will be cut off, as the priests are destroying all the Hebrews and heretics, and some in Judea's blood. All that has been affected by that band of crazy heretics, and father says, 'He that come from Caldea is as bad as the Hebrew that had a price set upon his head so many times,' but I am thinking he that goes everywhere, and nobody can catch him, must be more crazy than the other." He then turned away, and I made my way toward the highlands of Judea, and that night I laid down by a clear running stream. Everything was so calm I forgot the world of commotion. The beautiful future unfolded her pages to me, and I could but exclaim, "Holy children of the living God, I long to be with you, in a brighter and a happier world beyond." And as I laid there, looking into the future, I beheld the mighty changes that must come o'er earth, ere the dark clouds of superstition, idolatrous worship, and priestly control, could be held from damning the holy blood of Joseph and Benjamin, and their descendants, that were scattered all through the border country. And again, where could they flee, where there were no priests and confessors? Here I saw come before me a mighty dragon. His eyes were as balls of fire, and his breath seemed to emit flames. I shouted, "Begone, thou dragon of hell. Thou art but the device of fiends, and your name shall perish with your followers. They shall be scattered like the mist, and they will be held in particles until Almighty God attracts them again to another condition that will be made to fulfill their mission in a lower order of creations, as nothing can be lost, and every thing must be attracted to its own condition." "Light alone can dispel the conditions of the present," was breathed from a spirit that stood beside me. One I had not become cognizant of before. Then I saw from whence these ideas came to me. Her head was bowed, and I said, "Where is my brother John and Jesus?" She answered, "John is making his way toward the mountains, bearing northward. Jesus will reach Martha's in two days from the present, but he needs all of our care, all of our strength, in order to live until the hour comes for God to be glorified through that death, as he will declare God with his last breath, and some will hear that will believe." I fell asleep in the presence of that holy spirit. I awoke at early dawn, and continued my way toward the mountains. There I remained with a poor herdsman until a voice came to me, saying "Hasten away toward Tyre, as Jesus is coming down from the mountains." I did hasten away, and I found him in Levi's tent. I followed him back to Jerusalem. There I saw him hung upon the cross, but I was beheaded midday.

I am here for one purpose, and one only. That is to give truth bereft of fiction, and free myself from the foul stigma of doubting my brother, Jesus, as being an honest man, and as he declared himself, as the son of Joseph and Mary. It has been said, I doubted him, when he came to me in spirit, but how could that be, when I died first?

Humanity, thou hast been held in the dark, concerning the holy man, Jesus, and he has been drawn back because of so much disbelief in his being a man, and I have been brought back to bear testimony concerning him. His father I saw not, or his brothers, as they were all destroyed before he came down from the mountains. But his mother, I did see, in her earthy body, and like a crushed flower, she perished earthy, but blooms in a holier condition, beside her husband, and her children. Holy Creator God, assist thy children to arise above the mist that has held them from the light of thy holy love. Here, hereafter, and forever, may they learn and believe. Who can comprehend what we have endured in order to bless the poor, benighted children of earth, that have been so long held by mystification, through the designing priesthood, that have held themselves before the people as holy beings, when at the same time they were filled with all manner of evil, hypocracy and deceit. Happy I am to give my testimony to humanity concerning the holy man, Jesus, and his life, so far as I know ought of him and his holy mission on earth. My love for him caused me to follow him as long as I breathed in my earthy body. But here I am again, breathing earth air, hoping to bless all coming ages with truth bereft of fiction, in order that humanity may lay off heathen idolatrous worship, as an old and worn out garment, illy befitting their condition in the present age. Freed, as I am, from the opinion of man, it is not that I would establish among men, a reputation, but it is, I would have you learn that the humble Nazarene is your friend and brother. His holy life bespeaks him a holy man, held as he was by angels bright, from his childhood days, until God could be glorified by his death, and all coming ages could be held from the crafty anointed priests, and learn to live in harmony with Almighty God, and in holy communion with his angel children that are seeking to bless all that will be blessed, late though it may be, to finish up a work that was begun so many ages ago. But changes must bless humanity ere we could find one that we could breathe upon, and not have that body that was filled with inspiration, crushed beneath the hand of heathen bigots. And mightier changes will be wrought in the eighteen hundred years to come, than there has been in eighteen hundred ages of the past. Freedom has been a thing of change, but true freedom is to be established all over earth, after the commotion that is now before you, has fulfilled its mission, and God's children will be blessed by the holy light of inspiration, that shall fill every home. And God's angels shall breathe their morning and evening prayer upon the

altar, beside the hearthstone of every child of the infinite, that dwells in all the earth.

And here we must declare, infallibility belongs to none but almighty God; but man, frail man, would rob God of his glory, and hold himself as a holy thing before the ignorant created, that have been chained and bound in all ages. But I declare, God is not to be mocked by his own created, ever the same from the beginning to the end of time, unerring in his purpose, unchangeable in his designs, without a shadow of turning, forever, eternal and forever. Humble though I am, yet my soul is full of light, and love for all of God's created in mortal form, and I would await the coming of eternal light, fresh from eternal light, the first great cause, breathing deeper and still deeper into the law of the infinite, asking immensity, with all of her mighty formations, to lend their light and aid, that I could understand more and still more of thee, thou God of infinite wisdom, from beyond and still beyond all created things. There I would float on, forever and forever, in the bosom of God's angels bright, that come to me in my humble home, in the still hours of night, when I knelt in prayer beside my poor, frail mother, that ever blessed me with her holy affection, that came welling up from the deep fountain within, that has flown over for me. And may it flow on for me, through all the ages of endless eternity. The mother's love cannot die, no more than eternal light can be extinguished by the designing priesthood. Holy God, one boon I crave from thy hand, and may it be made manifest through the instrumentality of her, that has assisted me in tracing these life lines, that have been before me for more than eighteen hundred years. And now, as that life belongs to God and humanity, may her declining days be free from sorrow, free from care, and may her departing spirit still blend with all that is bright and fair, until she reaches that home, where her weary soul will find rest in the home of the Hebrew family, that she has blessed, in laying down all of her earthy desires, and blending her life with theirs, that they may be freed from the galling chains of heathen priesthood, that would hold them forever in an earthy condition, and rob God of his glory, that belongs to himself, not to his created.

Who but almighty God is infallible in controlling his own created by that law, filled with wisdom, unerring in his decrees? It had been decreed that one should be born, that should bless all coming time. That decree could not be broken, because the demand of humanity held it firm; but when that friend came in your midst, you knew her not, or can you ever know her, as long as time rolls on. But she cannot be forgotten by almighty God, or his angel children, that have breathed beside her, while she labored on to bless them all. Friends, earthy, God's command is upon you, that is, dare not attempt to crush her, that has secluded herself from all that would draw near and cheer her declining days, but, faithful to the last, she sits alone with her God and his angel children, and her own light, that is

drawn around her by that unceasing desire to bless all coming time. I am Thomas, the Caldean, yet I never doubted my God and his many mercies, and I never doubted my beloved brother Jesus, that called me his beloved brother Thomas. And now farewell, my friend. May you ere long find rest; that rest you so much long for, in the bosom of your God. When your body finds rest in its narrow bed, then I shall meet you in spirit. That is my humble prayer to him that created you and me. Now farewell, sister.

PROVIDENCE, June 22, 1870.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCIDENTS DRAWN FROM THE LIFE OF ISCARIOT.

PROVIDENCE, December 29th, 1870.

Friends have sought to bless me, by preparing the way for me to declare facts relative to myself, that the foul stigma of being a betrayer to him, that declared himself as my brother, and I loved him as I had never loved any created being.

My father was born in Troy. His father was an anointed priest, and when he was old enough to be educated he was removed from the mother, and carried to Cairo, and there put under the care of an aged priest. The greatest care was taken, lest he should not hear expressions contradictory to the priestly devices. But when his education was completed, he was commanded to prepare himself to be anointed, and receive the oath. But when he was told what was reqired of him, he declared himself unable to comply with their request, but he gave anser, "I will receive one female, and hold her all my own, as I fear the disease that is in the land, and I cannot hold myself liable to such a fearful death as I have witnessed among the priests and confessors." Then said the aged priest, "You can never become one of us." Then said my father, "Leave me to myself for a time, and if I can comply to the request made by you, I will." "Go then," said the priest, "mix with the human family, and you will learn you are a man. There you will learn to prepare yourself and become one of us." Frail he was, but he had been kept in darkness. He then was dressed as a common man, and went forth, not knowing whither. He went to Crete, and as he was strolling about the streets, he espied a beautiful damsel looking from the window of the house of the Chief Ruler. He knocked at the door, and inquired for

the bright face he had seen at the window. The father bade him begone. My father gave answer, "Let me look upon her, then I will go." Then said the ruler, "You can look upon her, but none can have her, as she is all I have left of four." Then she was called, and he addressed her thus, "Damsel, my heart is filled with your beauty, and your father will not let you be mine." She answered, "My father is filled with cares, and I cannot leave him. Go, go man. When I am free, then I may look upon you with favor." Then he went away, as he said, "I will become a priest, then I can have her, if she will or no." He then went back to the priest, and said, "I am ready to be prepared for the priesthood." When he had done that which was required of him, he came before the priest, and said, "Anoint me. Let the oath be administered; I am in a great hurry." "What," said the priest, "have you begun to learn that you are like other men?" He answered, "The ruler of Crete is dead, and I would bring his daughter away." Then said the priest, "I will have her here before the sun goes down on to-morrow." But my father answered, "She is all my own." "She shall be kept for you, and none other shall lay hands upon her until you have kept her as long as you choose." "Then she will never be destroyed. I will keep her all my own," answered my father. Then four confessors were sent to Crete. They brought back the damsel, and she was left with my father. In one year from that time I was born, and I was all the one my mother bore.

Here I feel to make a remark, as it has been breathed in my presence, by the revelator herself, that from the bosom of hell, angels have been born. But I dare deny, before her face. My father being a brute, and my mother was a holy thing. But I fear not to say, in the day I was born, priestcraft held control, and fearful was their many acts upon the helpless.

Dark deeds were looked upon as common acts,
When darkness filled the land;
The high, as well as low, had learned through facts,
They must all bow at the priests command.

When I was fourteen years old, I was taken from my mother's kind care, and carried to Antioch, that I could be educated according to the decree of of the council, that I could be anointed when I was twenty-one years old. I remained in Antioch until I was twenty, then I was permitted to remain in court, with my father, one year. During that year I saw my mother three times, and once I was permitted to enter her chamber, and I conversed with her as long as I chose. When the door was closed, my mother sat down beside, and lay her hand in mine, and there she related her own life-history, even to that hour. I said, "How is it you are happy here?" She replied, "Your father is kind to me, but I fear he will die, and I shall be destroyed by the priests." "No," I said. "I would sooner flee them, and flee them forever, rather than have my mother destroyed by any." "But," answered

my mother, "you have not taken the oath yet. If you had, you would damn your mother, and seek to destroy her, as well as the others. Your father has told me, if he had have known how fearful the oath was, he would never have taken it. As I was compelled to witness my mother's death, in the hands of a drunken priest, and he has said, he hoped I should be beyond the reach of any, before you was anointed." "If that is the case," I answered, "I will die first." "Be cautious, my boy. I have been thinking of some plan whereby we could avoid this danger. Your father is feeble, and if you can delay, for a time, he will die, and then we will flee this place, and flee it together." Then I asked, "What can I do to avoid being anointed?" She answered, "Thou art innocent, my boy, but a fearful demand is upon you, and they will command you to do what they desire of you." "What can it be?" I said. Then my mother covered her face with her hands, as she answered, "You will be compelled to hold forty females, and among the rest your own mother, if she is living. But look," she said, "here is a dagger, and before I would yield to it, I will plunge it into my own heart. It was a gift from my father, on his death bed, and as he gave it to me, he said, 'Daughter, you will know how to use it.' And now, my boy, say to them you are feeble, but as soon as you are strong enough, you will comply with their request." At that moment the chamberlain came to the door, and said my father wished for me, as his breath came heavy. I hastened to him, and he was dying, but he said to those around him, "Leave me with my boy." He reached out his hand to me, and said, "Iscariat, I am dying. I wish your mother was dead, and then I could die easy. Take this," he said; "give it in her drink, and she will be saved from a fearful doom that awaits her." "I will care for my mother," I said. "But you are to be anointed, and become one of them that will destroy the mother." I answered, "I will die first." That caused my father to spring up in his bed, and he fell back, dead. I called the servants. They prepared him for burial, and I was not permitted to look upon him again. And see my mother I could not. But the next day the priests held a council, and they decided I should be prepared for the oath, as I had complied with their request in being educated. One of the priests called to me, and said, "You are to be prepared, even now, that you may fill your father's place. Here is a damsel, fresh and fair. We have had her brought from Crete, that you need not fear disease." "Take her away," I said; "I have no desire for females." "Then we will compel you to hold her, even here." I answered, "She is beautiful, and if she is holy, let her be holy still." Then they told me to disrobe myself. That I refused to do, but they stripped the damsel, then they stripped my clothes from me, as if I had been a filthy thing. Then they caught me by the arm, and drew me toward the damsel, and hurled us both to the floor. Then they left us in that dark room, with our clothes upon the floor. When they bolted the door upon the outside I knew full

well we could expect no mercy. But we found our garments, and dressed ourselves as best we could. I pitied the damsel, as she wept continually. We were afraid of each other. I was afraid she would think me what I was not, and she was afraid to breathe. She crouched down in one corner. There we remained all of that day and night. The next day dawned, as we could see the light through the crevice of the door. None came to give us food or drink, but during the day I said to the damsel, "How came you here?" She answered, "They dragged me away from home, when my father was away, and one sister they brought a part of the way, and what they have done with her, I know not." The rays of light disappeared, and still none came near. I said to the damsel, "If we are doomed to die, we will die as we are, and not damn each other." I think she must have slept, as she gave no answer. But in the middle of the night I heard a gentle rap at the door. I sprang to my feet, and asked, 'Who is there?" "Hush," was all I heard. Then the bolt was carefully moved back, and my mother stood before me. In one hand she held a bunch of keys, and in the other she held a taper. The damsel sprang to her feet, and my mother breathed deep, as she said, "The sentinel is asleep, and I have the keys. We will go down a flight of dark stairs, but this taper will assist us. We can then reach the outer gate, and if it need be, I will plunge this dagger into the gatekeeper's heart. We sped on, but when we came to the gate it was ajar, and the gatekeeper lay there drunk. He had been drugged by a band of confessors that wished to go in and out without being observed.

We passed out, but had not gone but a little way, when we were accosted by four confessors, and they had with them a fair damsel of Caldea. They asked how was it we had come out. My mother answered, "We were sent out for confessors that were missing, and now you have come, creep into your beds, then they will think you have been asleep, and did not hear the call." They hastened in, and shut the gate after them. Then we hastened forward. We reached Judea's borders the second day. When we had reached a humble hut we asked for bread, and they gave us a piece of hard, brown crust. We took it, and went into a by-place. There we sat down and ate it. As we went on that day the damsel seemed to falter. My mother saw she could not go much farther, and as we were sitting by the way, I accosted a boy that was driving sheep, and asked him if there was any Caldea's people living near. He answered, "There is a family living low down in the valley, if they are not all killed." I asked, "What should kill them?" He said, "The priests have been through the country, and most of Caldea's people are killed or fled." There we bent our steps, but none were there that could bid us come in. I pushed back the door, and there lay two dead females, entirely naked. My mother burst into tears, as she exclaimed, "God has saved you! God has saved you! If you had taken the oath, you would have destroyed many, even as these poor creatures are destroy-

ed." The word "God" I had never heard spoken before, and when I heard it breathed, through my mother, I was afraid. I did know that was the word that had been forbidden to be spoken, under any conditions. After a time my mother said, "My boy, I am a heretic." The shock went all over me, but when I looked at my mother I could but say, "If that holy woman is a heretic, I too will be a heretic." After we turned away, we conversed much on the fearful destruction of the people by the priesthood. Day by day we saw many fleeing, some in one way, and some another. After a time I asked a man what could cause so much commotion. I got for answer, "There had been a crazy heretic in Cana, and he had fled to Capernaum, but the priests are agoing to cut off all heresy, and then there may be a rest for the Hebrews. I am a Hebrew," he said, "and I have been in constant fear of being destroyed for months. They have carried away my cattle, but my family are left alive. I have been told," he continued, "that there was a Jew that was most as crazy as the Hebrew, but he has gone, none knows where." The damsel said, "The Jew was in Caldea before I went away, and it was daily expected the priests would behead him, but he had ever fled, ere they could lay hands upon him." We continued our journey, throughout Judea's borders, until we reached the river Euphratese. There we crossed on a float, then crossed a desert one day's journey, then leaving Babylonia on the right, reached Assyria after fourteen days of weariness and beggary. How was it here? Dreary and desolate. The damsel said, "If we could reach Caldea, we should be fed, at least." Then we retraced our steps for two days, and reached Caldea, but were filled with dismay when we heard John was declaring God in the open fields, in the forest, and on the hillsides, knowing full well it would bring a disturbance among the people.

I next accosted an aged man, and asked him if he could tell me where John, the Jewish dispenser, was. He looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Is it the crazy heretic you are inquiring for? If it is, you will find him by going beyond that hill. I saw him there, but I did not stop to listen to doctrines that make everybody crazy that dares listen, and believe anything he says." I said, "God bless you, man." He fled from me, as he said, "Another heretic." I made my way to where John was holding forth. As I drew near, he said, "Has God blessed another of his children, and led him into the field to gather the grain, ere it falls back to earth again. Gather, O, gather. The harvest is ripe, and the reapers are few. Gather your wheat into a garner, but burn the chaff, that the ashes may invigorate the field again, that it may bring forth another harvest." Then he continued, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a husbandman that went forth to sow seed. He scattereth the grain, and the fowls of the air take their portion. Some falls upon the rocks; it springs up, but it perisheth, because there is no depth of soil to strengthen the root. Some fall by the wayside and is

choked by the tares, while some falls on good ground and springs up, and the rains fall upon it and gives it strength, and the dews cause it to bow its head with a rich harvest for the reaper. Holy is the grain, to me, that is gathered into the garner of Almighty God, and the grain his own children." I was held transfixed to the spot, and John stepped forward, and said, "Brother, God has anointed you for his own, and you will lay down all you have for truth's sake." "Amen," I said. "If I could help humanity to lay off their heathen, idolatrous influence, that is laid upon them by the designing priesthood, and cut short the brutish confessors in the habiliments of men, I am ready, I am willing, to declare myself a human sacrifice, in order that humanity may unbind herself, and shout freedom, my God, freedom forever. I am thine, and I am thine, eternal and forever." Here another shouted, "Hell's fiends are drawing near." John said, "Let them come: God is here." As they drew near, they begun to denounce heresy, and they called John a babbling fool. He listened to their derision, then he answered, "A fool is known by his folly, but a wise man is slow to anger, but they that hold themselves accountable for their own folly have enough to do to hold themselves from heathen snares. But let us feast our souls on the bread of life, and bathe in the fountain of God's love, and be blessed." He then folded his arms, and said, "Angels of the living God, give us life and strength, lest we perish, and at last fold us in thy bosom, that we may perish, and in the bosom of thy love let me rest forever there." Then he said, "Holy God, I bless thee for the holy embrace of thy angel children that are now breathing upon me." Then I saw the same holy being that laid her hand in mine. As she looked upon me, she said, "Dear brother, may God assist us in blending humanity, in this age, all that will be blessed. But all those that hold themselves away from light, how can we bless them?" I answered, "Let us fold the holy love-lit souls in our embrace, and ask God to bless them." Then John bowed his head, and a holy light fell on him. It was so bright we all exclaimed, "How holy the light must be within to attract such a halo of glory from eternal distance." He knelt in prayer, and we were all filled with that holy light divine, that filled each human mind with life that perisheth not. After the multitude dispersed I saw many lingered, and I said, "Where do those people dwell that do not go with the rest to their homes?" "Rest," John answered; "where is rest but in eternal distance? Home! Where is our home, but where God's children lead us? Earth is our home; heaven is our rest, among the holy children of Almighty God; those that have sought to bless humanity. Lead, O, lead us, thou holy child of Leiah, through the dark valley of death, and hold us, by thy light, in the bosom of our God." Then we began to look around us, and we saw my mother and the damsel were all the females among us. John said, "Take them to that humble home, yonder, and they

will be made comfortable. But these, my followers, are designed by Almighty God to live and die beggars. Begging bread to feed the body, and begging God's mercies for his erring children." Night closed in upon us, and we lay down upon the green sward, without anything to eat, and there we rested until morning. There, as the sun's bright rays fell upon us, we breathed in a holy aroma, as from a bed of full blown flowers. It filled us with strength, and we arose to our feet as with one accord. I said, "Holy is the aroma of angel's breath. May it fill us all full of faith in the ever presence of an influence divine, fresh from the inner life of creation. Here we knelt in prayer, pouring out our heart's anguish on the altar of humanity, for the poor, benighted creatures that walked the earth in mortal forms. In this manner we continued together, going from place to place, declaring God, healing the sick. Sometimes we could find a covering for the night, sometimes we had food, sometimes we would have nothing for days. But were always fed with the bread of life, and always comforted with the holy spirits of Leiah's band. Here I felt the command that was laid upon me to declare against heathen idolatrous worship, and the hellish devices of the anointed priests, in order to crush out every desire to bless the poor, benighted creatures that looked to them for guidance, when their whole device was to chain them to their will, that they could live in drunkenness, debachery, and have all the excited desires of the flesh gratified. I did declare what I knew to be true, and the priesthood heard of it, and they held a council and decided that I should be beheaded. This happened about five months after I met John at Selucia.

Here a great commotion began, and we were compelled to flee by night. I called my mother and the damsel, and said, "Are you prepared to lay down your lives for truth's sake?" They both answered in one breath, and said, "All I have I give to thee, thou God of light." "Then," I said, "you are prepared to glorify God. Here is a herdsman; he is all good. He has lost his wife and daughters through the wicked devices of the priesthood. They refused to bow to their beastly desires, and they were commanded to be held by the confessors until they were dead, and so it was. He is now a poor, lone being, and he has but one boy. They dwell there together. Go ye there, and if you love him, dear mother, marry him in holy wedlock. You may yet be blessed. And you, damsel, if you love the youth, and he loves you, then you will be blessed in your love, one for the other, and earth will be blessed through your offspring." They did unite in marriage, and the damsel did bear a son, and that son was banished upon a lone island by a confessor that entered his home and beheaded the father, and held the mother, and sought to destroy the son by setting him adrift upon the ocean wave, hoping he would die there, but a higher power than man guided the frail bark, and he drifted upon the lone island of Patmos. There he was con-

trolled by angels of light, and there they gave revelations that would have filled the world with light, ere to-day, if they had not been destroyed by the catholic priests when Michael called for all the manuscripts in the land to be brought before him. He was therein first anointed Pope after those heathen bands united themselves into a body. He was naught but a bigot and a brute, and when he looked those holy records over, that had been kept in the once Jewish synagogue, and the brutes had driven the Jews out with their battle axes, they took possession of their records, and all they could mystify, and use to serve their purpose, they held. But a great portion was inscribed in ancient Arabic, that related to the future, could not be translated by any in that age. They were laid away beneath the floor, in the grand entrance, and they remain there until this day. Antioch may hold them, but God's children can translate them where they are, and as they are. The brute that destroyed the son, after his return, saw not the mighty knowledge that was revealed to him. That was the utter annihilation of heathen control over human souls. The son was John, the revelator, but had the catholics had known what were contained in the records, they would have burned them long ere this day.

After I had seen my mother and the damsel cared for, I then fled with the rest to Mesapotamia. There we remained nearly a year, in different parts of the kingdom, holding forth daily, healing the sick, living among the beggars, declaring God would work changes, and if they lived holy lives they would all find homes in the bright world beyond. There the holy angels never forsook us, and we were blessed indeed. As we were making our way toward Clarahae a traveler told us that a crazy heretic had been in Babylonia, and he was making his way toward the border country. I said, "Let us all go to him. He will need our aid, and there will be a great commotion, as there has been a price set upon his head many times." I said, "He must be good, else they would not fear his exposing their wickedness and deceit. And in his holy labor he must have been held by a mightier power than man, less they would have destroyed him." The excitement among the heathen became fearful, and we took our departure in the evening, and left them to their own condition. We traveled many a weary league, o'er desert, moorland, and forest, begging our bread when we could reach a tiller of the earth, and from the herdsmen. There were so many destitute beggars, consisting mostly of Hebrew families, going from one part of the country to the other, hardly knowing whither, hoping to find some spot where they could find rest from that constant fear that oppressed them —that constant fear of being destroyed by the anointed Priests and confessors. They would journey about until they were cut off, or find rest, for a time, in some desolate spot, where they would feel more secure from being molested. As heresy was being scattered, it caused the heathens to be more determined to destroy them altogether.

After eleven days we reached Chaledon, and as we entered there, where the heretics had lodged the night before, I said, "This is the home of angels." I was breathing a prayer to Almighty God, when the door opened, and five holy brothers entered. When I had ceased to pray, I heard a holy, calm voice answer, "God is here, and his children are here. Blessed be his name; he is all in all." When I looked upon him that made that expression, my heart was touched with a holy love that I had never known before. I could not help exclaiming, "Holy brother, all I have, I give to thee and humanity." He answered, "God be praised you have come, dear brothers. There is a work to be done on the morrow, that will take all the power that can be given through you all. I am but a feeble thing, but God is mighty, and his mercies endure forever." This being in the dusk of the evening, Jesus did not discern John until a ray of light fell upon him, then he flew to him, folded him to his bosom, and wept aloud. When he became calm, the angel of light folded him to her bosom, and breathed her life into that frail body. Then he arose to his feet, covered all over with light, and then the angel declared we should all die. But until the hour did come, we must be faithful to our labor, let come what would. Then she added, "This is the last time you will be called upon to labor in Antioch, and your work must be done, and well done, and do not leave anything undone that can be done in this age. But, my dear brothers, the time will come when you will come back to earth to bear testimony concerning that which is done in this age, when changes have been wrought among the inhabitants of earth, and they are ready to receive us, and not endanger those through whom we breathe, and we can declare the presence of the living God, and the presence of his children. Then we shall come back to finish up that which will be begun by your lives, and your deaths." Then she breathed out of my brother, and drew near me. Then I shouted, "Holy Creator God, then heathen bigots will be chained and bound forever by thy electric cords that binds worlds together, and then priestcraft will be known no more, and then the angels of light will dwell with thy children, my God, forever, leading, guiding, directing, in all things, until they are borne away to a holy place of rest." John stood beside me, and he folded his arms around me. Jesus rose to his feet, and said, "Be it known to you all, God's command is upon us. There is a work to be done for coming ages, and if we are faithful, sure will be, if not in this life, in the life beyond. There we shall rejoice in the freedom of human souls, that have been held from darkness, through receiving light from beyond."

Then another influence came in our midst, and breathed upon Thomas, and said, "Brothers, eat your barley bread, lie down and rest; there will be a great commotion on the morrow. Many will be brought to you that are diseased, and all the strength you can gather will be required, in order your work may be finished up for the people of Antioch, and the country around.

Hundreds are, even now, making their way toward the city, and they will await your coming." Then the spirit breathed a prayer for us all, and left us to find rest in sleep. But before he breathed out of Thomas, he said, "Come, daughter, we must haste away. Joseph and his family must have our care to-night." The morning dawned upon us, and we arose, and hasted away toward the city. Ere we entered the gates, many accosted us, and we lay hands upon them, and they would be healed. Then we toiled on until night closed in, then we fled the city, in order to rest. In the morning, again, we entered the city, and made our way to the great square. There we healed the sick, and declared God, until four in the afternoon. I then saw a band of confessors coming with their battle axes. As we had been scattered among the multitude, we gathered together. We fled through the gate, as it had been left open all day, and we fled across the brook. There we ate and drank, and began our journey toward Jerusalem. Weary days passed away, ere we reached the highlands, that overlooked the city. I could but exclaim, "Ancient as thou art, thou hast fiends within thy walls, and they are damning thy people." Jesus sat down upon a little hillock, and he bowed his head in prayer for that people, and he said, "O, Jerusalem, thou hast slain thy prophets; thou hast cast out the holy children of Benjamin; thou hast fostered the viper in thy bosom, that will sting you to the vitals, and they will leave you but a heap of ruins. Ages on ages will pass away, ere thou will offer a home again to Judea's children, but the anointed priests will pollute the soil, on which thou rest, with the blood of the innocent, because they will not bow down to the wicked devices of Moses, and his heathen influences, that are to-day destroying the blood of Abraham and Jacob. Hold them. Creator God, brute as they are, from destroying the holy faith of Abraham, and the holy submission of Jacob, until their seed can be scattered all over the earth; until a holy people shall spring up filled with holy love to thee, thou God of immensity." Then grief seemed to fill his whole soul, and big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he exclaimed, "Oft would I have gathered you together, as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye fled me, and I was left to beg, even in thy streets. I have fasted and prayed, and begged bread from door to door, in order that I could be borne along until the hour came for me to be borne back, and be hung upon the cross, that thy children may, in thy own time, be held from heathen idolatrous worship, and that all the children of earth may flee evil, and seek thee, thou God of holy love, that alone finds rest in the hearts of the good." Then he raised his head, and said, "We will enter that city but not for the last time; but I shall come back once more, and then my earth labor will be at an end in this age. There my cares will end, and this weary body will find rest."

Then we all laid down, and in the holy calm that fell around us, we fell

asleep. As the first dawn of day shed its rays upon the hill we arose, and made our way through the ferns and brakes, until we reached the main road, then we crossed upon the hillside. Then the holy brother, Bartholomew, acknowledged the power of an unseen God, after he had been felled to the earth, and a more faithful brother could not be found. There Jesus was controlled for hours, by four different influences. The first was Leiah, then Japtha, next Sabilla, and then the angel daughter of Leiah. Her breath filled him with holy adoration to God, and he exclaimed, "Blessed are they that live in accordance with God's laws; they are sure to be blessed hereafter. Blessed are they that seek God, through his wondrous formations; there they will be blessed by finding him there. Blessed are those that mourn for humanity's wrongs; their mourning shall cease in the world beyond Blessed are they that hunger for rightousness; they shall be fed with eternal life. Blessed are they that work good for humanity, for their reward is rest in the bosom of their God. Blessed are they that labor among the inhabitants of earth, that they may live in holy adoration to God, and to bless humanity, and prepare the way that coming ages may understand that the angels are ever watching o'er them, seeking to guide and direct into all truth." He then added, "Holy life beyond calls, and we would go home. If humanity would receive truth as it is, then we would be free. Free from death; free from sorrow; free from the dark devices of hell's begotten in priestly robes. Then the holy balm of a father's love would heal the broken hearts. Then humanity would be blessed, and blessed forever, and God would be glorified through the brightest and holiest of his creations." Here he lay his hand upon his heart, and a chill went over his whole body. As he knelt, he said, "Care for my darling brother, lest he dies." John folded him to his bosom, and gave a portion of his own life to that of his brother. He bore him away, and they laid down and slept together. Hundreds came to us that day, and went back into the city, and declared what they had heard and seen. Many came out to meet us, and brought their sick, laying them by the wayside, and by the gates, where we were to pass. Healing began at early morn, and continued until the sun was going down. Then a mighty commotion commenced, and the priests and confessors were seen everywhere, dashing upon the poor, helpless creatures, and beheading them, shouting, "Death to the heretics." I saw four dragged away that had come from Caldea with us. One was Jude, the son of Caiphas, one was a herdsman's son that had followed us from Caldea, Andrew and his brother Simon. They were bound, and dragged away by the hair and hung on the square, in front of Pontias Pilate's home, and they were left there all night, and until noon on the day following, that they could be looked upon as deceivers. I followed Bartholomew into his father's home, but when we fled from there, I fled with Stephen, and Stephen's son, Samuel, and Silas, but Jesus was commanded to flee alone

into the mountains, and we were commanded to go into the forest and highland, and make our way by night toward Tyre, as Jesus would come down from the mountains in that part of the country.

I fell in with a band of gipsies. I remained with them until the time had nearly expired, then I made my way toward Tyre. Holy God, how can I describe the inhabitants of that city, in that day? Justice demands of me to give as it was, but at the same time I am aware that the inhabitants of this country can hardly credit my statements. Here was where Lazarus, Martha and Mary drew their first breath. The father's blood was Holland's blood, coming down through Sodom's borders, but he was a holy man, and one that believed in an Infinite Creator. But his grandmother was Italian blood; his mother was from Crete, therefore his was a descendant of the holiest blood earth knew, and he was not damned by heathen blood, to entail a curse upon his children. His companion was through the holy blood of the ancient Steven, the Armenian, that defended his kingdom with a hundred and fifteen faithful brothers. They held the country against the invading foe, who were anointed priests and confessors from the Hindoo country, until he was seventy-eight years old. He was then overpowered by a band of Hivites, and he fell beneath the battle axe, and his kingdom was taken. The men were slaughtered and the women were held by the army, but a remnant was held holy, because they fled to the mountains beyond Sodom. Thus the blood was held by a mightier power than man. It is well known that Joseph was from the house of David, but O, Tyre, thou didst give a home, for a season, to holy angels bright, else I could not breathe ought of thee. Thou hadst ever been hell's mightiest bulwork, and thou wert a sink of iniquity, and thou art damned and doomed. The heathen brutes have held thee, even to this day, and naught but the power of Almighty God can cleanse thee from thy damning influences. It was toward this unholy spot I made my way. When I espied the city afar off, I called on God and his angels to direct me. In a moment a flash of light fell over me, and a gentle hand was laid in mine, and a sweet voice breathed a prayer for the faithful that must die. Then she said, "Come, dear brother, let us hasten away. Jesus has come down from the mountain, and he needs thy aid." Then I arose to my feet, and hastened down the hillside. I was accosted by a Hebrew, and he said, "Do not enter the city; if you do you will be cut off, you being a heretic." I said, "How do you know I am a heretic?" He answered, "That female spirit is beside you that is always around heretics. I saw her last night, and she told me to hasten away from the city, as on the morrow the gates would be closed, and all that passed in or out would be held to an account, and if they were affected with heresy, they would be held until the priests were ready to behead them, and I don't think it is well for you to go there. But there is a great gathering on the hillside, where

you can see the tent yonder." He said no more, and I hastened forward. John first saw me, and he exclaimed, "I fear our brother will die, and we be left to be cut to pieces." At that moment I saw the future, and answered, "The hour is not yet." But when I drew near he was laying beside his mother, a poor, bruised lamb, indeed. I knelt beside him, and he looked up and said, "God bless you, dear brother; I am glad you have come." He then closed his eyes, and I went out to see what was to be done. Cornelius had but reached there. He was sitting down on a bench, at the door of the tent, his head resting upon his hands, and I saw he was filled with grief. I accosted him, and said, "Holy father, what is to be done?" He answered, "All must die, and it fills my heart with grief when I see so many helpless creatures huddling together, preparing for the slaughter." Then he answered, "God is our shepherd, and he will soon call us home." Then I saw Bartholomew preparing to feed the hungry. He told them to bring forward all the bread they had, and sit down and eat, as they must begin a journey toward Jerusalem After they had eaten, he said, "Gather up every crumb; you will need it before you get any more." Then Jesus called us around him, and said, "Bartholomew is the strongest of you all. Take Mary in your arms; the brothers will assist me, and we must begin our journey." From that time I was constantly beside the poor, helpless children of persecution, and did all I could relieve their necessities. Hardship and toil was around us, death was before us, and in this hopeless condition we went forward. Starvation hung heavy upon us.

I need not detail concerning that fourteen days of suffering that will never find record among the children of earth. Who could detail the suffering of a starving multitude, and do them justice? But with all of our suffering we knew we were homeward bound; and that home, a place of peace and rest. Held, as we were, from the battle axe, hope brightened around us, as we were entering Jerusalem. But, O, how soon it was blasted, and hope faded away like the morning mist. It did seem that all the fiends that had ever existed had gathered in that doomed city—doomed to be overthrown and left in a heap of ruins. After we had entered the city the magistrate commanded Jesus to dismount. Knowing his helplessness I stepped forward to assist him. Then the magistrate hurled me from him, and exclaimed, "Begone, you damned heretic, you will find you are not in Antioch. Jerusalem is prepared for you all." He then reached up and assisted Jesus to alight from the ass. Hands were reached out toward him, but he was compelled to leave them all until Mary's hand was laid in his. That hand was held fast. He faltered, and the magistrate said, "Come along, I am in a hurry." But he clung to his mother's hand, and she followed him to the door of the entrance into the council chamber. Then the magistrate said, "Go away; this is no place for females." Then she dropped down up-

on the ground, but ere I could reach her, a priest had ordered a confessor to drag away the heretic, or he would strike off her head. I then followed him, begging him to desist. He gave answer, "The damned harlot ought to be beheaded." I then sprang upon him, and took her from him by force. He went back among the heathen band that stood around the door. I saw Martha, and called to her, saying, "Take care of Mary; these heathen confessors are determined to destroy her." Martha folded her arms around Mary, and they sank to the earth together. I saw Bartholomew attempting to remain near the door, that he could assist his brother when he came out again, but he was driven away by the guard, that held a battle axe before him. He sought the Hebrews, and he found them utterly disheartened. Jesus did come out at last, but, O, how entirely broken down, and despair was depicted in every expression. His face was flushed, his hair was disheveled, his feet were bare, and his tattered garments barely covered his nakedness. His cloak had been wrapped around Mary, in order to cover her from shame. It has been said, that for his garments the guard did cast lots, but I must give the truth, as it was. All the garments he had on was a buckskin shirt, and a breech cloth, that I prepared for him by taking Bartholomew's coat, that was worn almost to rags. I took the back of the coat, and by tearing off the fronts, and then binding it around the body, ere he started in the morning to enter the city. The same garments were upon him when he hung upon the cross, and none other. The half I dare not tell, of the naked condition of that multitude that followed him from Tyre, because the inhabitants of earth, in this day, could not credit it. But there is one thing I do know. My own clothes were entirely worn out, all but my buckskin breeches and girdle. I made an attempt to get something to cover my back and chest, but it was utterly impossible, as there were no garments that could be spared from any.

I was near the gate when they dragged Jesus out of the city, by his hair, but I could not get near, for the crowd was dense. But when he raised the cross, and bore it up the hill, then I crowded near that I could have touched him. But when he dropped beneath his burden I was in hopes he would never breathe again. He lay there, gasping for breath, and the big drops of sweat ran down his face. But in a few moments he sprang to his feet, and I saw he was electrified all over. Then he said, "Give me water; give me water." The priest took from a bystander, a cup, and handed it to him. He raised it to his lips, then he saw it was gall and vinegar. He dashed the cup into the face of him that handed it to him, and said, "Drink, damnation to your own soul, because God will damn you for that act." Then he stooped down and picked up the cross again, and bore it along to where it was to be set. Then he lay it down, and dropped beside it. At that moment we were driven back by a band of heathen, that had arrived from the

country. I was driven back among the Hebrews, and I sought Mary, but they told me she had gone to her son. Hours passed away, ere I could gain courage to go and look upon that holy man, in the agony that has no description. At last I said to Martha, "I will go and look upon him once more," and as I made my way to him, I saw Bartholomew attempting to reach him, with a cup of water. But the cup was dashed from his hand, and his head was struck off. I then sprang forward, and ere I could reach my brother, a blow from some one, caused my breath to be staid, and my spirit was free. And I am prepared to say, that I was never questioned concerning Jesus, while I was in Jerusalem, as he was there, in the hands of his persecutors. Heathens and Jews, they had leagued together, in order to destroy the holy man of Nazareth. He came to them, and they crucified him. And as for gold being offered to any, that to betray him, it is something I know nothing about. Thus ended my earth life in my thirty-fourth year.

Through the holy blood of my mother, I was saved from the heathen damned. Who can understand me, when I say heathen damned? Is not a man damned, when there is nothing in his nature but a desire to damn others? Fearful was my destiny; fearful was my doom; but held from eternal darkness, by a ray of light, that filled my whole soul with its brightness. Humanity, art thou willing to be filled with light? If thou are, then I can direct you aright. Flee all anointed priests, bishops and clergy. They are but the offspring of heathen brutes, that held earth's inhabitants chained and bound countless ages, because the knowledge of the living God could not be understood by them. And when light came in their midst, they could not comprehend it, because there was not light enough in their own beings to give reflection a resting place in their souls. Then the desire to control others, begot a condition by forming idols, and causing the poor, benighted creatures to feel as in accordance as they appeased the idol, they would be blessed. And in all countries and nations of the earth, the first born have been lain upon the altar, and their warm heart's blood has been sprinkled upon the idol, to appease its wrath, and it is from that, and that alone, that humanity has caught the idea of an angry God. Flee, oh, flee, such heathen devices, and learn what God is. Shapen him not like unto an image, in the likeness of anything that has form, but behold him through his mighty works, and feel him ever near. That is the prayer of a friend of humanity. Iscariot was my name, but in after time I was called Judas, as I was called by that name after I left Cairo.

Here I am, breathing my own life through a female, that forgets all things but the brother that comes before her, and here I cannot but exclaim, "Her life is lain upon the altar of humanity, but they know it not, any more than the heathens knew that the holy blood that was shed on Mount Calvary was but to convince the benighted children of earth that idols could not forgive sin, and that they must live in accordance with the law, else they could

not live aright." And now I can breathe free, and say, farewell, forever. And you, O child of destiny, I will labor for you here on earth, and I will labor beside you forever. God bless you. I am your brother, you are my sister, and I am still

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

CHAPTER XVII.

HISTORY OF LAZARUS.

FURTHER RECORDS FROM THE AGE OF HEATHEN OPPRESSION, GIVEN DECEMBER 10TH, 1870.

Many bring their records, but we chose from among them such as are befitting the work before us. Lazarus will relate his own life-history, while I will inscribe it for him.—*Scribe.*

My father was from Hebrew blood, and my mother must be called a Sodomite. When Sodom was engulphed in burning fires, from the bosom of the earth, my mother's ancestry dwelt at the foot of the mountain, and they were saved from sharing the fate of those in the city. They and their descendants dwelt there. There my father was betrothed to my mother, and bore her away to Selucia. There they dwelt, and were blessed with three children. I was their first born, then Martha and Mary, they being my only companions until I became a man. My father was a tanner, and my mother fed and clothed the family. My early days passed in ignorance, so far as being taught by any. But my father died when I was twenty-two, and left us a poor, helpless family. My mother felt that if she could go to Jerusalem, she could get work for herself and daughters, that would keep her family comfortable, and we begun our journey on foot, it being twelve leagues, bearing along with us all we had. Our journey was slow, but when we entered the suburbs of the city we were compelled to flee back into the forest, as the heathens were holding a feast. There was a great gathering of priests and confessors, from all of the land, and when we arrived there, they were making fearful destruction among the Hebrews. Some they had crushed to death, while others they were dragging about, hither and thither. This being the third day of their drunken feast, they had become brutes, and they ever sought the Hebrews, instead of the heathens, to sate their hellish fires. Seeing a great commotion, and asking the cause, were told if we entered there we could know what to expect. My mother said, "Let us hasten away, while we have strength to depart." There we remained two days, and the heathens had all gone from the city. Then we built a little home,

on the bank of a stream. My mother and Martha would braid garments for Judea's people, except when Martha would go into the city and wash and repair garments for Josephus' father's family. For a day's labor she would receive four pennies, and that would buy half a peck of barley meal. I being feeble, I could do but a little beside helping them in their labor. Thus we toiled on together, until Joseph asked for Mary in Marriage. Then our home was made larger, and more comfortable, as we had all dwelt in one room, and now we had two. Mary remained with us until her condition bespoke fear, as Herod, two months before, commanded every male child, under two years old, to be destroyed. And even then, as fast as a male child was born, their brains were dashed out. One night, as Joseph came home from his labor, he was fearfully oppressed. He knelt down and asked God to direct them. He lay down to sleep, but he arose in the middle of the night, and said, "God has revealed to me to take Mary, and flee toward Egypt, where Herod's spies were not, and the child will be safe, it being a boy, that he shall be guided by the angel that revealed to him our danger, and how to shield the babe from death." Mary slept on, fearless of danger, while Joseph prepared for the journey. Even while Martha was preparing the barley bread, Joseph said, "Hasten, let us be gone, in this hour." The home was in confusion, and I asked Martha if Mary had risen from her bed. She answered, "Leave her asleep until the last moment." After Joseph had put the bread into the bag, he went to Mary's bed, and knelt down beside her. There he asked strength from God, and guidance from his angel children. Then he knelt down, and imprinted a kiss on Mary's cheek, and she awoke, and asked how it was they were all astir. Joseph answered, "God's command is upon me, and I must obey. An angel appeared to me, in my dream, and said, 'Take Mary and flee. When you can go no farther, I will come and direct you beyond the heathens, that would destroy the child's life.'" Then Mary hastened to prepare herself, but when she opened the door, and the chilly winds swept o'er her, she was filled with fear, and turned back. I arose from my bed, and knelt in prayer, asking God to care for his own, and bear them through the fearful destiny that awaited them, knowing full well they were destined by Almighty God to die. But as I folded Mary to my bosom, I asked the angels to bear her along on her journey, and lead them to a place of safety. Then Mary answered, "God is here, and his angel children are here. Come, Joseph, let us hasten away." Then the door closed upon them, and I felt my heart would break. Martha wept until she could weep no longer. Our home became desolate from that fearful night. My mother drooped, and in a few days she died. Martha and I continued to live in that home, alone. Years passed away, ere I heard from my dear friends, except we had heard, by a beggar, that told us their child was born in Bethlehem, and they had fled, and none knew whither.

One night, as we were sitting beside the fire, conversing about Mary, a rap was heard at the door. I said, "Come in." Joseph entered, and breathed the name of Martha. Then he said, "Brother, God bless you." He then told us of his family, and said, "Three boys God has given to me, but one is a frail, little thing. He is seven months old, and cannot creep, and my first born cannot stand upon his feet. But the second one is strong and hardy. I have come," he said, "to get work in Jerusalem, but when I have finished the building I have the promise of, then you must both go home with me.' He remained with us one month, then his work was done, and he felt to go home. "Let us get ready," he said, "as Mary and Martha will be made so happy together, and you, dear brother, so comfortable, and I can earn enough to feed you all, and to spare." We then prepared our bread, and began our journey. Day by day we continued on our way, and on the eleventh day we reached the foot of the mountain. All of that day we toiled up the mountain, and when the light was lit in that humble home, we entered there. Martha and Mary folded each other to their bosoms, and shouted, "Glory to God, we have met again here on earth." Then Mary lay her hand in mine, and said, "Brother, God is here, and his angel children are here, in our mountain home." The children were afraid, and I said, "Come here, dear children; God bless you." As I made that expression, the eldest one, a frail little thing, crept beside me, and reached up his little hands, and I raised him to my knee. He lay his head upon my bosom, and I felt he was a holy thing. The other children came near, and I raised the youngest in my arms, he being about eight months old. I said, "Joseph, how God has blessed you with such beautiful children." He answered, "God's mercies endure forever, without a shadow of turning." I felt a holy calm come over me when he made that expression, as I had been led by the faithful brother, and found light. Jesus raised his head from my bosom, as he said, "Holy is that light, drawn from eternal light, and may it ever lead you aright." Joseph turned to me, and said, "Brother, the holy angel, Leiah, oftimes breathes upon that boy, and teaches me in the ordinance belonging to the order, that I have never learned before." Then the boy seemed to awake, and I saw drops of prespiration standing on his forehead, like dew drops. I said, "Joseph, look here; I am afraid this influence will destroy this child, unless it is held from him." Then Mary said, "I believe that spirit has held him from death, and his daughter blesses me daily, with her love and her care. She folded me to her bosom when he was born, and has never left me since, and whenever the children are in danger, she will give me warning, that I may care for them. I believe she is a holy thing, and I love her, and bless God for such a friend. Look, look," said Mary; "she is here now beside me." Then she folded her arms, and shouted, "Glory to God. I assisted you to flee, ere those fiends incarnate, destroyed you, in your own home. That night you started they entered there, prepared to kill

you, brother, and damn you, Martha. I saw, and I heard, and I knew their designs, and I caused Joseph to turn back and bare you away, and here you are, in the home of angels, and may you find rest until you will be called again to go down the mountains." Then Mary opened her eyes, and said, "How happy I am."

There we dwelt, giving God praises for his never ending mercies, one year and four months, and a holy feast we had with angels bright, day by day. But the time did come, when Leiah controlled Jesus, and said, "You will go down to the lowlands, brother, as the air here is too bracing. But you will breathe better in the lowlands. Go on, from time to time, as your strength will allow, until you reach Jerusalem. Prepare your home as near the city as possible, as I have a work to do there, by and by, when my boy gets a little stronger. They will all be brought to you, when the hour comes, and you will be apprised of their coming." Then Jesus awoke, and I saw his breath was staid, and his heart beat. I asked him what he saw. He answered, as he crept close beside me, "A black man, all covered with darkness, and he says you shall not go." "God direct us," I said, "then all is well." Then he looked up to me, and said, "The bright man has driven him away; how glad I am."

The next morning we began our journey, and ere night closed in, we reached the valley below. The next morning we hastened on, but the fourth day my strength gave out, and Martha began to build a home for us, with boughs she gathered from the forest, and grass she gathered from the earth. That night we lay down to rest, with the hope of continuing our journey the next day, but I was unable to rise from my bed of dried grass, and Martha made me as comfortable as she could, and I was compelled to remain there two months. Then again we continued our journey, until we reached Jerusalem, and our home was destroyed.* Martha hired a deserted hut, that had been occupied by a Hebrew family. They had all been destroyed by confessors, that had gathered to the feast, which was ever held once each year. At these times the Hebrews were fearfully crushed, and the authorities dare not say, why is it so? Martha cleaned the home, and prepared me a bed of clean grass, and I begun to feel God had blessed me with a home, and comfort. Martha labored for those of high blood, as she had a hand to do everything to please, and she earned enough to make us comfortable, and to spare. We continued to live here until Joseph came to us, and said, "I have finished my work here, for the present, and if Martha will go with me to our mountain home, I will prepare the way for her to return, as Mary is so lonely without her. She answered, "How can I leave my brother?" "Martha," I said, "I can care for myself. Do go and comfort

* I have ever felt the hand of God led us away from there, as on the evening following, a band of confessors entered there, in order to drag Martha away, and in their rage at finding her gone, they destroyed our home.

Mary, and if it please God, bring them back with you." Then she prepared bread, and I bade them farewell with an aching heart. Joseph seemed joyous, and Martha was cheerful, as they said, "God bless you, dear brother, and may the angels comfort you."

There I remained until spring passed away, and summer was passed. There, silent and alone, I was asking God to reveal to me the destiny of my family, when the door was pushed gently open, and Martha entered with Mary's boy, Jessie, in her arms. I said, "Holy God, my prayer has been answered; here is my sister, and here is this darling boy, Jessie." I took him in my arms, and lay him down upon my bed. Then Martha told me all. Then she added, "As soon as he is rested, his leg must be taken off. that he can live to bless his family, and declare the living God." "Amen," I answered. "I will see it is done, as he is rested." Day after day we delayed, when at last Martha said, "Delay we can no longer, lest he dies." And I prepared the way for it to be done. But, O, my heart beat when the rough confessor applied his knife, and the breath went out of my darling boy, and thus he lay, entirely breathless, until it was accomplished. After it was done, the confessor said, "He is dead, and if he is a heretic, it is no matter." When Martha lay the silver in the confessor's hand, he said, "I will go now, but he will die." I sat beside him, and bathed his forehead and his hands in cool water, and he soon raised his eyes to mine, and said, "Is he gone?" I answered, "He is gone, and Martha and I will care for you until your father comes. He will be here before the flowers bloom again, and you will be healed." Day after day passed away, ere he was conscious of his leg being gone, but when he saw it was gone he burst into tears, and said, "Has God taken my leg away?" I said, "The leg had perished, and it had to be taken off, that you could live" He seemed satisfied, and soon fell asleep.

During the winter I became more feeble, and spring brought strength, and I was more comfortable. I was told by the angel daughter of Leiah that Joseph and his family would come, and were even then on their way. She had remained with us from the time the leg was amputated, and directed Martha in caring for the frail boy. One evening, as we were sitting beside the fire, a gentle tap was heard at the door. Martha answered, "Come in," and Mary opened the door. Joseph and the two children entered. "Glory to God," exclaimed Martha; "my beloved friends are here. Let us give God the glory." "Amen," said Joseph. "God is here." They had hardly set down, before Jesus was controlled by Leiah, and said, "This body is to be borne into the midst of confusion. Pray for us, that we may come back free from harm." I answered, "May God care for my dear boy, and hold him from death." Then he breathed his own breath again, and said, "How dark it is where I have been, and there was a great deal of confusion in that darkness." Then they ate, lie down and slept. But the next day,

as we sat at meat, Leiah folded Jesus to his bosom, and he darted away. We arose from the board, to look after him, yet he was no where to be seen. But ere we could learn anything from him, he was brought back to us again, after the absence of four hours. The heathen feast had lasted four days, and they were drunken fiends, filled with the fires of hell, and Jesus had been borne into the city, even into the Council Chamber, to give warning to the rulers to close their gates, else they would all be destroyed. Then he said, "Save, O, save the Hebrew families, that can be brought within your gates, else they will surely be cut off." They heard the boy, and believed him, and hundreds were saved, among the rest, my own dear friends. When the heathen had departed from Judea, we all sought our homes, outside the walls. But when we entered our home, grief filled every heart, as four dead damsels lay upon the floor, and they were children of light—Caldea's blood—and when we saw who they were, Mary exclaimed, "They are the daughters of my friend, and she, too, must be dead." Then we called the magistrate, and they were borne away and buried. That night, after the heathen found a part of the Hebrews had escaped them, their hate was displayed in dragging about the children of Caldea and Judea, and as my home was desolate, they dragged in these helpless females, and held them there until they were dead; and they lay there two nights and one day, ere we returned. I must add, every year, when the heathens held their feast, the destruction was fearful among the Hebrews and Caldeans, as they were looked upon as a despised people, without home or country to call their own, and I, a poor Hebrew by birth, through Sodom's borders, and from the house of Joseph, was an outcast among them. I dare not appeal to the Jews for redress of my wrongs, as they despised the Hebrews for their faith in God, and the Caldean's for their disbelief in a Messiah.

Now I must go on. Our home was cleansed, and a holy calm came over us for one year and a half, except when we had to flee again, when the heathens held their feast. Then Leiah controlled Jesus, and bore him into the synagogue, among the doctors and lawyers, under the control of the angel bright that had blessed us all with knowledge. There he was held eight hours and a half. They asked him questions concerning the affairs of the kingdom. He gave his answers so clear, and prophetic, that they held their breath with astonishment. He declared to them that the heathen idolatrous worshippers would destroy their synagogue, and the Jews would be scattered, and become wanderers on the earth. Then they counciled together, and said, "As he has knowledge of our kingdom, can he not assist us in driving the heathen from Judea, that we may find rest here." Jesus sprang to his feet, as if he had the strength of a man, as he shouted, "Prepare ye the way; make crooked ways straight; the kingdom of Jehovah God on earth is to be estab- among his own children." Then they asked, "Who are his own children?"

As he raised his hands above his head, he exclaimed, "They that worship the Infinite, instead of man, and seek to obey the commands lain upon them for humanity." Then he darted away, and none knew whither he went. When he reached our home, he gave a gentle rap, and fell across the threshold. Mary raised him in her arms, and folded him to her bosom, as she said, "They will destroy this body, but God will surely hold him in his own embrace forever. From this time we were compelled to keep him in our home, as the Jews sought for him, but found him not. And as the Jews had offered a price for him, to be brought before them, the angel Leiah came in our midst and said, "We must flee into the mountains," as there was a great commotion among the Jews, and he would not be safe to remain there longer." Then we prepared the bread, and clothed the children. Joseph took Jessie, and we all set out, filled with fear of the Jews, as well as the heathens. Day by day we journeyed along, but we made our way slow, as I was feeble and the children would get weary. After many days, we reached the hut of the aged Timothy; not the Timothy described among Joseph's ancestry, but his descendant. We entered that home, and he bade us welcome. There I was compelled to remain for days, until Joseph could leave his family and return for me. When I left the aged man, he bowed his head and breathed a prayer for that family he knew must die. Then I bade him farewell, and we reached Joseph's home ere night obstructed our way. There was great rejoicing in that home among the children, as they felt they were free from danger there. I remained in that family, happy and contented, for years.

But from time to time, Jesus would be borne away from us, and sometimes he would be gone for weeks, and sometimes for months. Joseph continued to go to the lowlands for labor, and as he returned to us one evening, he said he had bargained to build a house for the king Pontius Pilate, and was to begin as soon as he could bear his family back to Jerusalem. Jesus answered, "You will go, Joseph, and this boy will be called to care for the king's children, and the sooner you reach there the better." We begun our journey the day following, and we reached Jerusalem weary and exhausted. Joseph began his building, and Pontius Pilate saw Jesus, and asked for him to care for his children. In that home, time passed away, and Jesus grew to be a man. But from the time Jesus entered that home, we never saw him again until he returned to us, even as holy as he left us. And as he entered that humble home, the same angel bright walked by his side. She then breathed upon Jessie, and said, "I have brought him back to you, holy as he went away, but wiser, as his knowledge had been drawn from angels bright, and he has now the knowledge of the dark, benighted children, where fiends control instead of God; and you will soon be compelled to flee to the mountains, and a price will be set upon his head, as my Father Leiah will control him, and denounce the heathen Priesthood."

Joseph soon came home, and said, "My work is done." Jesus answered, "Mine has but begun." Day after day passed away, and we were so happy together. Joseph returned one evening, and said, "I can find nothing to do." Jesus breathed deep, and said, "There is no more work here for you, Joseph, but you must take your family, even now, and begin your journey toward Helem. There you will find enough to do until I bring this body to you. There is to be a bursting forth of the fiends of darkness at Antioch, and I must bear this faithful child in their midst, and denounce them for their fearful acts upon humanity. But fear not, I will bring him safe back to you in your own happy home." Then Joseph answered, "God will care for us, and his angels will lead us aright, if we flee evil and seek good."

We begun our journey at early dawn, and continued on and on, until we reached our mountain home. There we remained two months, ere he came to us; but the holy ray of light came to us, day by day, in order we could be held free from care. But when he did come, he entered there when we were kneeling in prayer. Breathless he came, and knelt beside his mother; and when I had ceased to pray, he breathed a prayer like this: "Life of all life, and soul of all souls, I will praise thee forever, as I have been held from death, and being led back again to my beloved friends, I will give thee all the glory." Then Joseph answered, "Amen! Glory to God! My son has been brought back by God's angel children. They are beside me even now." At this time he remained at home one year and a half. Then he was taken away again. He was led, guided and directed by the angel daughter of Leiah, through the border country, until he reached the Dead Sea. Then he crossed the country on the sea coast to a place called Gaza. There he declared God among a band of Hebrews that dwelt there. He healed their sick, and then bade them adieu, and then went to Arimathea. There he was beset by heathen confessors, that sought to destroy him; but he was borne away in the night by his controller, and stopped not until he reached Lydia. There he dwelt, with a friend of Joseph's, one month, blessing the people with light, healing the sick, declaring God, and his heart was filled with love for that people, as they were good, and asked for knowledge. Then he went to Damascus, leaving Jerusalem behind him, as he feared Caiphas' spies. They were ever watching for him. He entered the city of Damascus in the evening, and he was made to exclaim, "Hell's damned are here." There the heathens were destroying Judea's children, as well as the Hebrews. He asked the cause of so much commotion, and got for answer, "There is one Paul, that is destroying all of the heretics, no matter what blood they are." Then he shouted, "Holy God! stay Paul's hand, ere he destroy all of God's children in the land." At that moment they heard a crash, and as they opened the door a battle-axe was laying there beside a boy that was gasping for breath.

Jesus raised the boy, and bore him into the house. There he bathed

the wound, and it was healed. Fearful was the condition of the inhabitants in that part of the country, as none knew where the slaughter would end. He left Damascus, and made his way across the country to Cana. There he remained four months. Many were blest by him, but others scoffed at him. There he was controlled, denouncing hypocrisy and deceit, priestcraft and drunkenness. The priests heard of it, and they sought to lay hands upon him, but he was nowhere to be found. Then they set a price upon his head, like this: "An hundred scruples in silver shall be awarded to any one that will bring the head of the Hebrew Heretic at the cross roads before the Heathen Council."

Then he sought his mountain home, and we were blessed by his presence, and the presence of the holy spirits that guarded his destiny. Months and years Jesus remained with us, except now and then he would leave us for a short time. At one time he brought home with him a poor, frail youth, that the heathens were seeking to destroy. His father was High Priest in Herod's court, and when Pontias Pilate reigned in his stead, he retained his position. Herod believed in idolatrous worship, but Pontias Pilate, being born of a Princess from Caldea, and as the mother was taught, so she believed and taught her boy her faith, as far as she dared to, surrounded as she was. And the king never forgot the admonitions of his mother, as he did know his father was a brute. And after he was anointed king, the High Priest controled the kingdom, and Pontias Pilate held the crown with fear and trembling. And it was by this king's hand the youth had been saved, and he fled, not knowing whither. Jesus found him, desolate and alone, at the foot of the mountain, and brought him to his home. There I knelt, and asked God to hold the frail youth, until he could begin a work for humanity. There he remained until Leiah came, and breathed through Jesus, and said, "Go down the mountain, Jude, bearing toward Caldea. There you will find a faithful worker for humanity. Labor with him, and after many days I will bring this body to you there. He obeyed the command, and I bade him farewell for the last time on earth. Jesus remained at home for months, but when he did leave that home again, he left it forever. But ere he departed, his controller said, "After a time Joseph must take his family, and make his way to Tyre. There he will remain until I bring his son to him again, after many months." When the time came, Jesus was borne away. Then we lingered for a time, then bid farewell to the mountain home. When we had journeyed four days my strength gave way, and Martha remained behind with me, and said, "If it please God, I will come to you, as soon as my brother is strong enough to bear the journey."

O, how my heart ached, when they bid us adieu. I looked after them until they were nearly out of sight, then I fell to the earth, unable to rise for hours. While I lay there upon the ground, the future unveiled itself to

me. I saw that family destroyed, one by one, until not one was left on earth, and my breath went out of me. But when I could breathe, I told Martha all. She wept until her heart was nearly broken, and I could not comfort her. And there we were compelled to remain for one year, in that desolate country, but we procured food from a herdsman, about half a league distant. As the weather became fine, we started again, and reached the country near Antioch. There we remained for a time, until Jesus came to us, with his followers, and remained all night. Then we were compelled to flee, in the night, as the heathens had seen them enter there. We made our way across the country, as fast as we could, bearing toward Tyre, but kept along at the foot of the mountains, and through barren wastes, as the heathens were in great commotion. Again I fell sick, and we were compelled to build a home, by digging into the side of the hill, and covering it over with brush. Here we remained until Jesus and Simeon came to us, when they were fleeing to the mountains. After they left us, we remained there six days longer, but on the fourth eve Jesus came to us alone. Holy God, assist me. My heart was broken then, and as I look back, it bleeds anew. Holy son of my Mary, an outcast and a wanderer, hiding among the crags and rocks of the mountains, for what? Because God has endowed him with knowledge others have not, and the priesthood fear that knowledge, and they seek to destroy him, ere he declares the fulness of God's glory, or his wondrous creations. There Jesus folded Martha to his bosom, and they both fainted, and fell to the floor. There I was entranced, but what was said, I know not. But I do know, when I awoke, my dear Jesus was gone, and Martha was kneeling in prayer. Then Martha said, "We are to go to Tyre, as soon as we can reach there, because Joseph's family will all be destroyed but Mary, and there will be none to bid him come."

We began our journey that day, and reached Tyre after eight days, and we found the hut of one Peter. They bade us welcome, and I remained there until Martha could build us a home, near by, and as soon as she had prepared a bed of dried grass, she led me there. We had been there one week, when I was entranced by the Jewish seer Zadock. There I was held, in a deep entrancement, until all life seemed to have left me, and the body was prepared for burial. I could hear all, but move I could not, and I expected they would bury me, as I was. In the evening, a boy came to the door, and said, "There is a man in our home, and he told me to come here and tell you God's children are starving for bread." Martha gave him some bread, and he went away. As I heard all, I felt it was Jesus, and how I longed to speak. Then a half hour must have passed away, when Jesus entered there. Martha was kneeling in prayer, when Jesus said, "Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth." Martha answered, "He is dead, and I have prepared him for burial." Jesus stepped to where I was laying. The napkin

was bound beneath my chin. He tore it off, and threw it upon the floor. He then lay his hand upon my forehead, and I felt the flesh cringe beneath his hand. Then he commanded me to arise, in the name of Jehovah God. In an instant my eyes were loosened, my breath came back, and my heart beat. He then shouted, "Arise, Lazarus; begin your work. Declare God and his many mercies." He then turned to Martha, and said, "Prepare hysup, give it him warm; he is chilled all through." He then left us, but in less than half an hour he entered that home again, and bore away a part of the hysup tea, that Martha had prepared for me. Martha could not leave me, although she knew Mary was suffering. But ere morning dawned, Peter's daughter came in, and said Jesus desires Martha to come to Levi's tent, on the hillside, and she would remain with me. Martha threw on her mantle, and stepped forth in the dark, hastened away to her bereaved sister.

When the sun arose, Peter came in, and said, "I must bear you away to the tent, as the heathen are cutting down all of the Hebrews in the city, and in all of the country round about." He wrapped me in his own coat, and bore me in his arms, until we reached the foot of the hill, then I said, "Let me down upon my feet, and I will try and walk." Then he led me up the hill. As I entered there, I fell down beside the two holy children of destiny. There I lay, until I was borne along, on a hide brought from Peter's. Thus, day by day, I was borne along, until the eleventh day. But in the night God called me away, and I was blessed by the change. And now if humanity is willing to be blessed by the changes wrought by Almighty God since that fearful condition in the history of man, they may be blessed indeed. Light, my Father God, light from thee, that I may read the destiny of coming ages. Freedom's notes are everywhere vibrating upon the air. Angel's are walking the earth; knowledge is diffused everywhere; souls are inspired to read the book of life. Then the wicked will no more hide by day, or seek to do evil by night. Then the infinite will be made manifest through his creations. Then God will be acknowledged all in all, and his children a portion of himself. And you, my daughter, will go down to your grave, filled with love for humanity, but they can never know you. There we will leave you, in the hands of God, and his angel children. You have borne my burden, and I would bless you. My work is done for all coming time, for the inhabitants of earth. Farewell. I am the poor, frail man called Lazarus, brother to Martha and Mary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETER'S DECLARATION AS IT WAS.

I was born in Selucia. My father was a heathen herdsman. I was his first born. I grew to manhood, believing in idols, having been taught that doctrine from my earliest recollection. Having eight brothers, I was not needed to care for the flocks and herds, and I became a fisherman. My father assisted me in building a boat, large enough to hold three of us, when we chose to go together, and all of the fish we should catch in the stream in a day. I took to myself a companion, and God gave us seven children. I caught fish, and exchanged them with the inhabitants for barley meal, camel's hair, and goats hides, in order my family could be clothed and fed. My family grew, and I was compelled to go to Joppa, that my eldest children could get employment, and help care for the rest. There I built a boat, and fished along the shore of the sea, until I felt my family would die, as there was nothing for them to do, and I could not exchange my fish for barley meal. I then journeyed across the country to Jericho. There I remained until I was compelled to flee the country, being accused of heresy. I sought the river Jordan, and launched my frail bark, bearing away my family to a country called Bethsheba. There I heard, by a heathen, that there was a Hebrew man healing the sick through Judea's border, by knowledge none had but himself, and he was not more than two day's journey from there. I answered, "May he come to the humble fisherman, and I will do all I can for him." He looked at me sternly, as he said, "He is going to be beheaded, and you will be denounced as a heretic, if you dare assist him." From that four days passed away, and I was watching every passer by, when I saw a frail man coming directly toward me. I accosted him in heathen dialect. He answered in Hebrew. I then said to him, in his own tongue, "Come in." He entered my little hut, and I begun to ask if he had heard anything of a Hebrew, that had been healing Judea's people, by a law no one could comprehend. He smiled, as he answered, "God's law controls disease, as well as his mighty creations, and if we live in accordance with the law, we shall be blessed by the law." I saw a ray of light beside him. His eyes closed, and begun, "Holy, Creator God, holds his own created by the law that created them, through conditions that are brought in contact with his created. Listen, brother, God's created are caused to feel that this man has more knowledge than they can comprehend, and they seek to destroy him because they fear light. They will destroy this body, but the inner man will be borne away, to a higher condition. There he will remain until God can free a portion of this earth, then he will be brought back again, and you, Peter, will be beside him, and you will remain there until God is acknowl-

edged, and his angel children are recognized by earth's inhabitants. There you will remain until your earth labor is done, then you will be borne back to your own family, and there find rest." I asked, "Cannot I finish all there is for me to do, in this body?" He answered, "God's command must be obeyed, and you brother will be called upon to leave your home, and follow him, until he is hung upon the cross." I said, "When shall I be called?" He answered, "When the hour comes, all will be made plain." He then called my family around him, as he stood in the centre of the room, then raised his hands above his head, and called on the living God to hold my family from heathen deception, and lead them to the knowledge of the truth. Even while he prayed, my eldest daughter was entranced, and shouted, "Glory to God, the humble can have a home, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then she folded her arms around Jesus, and said, "Brother, God is here. Let us hold him before us, in all we do." Then Jesus replied, "Angel sister, I am made to feel that I am blessed above men, by God giving me a heart that beats for all good, whether it be in a hut, or in high places, and above all, that he leaves you beside me, to lead and guide me on." "Wait here, dear brother," she said, "until you are rested, then I will lead you to a den of darkness, that the poor benighted souls may receive light." Jesus remained with me, at that time, two days and two nights. Then he knelt and prayed, ere he bade us farewell. But when he turned to go away, I said, "Can I not go with you, in this hour?" "No," he answered, "but I will come to you again, ere you begin your work. God bless you, Peter," he said, "I am going among the Sodomites. Pray for me." When he had gone my heart ached, as it never ached before.

I heard in after time he wrought a good work among children of darkness. The heathen feared him, until they saw his good works. Then they feared the priesthood. There being a drought in that country, I was compelled to go with my family, bearing northward, to a country called Niabak, in heathen dialect. There I lived, and caught fish in the Jordan. Many years passed away ere I saw the holy face of the humble brother again. When he came to my home again, I was drunk. God forgive me. I make the acknowledgment before humanity, and pray to be forgiven by them. And from that time, I never tasted strong drink, but once, as long as I lived. He remained with us that night. From that time I never saw him again until he assisted me when I had been tossed in my frail bark upon the river, when I thought I should be drowned. After he had assisted me from the boat, that had been tossed upon the shore by the waves, he said to me, "God has saved you from death, Peter; now save yourself from drunkenness." There I stood, with his arm around me, to keep me from falling. As he raised my bottle before me, and said, "Look, Peter, God has dashed your boat, and I will dash your bottle." Then he threw it into the waves, and I heard it dash against a rock. Then I looked for my boat, and it was dashed

to pieces upon the rocks. The rain fell fearfully, and the thunders shook the earth around me. Night was covering earth with her dark mantle, and there I sat until the tempest subsided. The winds blew, and I felt God had cursed me for my drunkenness. There I knelt, ere I dare attempt to rise to my feet, and made a vow to Almighty God, that I would serve him as long as I walked in mortal form. From that time I saw the Nazarene no more until after he came down from the mountain, and I met him in my own home.

After that night I made my vow, I ever felt it was recorded by an angel's hand, and must not be broken; and I took my family and went to the country near Tyre. Then I left my home and followed him, until he hung upon the cross. And I am blest by saying I did all I could to relieve him and his mother from suffering. Heathen records declare that I denied him, but how could that be, when I was by his side when he entered the city of Jerusalem, and could have laid my hand upon the magistrate when he assisted him from the ass, and met him at the door when he came out of the council chamber. And I followed him to the hill, where he was hung upon the cross. I was beheaded by a battle axe in the hands of an anointed priest, and after all, I am accused of denying my holy Brother Jesus in the face of many. But I deny it in the face of God's children here on earth, and in the brighter worlds beyond. There I hope ere long to be blest, with my family, as well as the faithful brothers that lay down all they had, their lives, to establish truths, revealed through God's angel children, of life eternal, and the mercies of a living God that endure forever.

And now farewell, angels of light, that have assisted me in finishing up my work for humanity, by denying the false accusation that has been brought against me for ages. And now, O child of destiny, I am called upon to leave you here in an earthy body, and may the angels direct your steps aright in laying down facts, bereft of fiction, while I go and prepare a home for you, when your work is ended, where the hardened of heart cannot reach you, with curses for denouncing the hypocrite in high places, and defending the downtrodden, that is honest of purpose. Fresh fountains of life will gush up around thy pathway, daughter, for assisting the poor fisherman in freeing himself from the foul stigma of denying his beloved brother in his hour of agony. And for what? It has been said, a few pieces of silver. And I must add, Humanity, I am ashamed of you, for your lack of faith in God, and your ignorance of the people that inhabited earth but eighteen hundred years ago. Are you, O ye inhabitants of earth, are you all to be forgotten in that short period of time, and are you to leave nothing behind to declare you have lived? God's holy angel holds a garment to clothe you in, and breathe life into the memory of the past, through inspiration, if you live aright, blessing humanity, and giving God the glory.

And now, holy God, fold my sister in thy bosom, and hold her from

harm while she walks the earth in mortal form. And O, ye angels, assist in preparing a home for the faithful that have assisted in freeing me from the false accusation of denying him that hung upon the cross.

Dictated by myself, Peter, the humble fisherman.

Remarks.—How can we bless man more than to free him from a foul stigma that has been heaped upon him without a cause? Answer, reader, and let your acts proclaim you a holy liberator.—*Stephen Girard.*

CHAPTER XIX.

SIMON, THE BROTHER OF PETER AND ANDREW.

We were all reared among the herdsmen. I am Simon, the fifth born of Mihaak. He was of Armenian blood, and my mother was Caldea's daughter. My father blessed his family by his honesty and correct dealings with man. His greatest desire was that his eight boys should grow up truthful. As he used to say, "If my boys are truthful, it will be an inheritance that will endure forever." Reared in hardship and coarse fare, we grew up capable of great endurance. But misfortunes did come. My father was away from home. Peter had gone to the border country. Another brother, next to Peter, with two of the younger, had gone to Babylonia with cattle, which they did every year. I was left at home, with the two youngest, to care for the cattle in the highlands. When I left home at early dawn, my mother said, "Hasten home early. It will be lonely here, with none but this little lad." I answered, "I will hasten home." I did hasten home, but I found my mother dead on her bed, and my little brother dead at the door. Then I made an oath, if God would spare my life, it should be dedicated to the extermination of the heathen brutes in priestly robes, as a neighbor herdsman had seen eight priests enter our home in the afternoon. Night closed in upon us, and we were alone with our dead mother and brother. Father came home in the evening, and his despair knew no bounds. He fled that home, and fled it forever. From that time, we had no home, and my father died in the mountains. I fled from the herds, hardly knowing what course to take. As night closed in, I found myself nearing a city. It was called Sora. Here I was called to feel all the bitterness of a boy without friends or home. I sat down by a great building called the Mosleum. As I sat there, an aged man drew near. I asked him concerning the excitement among the people. He answered, "There is a heretic in the city, and he is holding forth on the square." As I had lived in the highlands, I

had known nothing of the commotion in the lowlands. I arose to my feet, and held my way to the square. There I beheld John. He was covered with a camel's hair cloak, but his garments beneath were but rags. I drew near him, and he exclaimed, "God has brought you here, brother. There is to be a work for you to do. Come here." All of his followers answered, "Glory to God. Another has come to assist us. Let us begin our work even now." Then we all drew away from the multitude, and went upon a green slope, away from the city. There I met my brother Andrew and the two younger brothers that went away with him. He did not feel it was best for the younger cnes to continue with us; but they could go to a brother of my mother, aud remain there.

Here we prepared for a journey toward Antioch at early dawn. But ere we started, we knelt and prayed for God to direct us; and ere we rose to our feet, a holy breath was upon my brow, and a life diffused itself into mine own, that I had never felt before, and I shouted, "Hasten away ere it, is too late. Bear on toward Chaledon. My brother Jesus will call for help, and how can he receive it but through the faithful and true, God's own chosen children?" John answered, "Hail, thou angel of light! Lead us to our brother, and we will lay down all for humanity, that they may behold thee as thou art, their father, God." And then we all arose to our feet. Then John said, "Dear sister, draw near, and lead us onward." All in an instant, a mighty electric shock went over us, and an echo came back, to "Hasten! O hasten away, else it be too late." We did speed on many a league that day, and when night closed in upon us, we entered a herdsman's hut, where we lay down and slept. There God's angels hovered around us, as we knelt in prayer. Thus we continued from day to day to hasten forward, sometimes finding a shelter, but oftener finding no covering but the ether blue, and days with nothing to eat. At last we reached Chaledon, and in that holy abode of angels, I looked upon the holiest thing that ever inhabited a human form. I said to Jude, "Is he a mortal, or is he a spirit?" His face was like chiseled marble, with rays of light all around him. And when he knelt in prayer, my breath went out of me, and I fell back, and I saw him that was kneeling in prayer hanging upon the cross, and all the rest being destroyed, some in one way, and some in another. And I even saw myself hanging upon the gallows, with my brother Andrew and two others.

In the morning, we started for Antioch, where we healed the sick, and declared God's presence, and the presence of his angel children. We remained there until the day following; but as the sun was going down, a great commotion commenced among the Hebrews, and we were forced to flee the city, and we made our way toward the city of Jerusalem; but ere we reached there, we were met by a multitude, and among them there were a band of singers, and they sang, "Hosannah, hosannah, the angels are

coming. They bring us glad tidings of homes that are beyond, where the taskmaster can no longer bind us. We will follow the light, until we find rest in this home." Many felt a holy calm come over them, while others were restless. There the multitude was held, through the holy influences that controlled Jesus, until his life nearly went out with the influence, and he fell to the earth, a poor, helpless thing. That night we lay down upon the greensward and slept, and it was the last sleep I ever knew earthy. The next day we entered through the gates into the city. And as we passed along, many accosted us thus: "Heal, O heal us, lest we die." I lay hands upon a poor female that was bowed down with a contraction of the cords; and as my hands were reached out toward her, God's child filled me full of her own life, and said, "Arise, O woman, and go and declare what God has done for you." She stood erect, and walked away, declaring God's power was upon her. Here they gathered from all directions. We healed from morn until night, and no one said, "Come and eat." Faint and exhausted, as night began to fill earth with its darkness, I was caught and dragged away by my hair. Then my vision was fulfilled, and I was hung upon the gallows, and my body was left there until midday following. And here I must answer to the human family, that ages on ages passed away after my spirit was borne away from earth, ere I returned again here on earth, in order I could give my testimony concerning the humble man Jesus, and his faithful followers, that laid down all they had that man could be held from the heathen devices that man follows to-day. But the future will declare God's wonders, and those mighty changes will be sealed with blood, and human sacrifices will be offered up, until humanity will say, with one accord, "Thou art my Father and my God, and thy laws I will obey." Farewell, holy child of God; I shall meet you ere long where priestcraft cannot chain God's rays of light that fall around you, even here; and there the cold-hearted cannot crush you. Fifty-seven years I have been beside you, and I long to bear you beyond. I shall meet you there. God grant my earnest prayer, as that is the fulfilling of all of my desires that can bless me on this earthly ball. Adieu! adieu! I must go on to prepare, as many are coming home ere another spring shall bedeck earth with the beautiful flowers that will fill the air with their sweet aroma. A home for the heretics of the present must be set in order.

I am Simon, the herdsman's son. Farewell!

CHAPTER XX.

ANDREW, THE HERDSMAN.

PROVIDENCE, May 28, 1870.

I was a Caldean. My father was a herdsman, and he had eight boys. I was the fourth one. I was herding my cattle on the hillside, and as the sun was going down, as it was a custom among the herdsmen to leave their cattle secure, and go home for the night; and as I had got ready to start for my home, I espied a lad coming toward me. His face and arms were bare, but fearfully burned by the hot rays of the sun. "Come here, little boy," I said. "Have you got lost?" he answered. "God loses none of his children, but, in his own due time, he calls them all home." He answered, "My home is where God's children are, while I walk the earth. But when God calls me away, I have a home beyond." Then I said, "Have you a home for to-night?" He said, "Can I go home with you, and sleep in your home? If you will let me, I will go away at early dawn." I said, "Come, boy, let me take hold of your hand, you seem so tired." He lay his hand in mine, and we went down into the valley together. When we reached our home, my mother said, "Where did you get that poor little frail boy? And he is all burned with the hot sun; he must be bathed in cool milk and water." I then said, "Boy, are you not hungry?" He answered, "I am hungry, as I have had nothing to eat since day before yesterday." Then my mother gave him some bread and milk. But ere he tasted, he knelt down and prayed. Then he arose to his feet, and said, "I will eat my bread and milk. Then, if you would let me lay down and rest, I am so tired." After he had eaten, my mother bathed him all over with milk and water; then she laid him down on a fresh hide, and he fell asleep. In the evening, when my father came home, he saw the boy laying there, and he looked at me and said, "What beggar have you been bringing home?" He then added, "my family are more than I can take care of, without bringing in beggars." He said no more, but early in the morning the boy arose, and prepared to go away. Even my father had not arose from his bed, but he was awake. But as the boy was going out, my father called to him, and said, "How is it, boy, you are going around the country? Have you no home?" He answered, "My home is in a brighter world beyond, and I long to go there." Then he said, "I have a father and a mother, but they are poor, and my father is a carpenter." "What is your father's name?' said my father. "Joseph," he answered, "and Mary is my mother." "Are they Hebrews?" he said. The boy answered, "My father is a Hebrew, and my mother's

blood is from Holland, through Sodom's border." "Then," said my father, "if you have a father and mother, you had better be at home with them, than to go around the country, half starved, and getting all burned up, as you are now." Then the boy answered, "My God calls, I must obey, and if death falls upon me, he will bear me away." Then my father said, "He is a poor, sickly thing. Here, wife, give him a piece of bread, that he may not starve to death, and I would like to know, boy, what is your name." He answered, "My name is Jesus. I was named for my grandfather—Mary's father." Then, as he turned away, he said, "God bless you, boy; this bread will keep me two or three days."

How my heart beat, when he reached out his hand to me. A holy feeling fell over me, and I could not help shedding tears, and I said, "Stop one moment, boy." I went to my mother, and asked her if there was not a buckskin shirt she could give the boy. She said, "I have one that Peter left at home, the last time he was here." She brought it forward, and I assisted him to put it on. He then said, "Farewell, God's children all. I shall see you again, brother, after many days, but your mother will be destroyed by the dark heathens, good as she is." He then went away, and I did not see him again for twenty-two years and four months. But from time to time I heard from him. He was seen sometimes in Antioch, Cana, Bethpage, Shina and Jerusalem, and all along the border country. And again, and again, a price was set upon his head, but no one could find him. But in after time another heretic came to Caldea, and his name was John, but when I drew near him I felt the same holy calm fall over me, that I felt in the presence of the boy, Jesus. I followed him from place to place, until I felt I could not live without him. And when John fled Caldea, I followed him, and when we reached Chaledon, there I looked upon the holy angel again, but he was a man. I folded my arms around him, and did not leave him again, until we entered Jerusalem. There I, with three others, was dragged away and hung, while the rest of the followers of John and Jesus fled. If I had not attempted to have held Jude from his father. Caiphas, I, too, could have had a chance to have got away, but as it was designed, so it was fulfilled, and all I can say is, God doeth all things well. Holy, Infinite, Father God, I will declare thy glory here, hereafter, and forever. God bless you, dear friend, for inscribing for me, that which I have borne along for this day, and this hour. I am now going to my friends. They have long been calling for me, but I could not go until my work was done here, for this age. Come to me, dear sister, when your work is done, that will surely free millions of human souls. A place will be prepared for you—a holy place of rest. Now farewell! Farewell! I am Andrew, the herdsman.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HISTORY OF MARY MAGDALEN, THE POOR, DESPISED SCARLET WOMAN OF ANTIOCH.

DECEMBER 20th, 1870.

Here I am before you, holy revelator, filled with fear and trembling, lest I should be driven away. Yet, frail as I am, I trust God has cleansed me, and forgiven my many sins. Hurled, as I was, into the jaws of darkness, through my ignorance of the inhabitants of the age in which I lived. Indeed I was one of the children of destiny.

Early in life I lost my father, and I being all they had, my mother felt she could care for me, by preparing bread for travelers, that used to journey from city to city, in caravans. One day there came one to our home, and asked my mother if he could have bread there for a few days. My mother answered, "I do not prepare beds for travellers, but as you are so feeble, it would not be well for you to go away." I was then about fifteen. He was of high blood, from the council of the court, in Jerusalem. He looked upon me with favor, and I thought him the most holy man I had ever looked upon. Many days passed away, and he lingered still. My mother saw he was suffering from some cause, she could not comprehend. At last she said to him, "Had you not better go to your people, as this is a desolate spot, unbefitting one like you." "How I wish I could stay here forever," he replied, "as I know my doom, as soon as I reach the court. My father is determined I shall marry one of the courtier's daughters, but I cannot live, and be compelled to live with that woman, as my companion. But give, O give, me your daughter, and I will bless her." "No," said my mother; "she is all I have, and she must remain with me."

That day a messenger arrived from his father, demanding his immediate presence. He turned to my mother, and said, "If I could delay the marriage until the courtier is dead, I should be free, as he has a demand upon my father, and he claims me for his daughter. But if I am freed, can I have your daughter in marriage?" My mother answered, "If it please God, she shall be yours." Then he bowed to my mother, and said, "God bless you, woman." Then he turned to me, and reached out his hand, and I lay my palm in his. He groaned in despair, while I wept in agony. He then let fall my hand, and hastened away. But after he was gone, I felt as if I could not live and not see him again. I knew he was to be married in Antioch, and remain there for a time. Two days passed away, and I was determined to look upon him, even if he was the husband of another. There-

fore, unbeknown to my mother, I fled my home, and bore away my best garments. I believed, if I could reach Antioch, I should look upon him, and then I would hasten home again. I reached the city in the after part of the day, but I saw nothing of him. I saw night was approaching, and fear fell upon me. I dare not leave the city, and none bade me come. As I went from lane to lane, and street to street, I saw the lights were being extinguished. I saw a female about to enter a humble home. I asked her if I could go in with her, feeling if she was humble, she must be good. She said, "Come in." But when the door was closed, I saw four anointed priests sitting at the board, drinking strong drink. One of them said, "Come, damsel, have a cup of strong drink, it will do you good." I turned away, and burst into tears. After a time, he arose from the board, and took hold of my arm, as he said, "You are mine for to-night." I said, "I would go to my mother. I will go, even now. Go away from the city, that I may flee from here." But my entreaties were of no avail, and he dragged me into another apartment. There he kept me until the day following. When he went away, he said, "Stay here and I will return at nightfall." But as soon as he was gone, I fled that den of shame.

None can comprehend the despair that settled upon me. When night came on I hid beneath the ferns, but when the day dawned, I crept out, and made my way to a humble cot, and asked for a piece of bread. The poor woman answered, "Bread I have none; meal I have none; naught but a few kernels of corn, and I will give you a handful." I took the corn and turned away from that door, not knowing where to go. At that time there was a great disturbance among all of the inhabitants, concerning a man that came in their midst, declaring to them all, that they were filled with darkness, and nothing but the knowledge of God could free them. I listened, but I dare not give answer, feeling I was doomed to die, and die in darkness. I had been made to feel I was diseased, and in that desolate condition I was crushed, as there was none to come to me, and save me. Two days more passed away. I was nearly famished, and I went by the wayside, and sat there all the day, hoping some one would give me alms. Night came, and I sat there still. There I was, bowed in grief, and I sank down upon the ground, unable to rise. Soon I heard voices, and they drew near. One of them exclaimed, "Here is a damsel; she will comfort us." I raised my head, and there stood eighteen confessors. One said, "Come, damsel, get up." I said, "I am unable to rise I am dying with hunger and disease. Go away, and let me die alone." They, laughing, said, "She thinks to frighten us away. Come, damsel, drink this; it will do you good," at the same time holding before me a cup of strong drink. I turned away, then he said, "You must drink, or we shall compel you." I seized the cup, and drank it all, then I fell back, and knew no more, until morning began to

dawn. I seemed to awake, as from death, and as I looked around, I felt to exclaim, "Am I among the living, or am I among the dead?" No answer came to me, but I saw I was in a strange place. I attempted to rise, but I fell back again. A little way from me lay four confessors, so drunk they did not awake. I then crept away, beneath a hedge, and I was in the main road. There I sat, unable to rise. There I sat, hoping death would come to my relief. I heard some one coming, and a poor Hebrew approached me. As he stooped and raised me up, he said, "The heathen brutes have crushed the fairest flower in Antioch, and God's own hand will crush them to atoms." Then he led me to his own home, where I remained for weeks. There I got strength, but was not healed.

One day I was sitting beside the door. I saw a band of confessors coming. All bore along a club in one hand, and a stone in the other. I felt they were coming to destroy me. I fled them; how I never knew. I stopped not, nor did I linger, until I had fled at least a league and a half. Then I espied a Hebrew hut, and drew near, but ere I entered there, I saw a humble man, dressed in rags. He accosted me, thus, "Woman, how is it you are bowed down, and youth still upon you?" I answered, "I am doomed to die by that band of confessors. They have all been diseased by me." He asked, "How is it you became diseased?" I answered, "An anointed priest came to me, in a den of shame, where I sought shelter, and he diseased me. But that band of confessors dragged me away, against my will, and all became diseased. I sought to hold myself away from them, but they dragged me away, I knew not where. You being a Hebrew, they will demand of you my death, at their hands" As they drew near, he conversed with them for a time, then he shouted, "Holy, Almighty God, decide between these brutes in mortal form, and this poor, deluded, crushed flower, in Jacob's blood." Then he said, "Daughter of holy blood, stand you apart from all. Man has damned you, but God, never. Let God decide between you." Then he said, "Come you, that is without sin, let him cast the first stone. But if any raise his arm, that has wronged any, God will not hold him guiltless of this murder." At that moment my breath fled me, and I knew no more, until an aged woman knelt beside me, and was bathing my head with cold water. There I remained until the sun was passing out of sight, then the aged woman said I had better go away, lest harm should befall her friends, that would return at night, if they were not cut off." I asked her who that holy man was, that saved my life. She answered, "It is the first born of my cousin Mary, and he has a price set upon his head, and his name is Jesus."

Then I bade her adieu, and made my way among the beggers that had encamped in the valley below. I learned by them that that man was to be crucified, but it had been decided by the council that he should be chained,

and scourged, first, that all should see what the doom of a deceiver would be, if they sought to deceive the people. I heard no more of him, for a time, but I felt to leave the country, where my life was sought for. Day after day I journeyed along, hardly knowing where, until I reached Tyre As I was wandering about, I came to a Hebrew's hut, where one Peter dwelt. In the evening Peter came in, and said, "Simeon came down from the mountains, to get bread for his brother, and the priests destroyed him, and Mary fell sick, as the grief was more than she could bear, and she is dangerously ill, in a kennel, where the confessors kept their dogs. I dared not go to her, but a heathen lad told me all, and he added, 'they are all going to be killed. They have put Joseph in a cave, and covered it o'er, and they have bound him, so he cannot get up, and the big man, the one next to him, that has hid in the mountains, they have beat to death with stones and clubs, and there is one that is away, and he will be caught, as soon as he comes to look for his family,' this being the eleventh day after Jesus left his home in Tyre." I being too feeble to search for the Hebrew woman, there I remained, with Peter's family, for many days. As I was sitting by the fire, it being chill winter, the light was lit, and the children were huddled together to keep themselves warm, there came a gentle rap at the door, and Peter's wife bade them come in. The door swung back, and a female stood before us, almost entirely bereft of clothing. She had about her waist an old coat, and nothing more. She tottered along, and knelt beside the children, and raised her hand, and said, "Children, we have brought this poor, frail body here, that you may care for her, until her son comes down from the mountains, then we will bear her away from here, and you will be troubled with her no more, at present." Then she added, "I will now return to my brother, that is dying for food, and you, frail daughter of destiny, will come and bring him food, and I will guide you to him." Then the influence left that poor, sick body. She sat down, unable to rise. Then Peter came in, and exclaimed, "God has brought you here, O woman, that you may live until Jesus comes down from the mountains. Mary, dear Mary," he said, "the hand of God is upon you. Joseph is buried alive; James is beaten to death; Simeon is beheaded; they have caught Jessie, and are going to feed him to the wild beasts, yonder, as I was told by the keeper. When I asked him what made them so restless, 'No food have they had for one day and a half, but to-morrow they will be fed with the heretic.' 'Spare, O spare him,' I said, but his answer was, 'it is the order of the priesthood, and I must obey,' and I could hear no more, and hastened away. But here is the poor mother. God has bereft her of reason, that she may live until Jesus comes down from the mountains." Then he lay his hand in that of Mary's, and she looked up so calm, but brokenhearted, as she said, "God doeth all things well. Joseph will come home, by and by, and

and he will bring us barley meal enough, and to spare. But who will carry bread to my dear Jesus, that is starving, now Simeon is dead?"

Here Peter burst into tears, and wept until he could weep no longer. Then he said, "I will have bread for this woman, and my starving children, if I beg for it." Then he left that home, and did not return until the next day. But when he returned, he had a bag of meal, and a piece of dried beef. His wife asked him where he got it. He answered, "God directed, and my brother gave it me." Then gruel was prepared for the family, and Mary drank freely. The sun was rising higher, and still higher, and I was directed to say, "Prepare, O, prepare the bread; let me haste away." The bread was prepared, and before I could begin my journey, Mary had fled us, and none knew whither. But the rumor spread from house to house, that the Hebrew heretic had been devoured by wild beasts. I did not wait to hear any more, but I wrapped my cloak around me, starting, not knowing how, to find him. I sought, that he could be held from death.

As the night settled around me, my heart beat heavy, and I asked God to direct me. Then a ray of light fell around me, and I heard a clear voice say, "Hasten, O, hasten, ere it be too late." "Lead, O, lead me," I said, "that I may find him, ere he dies. He held me from death, when I was to be beaten down by those heathen anointed confessors." She answered, "He will die, unless you reach yon cliff, ere the moon sinks behind the hill Reach there, and rest until day dawns again, then I will come to you, and guide you on." That light left me, and another power came to me, which seemed to bear me along, as upon the breeze. When I had reached the high cliff, my breath was gone, and I sat down and rested until day dawned. But even when the stars had not ceased to shine, I went on my way. Higher, and still higher, I was borne, until I was entirely exhausted. Then I sat down upon a shelving rock, knowing full well I could go no farther, unless I had help from the power that bore me there. But I called, and got no answer. There I sat, bowed down with disease and grief. Again I called, and listened. I heard a deep groan, as if wafted on the breezes, and it gave me hope. I then arose to my feet, and climbed down the rock, into a ravine. There I saw that holy man, lying on the ground, and I gave answer, "Holy God, he is dead." I flew to him, and lay my hand upon his back, and I felt his heart beat. Then I raised him up, and bore him back, and lay him down beneath the shelving rock, upon some boughs and leaves, where he had lain for days. Then I took his cap, and brought water from the spring below, and held it to his lips, and bathed his head. His breath came deep, and he said, "Prepare some bread; he is dying for food." I gave him some, but he ate but a few crumbs, then he lay back, and fell asleep. There I sat all the rest of that day and night. But in the morning his breath came deep, and said, "Daughter, you will die, and Jesus will die,

but his work is not yet done, and you have not yet declared God in the face of the heathens. I brought you here, daughter, and I will bear you down again. You know me not, but my name is Lubarth, the father of Abraham, and my blood runs through Judea's and Caldea's children, and I watch God's changes, as I do know through that blood, earth's benighted children are to be freed from bondage, and then the children of darkness will ask how it is they are not freed also. Then the answer will come to them, 'Free yourselves from priestcraft, then you are free indeed.' But ages on ages must pass away, daughter, ere God can free his children, that have the light, from the oppression of his created in darkness." Then he awoke, and said, "I am feeble. Who can heal a bruised spirit?"

I then forgot all, but I was afterwards told, that God's child breathed her life into my life, and spoke words of comfort to the bruised spirit of that frail man. When I awoke, I said, "I will bring you water. Eat some bread. I will go back into the heathen fires, and declare God and his children. I can but die." He said, "I may get strong enough to go a part of the way with you, in the afterpart of the day." I answered, "No; stay where you are. I will come here once more, ere you go down for the last time, and are hung upon the cross." I saw he shook all over, but he gave no answer. I then left him, and was borne down, even as I had climbed the mountain, not knowing how. When I reached the lowlands, I dared not enter the city, as I heard by a beggar, that the heathens were cutting off the Hebrews, everywhere. Then a voice came to me, saying, "Finish your work; hasten back to the mountains; bring down the lamb, that he may be slaughtered, that his blood may quench the fires of hell that burns in the heart of priesthood." I asked, "Can I reach him alive?" The breath answered, "God is mighty. You will return again, then you will die." "Amen," I said, and turned to retrace my steps. Again I was borne along, who can tell me how. But when morning dawned I was beside him. I said, "The hour has come; hasten down, as your presence is demanded among the many that must die. You will give them strength, dear brother, even if you die in their midst." Then we started, and all that day we climbed down the mountains, but as the sun went down we reached the foot of the mountain, and as the dark night shielded us, I sought Peter's hut. There I sat down, entirely exhausted. Peter left the hut, with Jesus, and I never saw him after.

Two days had passed away, and I knelt in prayer with the children of the poor fisherman. Even then a heathen lad came to the door, and fled again, but on the next day four confessors came and caught me by the hair, and dragged me away, and cut off my head. Holy, eternal distance has been my home, and I have been brought back to declare how I became an outcast, that others may learn a lesson from my destiny, and be blessed.

O, ye daughters of the holy land of freedom, look. When I dwelt in mortal form, women were held as slaves to the brute desires of man, but now you can stand forth and defend your own rights, and none dare bid you hold your peace. And now the poor, despised scarlet woman of Antioch, Mary Magdalen, has been accused of holding seven devils in that poor frail body, but humanity shall be my judge, whether the seven devils belonged to me, or the priests and confessors, that diseased me, and then sought to destroy me. Holy, infinite expanse of ideality, I have been judged by thee. Condemnation belongs to the destroyer, and not the destroyed. Man oft errs in his judgment, but God never. I must give answer, the devils that sought to destroy the body, could not destroy the inner life of that body, but God held it in his own bosom for ages, ere I was commanded to go back to earth and declare myself a poor child of destiny, and declare what I knew concerning the man Jesus.

And now may God plant his earth flowers all over earth, and may they bloom, untrampled beneath the feet of men in priestly robes, and may their sweet aroma be watted to every clime, until the glory of God fills all earth, through his own created children, and may the angels assist you, my sister, in finishing up your earth labor, and may you have strength given, according to your day, in laying down your earthy cares, and may your holy gift of inspiration free human souls, that are chained and bound in heathen darkness. Hold thyself firm before thy oppressors. God is mighty, and he will hold his own from fear, and bear them home to rest.

In that bright land where flowers bloom,
There is no darkness, death or gloom;
Eternal light will surely reach you there,
In that bright land where all is fair.

The holy breath of angels now is staid,
Until thy form in the earth is laid,
And then the happy song we will sing for thee,
Come, dear sister, hasten home with me.

Now I must bid a long farewell,
For you, on earth, must longer dwell;
While I shall seek that happy home afar,
Where I have dwelt, upon the morning star.

Farewell! Farewell! They call me, I must go;
I must leave you now, while you dwell here below;
I hear your answer, sister, "I, too, would be free,
Mary, I am weary, I would go beyond with thee."

God bless you, holy revelator, my work is done. You have blessed me, and may God's children bear you over the turbid waters, and bring you safe

home to the happy hearts that are beating for their friend, that is toiling on in earth's cares and confusion. Holy Creator, Father God, bless thy children I must leave on earth, and bear them all away to that home where I am going, is the holy prayer of Mary Magdalen, the poor, crushed flower of Antioch.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION, DRAWN FROM THE INNER LIFE OF JESSY, THE GRANDFATHER OF JESUS, THE SON OF JOSEPH, THE CARPENTER'S SON.

My father was from the house of David, and I his tenth born. He believed in God, and taught his children many things they never forgot or forsook. Joseph was my last born, and I was called to leave him when he was one year and a half old. And I felt, when I folded him to my bosom for the last time, that his destiny was a fearful one, but how, I could not discern. My sight faded away while I gazed upon him, and his last look upon me was anguish. From the time I ceased to be in mortal form, I clung to that child's destiny, and it seemed that my life was interwoven with his life, as long as he dwelt among men. And as I am cognizant of every act of his earth life, I feel to exclaim here, God created a holy thing in Abraham's blood. Bitter was his anguish, fearful was his doom, yet humanity looks upon him as an inferior man—one that was easily deceived, and did not detect the condition of his beloved Mary, until her form bespoke the deception heaped upon him. But look how unworthy has been this statement, as I do know they had been married one year and eight days, ere their first child was born. And when man detects such unholy fraud, how can he believe further statements of such unworthy, designing bigots. Mary was a holy damsel—Joseph was filled with wisdom—and between the two, a holy child was begotten, and when his destiny was held before him, he shrunk from the fulfilment of the demand that was lain upon him. He was nailed to the cross, but he did not die until his body was lain upon a heap of fagots and the splintered cross. There he was freed from that body, and not until then.

Listen, children of earth; Jesus, my own grandson, possessed all the attributes of a man, as well as the attributes of an angel. Receive him as a friend and a brother, but not as a deity, then you will receive him as he is, and you will no longer seek to mystify his creation, but through his teachings

you will be led to a bright home beyond, and there find rest among those that lay down all they had for truth's sake.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST INSCRIPTION BEARING UPON THE AGE THAT BROUGHT LIGHT INTO THE WORLD.

That light has never gone out, but it will grow brighter, and brighter, through all of earth's changes, although eighteen hundred and forty years have passed away, and all the fiends of darkness have been constantly at work to destroy facts, that were made manifest through Jesus and his faithful followers, that were done in the age in which the holy man walked the earth. There were facts relative to spirits controlling mortals, that could not be denied in that age, or in any other that came after, even to the present. I am before the inhabitants of earth, as an author, but I must acknowledge, with so many facts before me, it was utterly impossible to do justice to any part of the history, being so full of incidents, and being compelled to compile them in so small a compass. In this case, as well as in all others, histories, drawn from foreign tongues, must be interpreted, ere it can be given to the revelator. And now, if the inhabitants of earth are desirous to comprehend the truth, as it was, they have it as we received it, and in no other way. And as we breathed it upon another, so it is breathed to you. You that live in nineteen hundred, will comprehend this record more fully than the present age, but you that live in the twentieth century will comprehend every expression given here. Man may seek to smother the light drawn from Almighty God, but its divine rays will blend with every human being, that has light enough within him to attract light. The time will surely be, when every child of the Infinite will learn how to extract the life essence from all created things, and then man will not ask for any one to think or pray for him, but he will stand forth, fearless of the opinion of man, and be clothed in his own inheritant garments, that is, light drawn by the law of attraction to himself. And now I can say, with these holy breaths around me, I have finished my work for earth's created, forever and ever, and if the reader is blessed by reading, as much as I have been by assisting in those records, they will be blessed indeed. I leave you, with my best wishes, while I remain the humble brother,

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Special
90-B
35999

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

27123
LSR-NEB-F